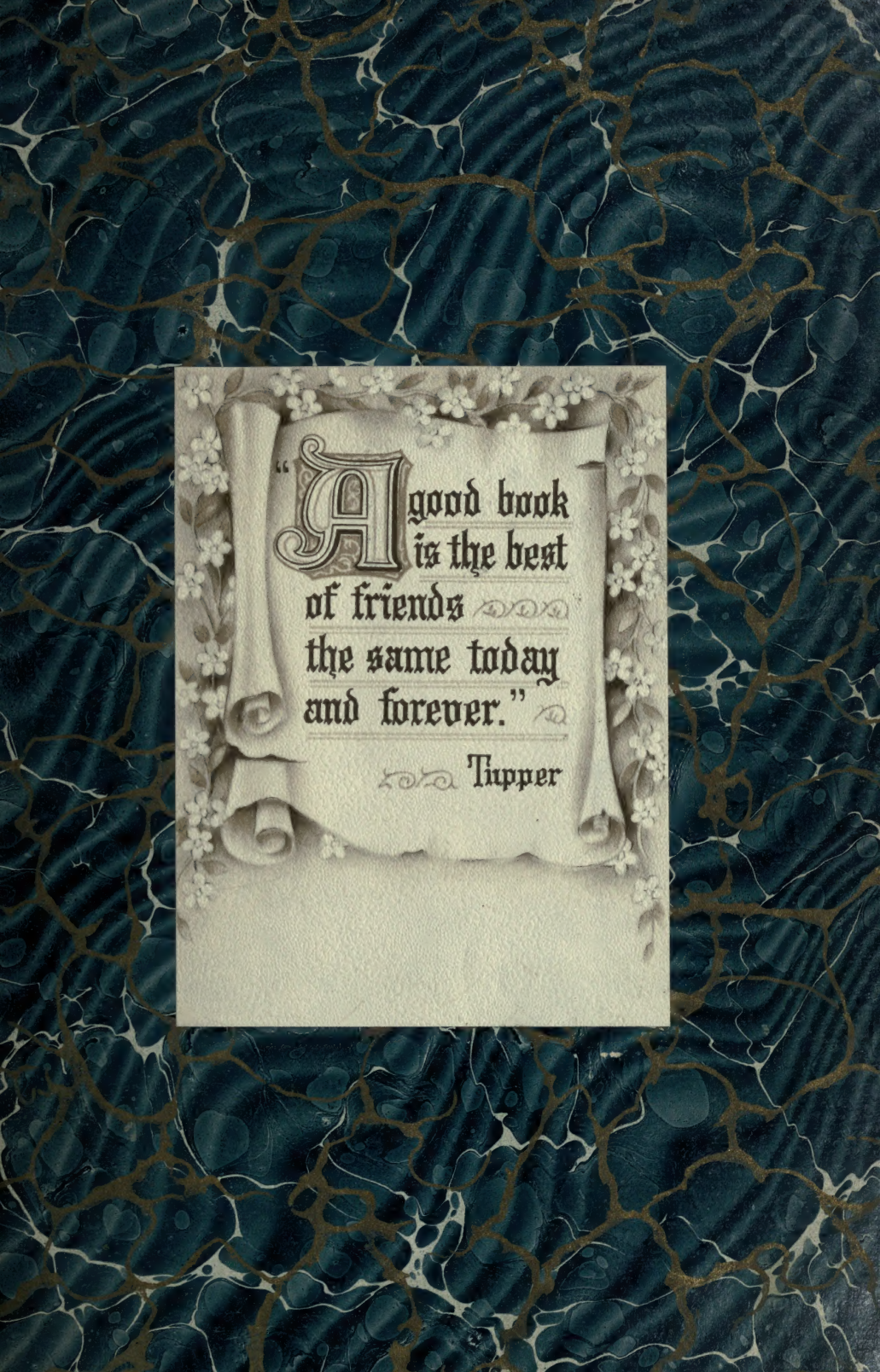





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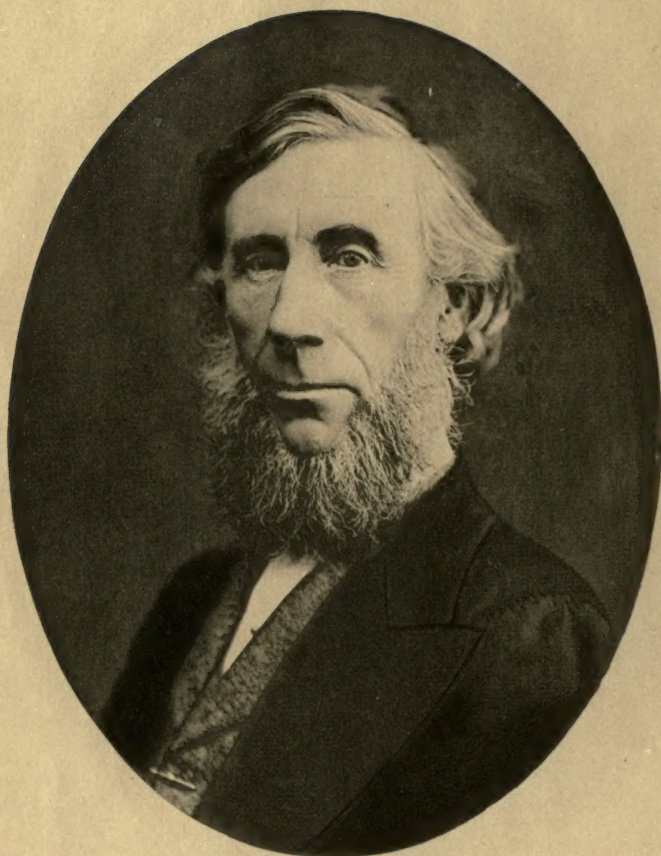


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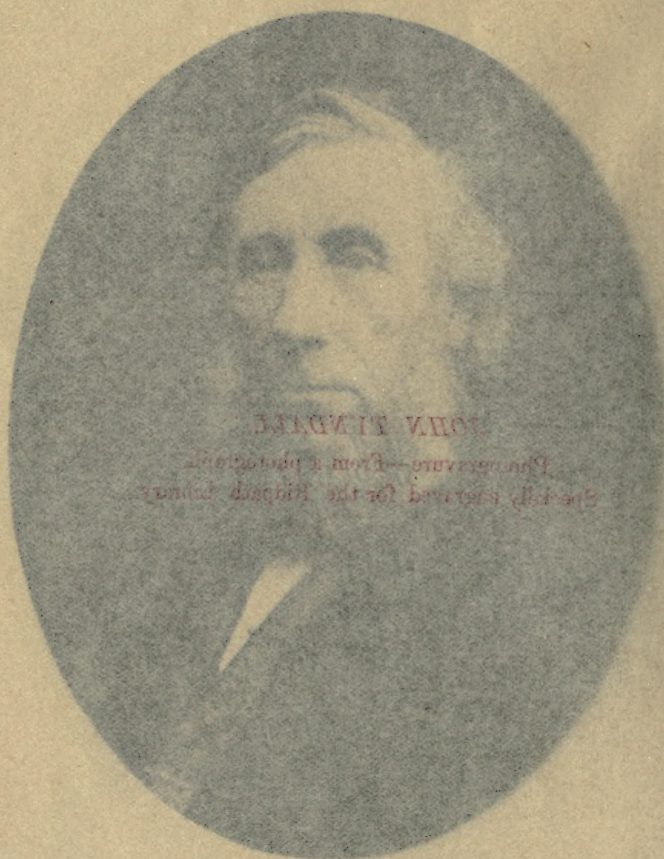
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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. XXIII.

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
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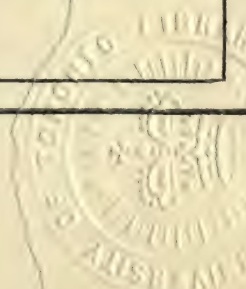


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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. XXIII.

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
 ā as in fate, mane, dale.
 ä as in far, father, guard.
 â as in fall, talk.
 â as in ask, fast, ant.
 â as in fare.
 e as in met, pen, bless.
 ē as in mete, meet.
 é as in her, fern.
 i as in pin, it.
 i as in pine, fight, file.
 o as in not, on, frog.
 ō as in note, poke, floor.
 ô as in move, spoon.
 ô as in nor, song, off.
 u as in tub.
 ū as in mute, acute.
 ũ as in pull.
 ü German ü, French u.
 oi as in oil, joint, boy.
 ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ă as in prelate, courage.
 ě as in ablegate, episcopal.
 ȃ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
 ŭ as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its

sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

a as in errant, republican.
 e as in prudent, difference.
 i as in charity, density.
 o as in valor, actor, idiot.
 u as in Persia, peninsula.
 ŭ as in *the* book.
 ū as in nature, feature.

A mark (˘) under the consonants *t*, *d*, *s*, *z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch*, *j*, *sh*, *zh*. Thus:

t as in nature, adventure.
 d as in arduous, education.
 s as in pressure.
 z as in seizure.
 y as in yet.
 b Spanish b (medial).
 ch as in German ach, Scotch loch.
 g as in German Abensberg, Hamburg.
 h Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).
 ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, on.
 s final s in Portuguese (soft).
 th as in thin.
 TM as in then.
 D = TM.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

LIST OF AUTHORS, VOL. XXIII.

(WITH PRONUNCIATION.)

Thomson (tom'son), Richard.
 Thomson, William McClure.
 Thoreau (thō'rō), Henry David.
 Thornbury (thōrn'bu'ri), George Walter.
 Thorpe (thōrp), Rose Hartwick.
 Thrale (thrāl), Hester Lynch (Salisbury).
 Thucydides (thū sid' i dēz).
 Tibullus (ti-bul'us), Albius.
 Tickell (tik'el), Thomas.
 Ticknor (tik'ngr), George.
 Tieck (tēk), Ludwig.
 Tighe (tif), Mary Blackford.
 Tillier (til-yeā'), Claude.
 Tillotson (til'ot son), John.
 Tilton (til'ton), Theodore.
 Timbs (timz), John.
 Timrod (tim'rod), Henry.
 Timothy Titcomb (tim'ō thi tit'kōm).
 See Holland, Josiah Gilbert.
 Tincker (tink'ér), Mary Agnes.
 Tiruvalluvar (ti-rō-val-lō-vār').
 Titcomb (tit'kōm), Timothy. See Holland, Josiah Gilbert.
 Tocqueville (tok'vil); Fr. pron., tok-vēl'), Alexis Charles Henri Clérel de.
 Tolstoi (tol'stoi), Count Lyeff Nikolaievitch.
 Tooke (tōk), John Horne.
 Topelius (tō-pā'lē-ös), Zacharis.
 Toplady (top'lā di), Augustus Montague.
 Tourgee (tōr zhā'), Albion Winegar.
 Towne (toun), Edward Owings.
 Townsend (toun'zend), Edward W.
 Townsend, George Alfred.
 Townshend (toun'zend), Chauncey Hare.
 Trench (trench), Richard Chenevix.
 Trevelyan (tre vel'yān), George Otto.
 Trollope (trol'up), Anthony.
 Trollope, Frances (Milton).

Trollope, Thomas Adolphus.
 Trowbridge (trō'brij), John Townsend.
 Trumbull (trum'bul), John.
 Tuckerman (tuk'ér man), Henry Theodore.
 Tulloch (tul'ök), John.
 Tupper (tup'ér), Martin Farquhar.
 Turgenieff (tör gän'yef), Ivan Sergeyevich.
 Turner (ter'nēr), Charles Tennyson.
 Twain (twān), Mark. See Clemens Samuel Langhorne.
 Tyler (ti'lér), Moses Coit.
 Tyler, Royall.
 Tyndall (tin'däl), John.
 Tyrtæus (tēr-tē'us).
 Tytler (tit'lér), Alexander Fraser.
 Tytler, Patrick Fraser.
 Udall (ū'däl), Nicholas.
 Uhland (ū'lānt), Johann Ludwig.
 Ulbach (öl'bāk), Louis.
 Ulfilas (ul'fi-lās).
 Upton (up'ton), George Putnam.
 Urquhart (érch'ärt), David.
 Usher (ush'ér), James.
 Valaoritis (val-ā-ō-ri'tis), Aristoteles.
 Valdes (väl dās'), Armando Palacio.
 Vámbéry (väm'bā-rē), Arminius.
 Vanbrugh (van brō'), John.
 Van Dyke (van-dike'), H. J.
 Varzolf (vär-tsolf), Ivan.
 Vaughan (vān), Henry.
 Vauquelin (vōk'lan), Jean de la Fresnaye.
 Vaux (vāks), Lord Thomas.
 Vazoff (va-zōf'), Ivan.
 Vedas (vā'džz).
 Vedder (ved'ér), David.
 Vega Carpio (vā'gā kär'pē ö), Lope Felix.
 Vere (ver), Sir Aubrey de. See De Vere, Aubrey.

LIST OF AUTHORS, VOL. XXIII.

- Vere, Aubrey Thomas de. See De Vere, Aubrey Thomas.
- Vere, Max. Schele de. See De Vere Max. Schele.
- Verestchagin (ve rest chă'gin), Alexander Vasilyévitch.
- Vergil (vēr'jil). See Virgil.
- Verhaeren (vēr-hă'rèn), Émile.
- Vergil (vēr-lân'), Paul.
- Verne (vern), Jules.
- Vernon Lee (vēr'nŋn lē). See Paget, Violet.
- Verplanck (vēr plangk'), Gulian Crommelin.
- Very (ver'i), Jones.
- Viau (vyō), Théophile de.
- Viaud (vyō), Louis Marie Julien.
- Victoria (vik-tō'ri-ā), Alexandrina.
- Vidal (vē dāl'), Peter.
- Vigny (vēn-yē'), Alfred Victor, Count de.
- Villari (vēl lă'rē), Pasquale.
- Villemain (vēl-man'), Abel François.
- Villon (vēl lôn'), François.
- Vincent (vin'sŋnt), Frank.
- Vincent, John Heyl.
- Violet White (vi'ō let whit). See Stannard, Mrs. Henrietta V.
- Virgil (vēr'jil), Publius Vergilius Maro.
- Visscher. See Teesselschaede.
- Vogelweide (fō'gei vi de), Walther von der. See Minnesingers.
- Vogüe (vō-gü-ä'), Eugène Melchior, Vicomte de.
- Voisenon (vwäs-non'), Claude.
- Volney (vol'ni; Fr. pron., vōl nă'), Constantin François Chassebœuf.
- Voltaire (vol tār), François Marie Arouet, de.
- Vondel (von'del), Joost van den.
- Voss (fos), Johann Heinrich.
- Wace (wäs), Robert.
- Wagner (väg'ner), Wilhelm Richard.
- Wakefield (wäk'fēld), Nancy Amelia Woodbury (Priest).
- Walford (wāl'fōrd), Lucy Bethia Colquhoun.
- Walker (wă'kér), James Barr.
- Wallace (wol'ās), Alfred Russel.
- Wallace, Horace Binney.
- Wallace, Lewis.
- Wallace, Susan Arnold (Elston).
- Wallace, William Ross.
- Waller (wol'ér), Edmund.
- Walpole (wol'pōl), Horace.
- Walton (wāl'tŋn), Izaak.
- Walworth (wāl'worth), Clarence Alphonsus.



THOMSON, RICHARD, an English antiquary, born in 1794; died at his apartments at the London Institution, January 2, 1865. Little seems to be known of his early life. "He rendered," says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "in a very unassuming way, essential service to literature. He had held the office of librarian to the London Institution since August 13, 1834. He took an active part in the preparation of the admirable *Catalogue of the Library of the London Institution*, and his thorough acquaintance with the books under his charge was only equalled by his readiness to take any amount of trouble to assist those who had occasion to consult them." This catalogue was chiefly the work of Mr. Thomson, who was occupied in its preparation from 1835 until 1852. It was published in four royal octavo volumes, and contained an excellent biographical and historical account of the Institution. Edward Edwards, in his *Memoirs of Libraries*, pronounces this immense work "one of the best productions of its kind extant." Thomson's first work, published in 1820, was *A Faithful Account of the Processions and Ceremonies Observed in the Coronations of the Kings and Queens of England*. This was followed in the same year by a curious work, limited to fifty copies, entitled *The Book of Life, a Bibliographical Melody Dedicated to the Roxburghe Club*. His next work, *The Chronicles*

of *London Bridge*, first appeared anonymously in 1827. It attracted much attention, owing to its deep research and the skilful manner in which he made use of voluminous materials. In 1828 he published *Illustrations of British History and Tales of an Antiquary*; and the following year he issued a *Historical Essay on Magna Charta*. His *Legends of London* appeared in 1832. Some of Thomson's best work is to be found in the tales and sketches which were contributed by him to various British magazines and annuals. Of these, *The Piper of Mucklebrowst* is one of the best.

BAULDIE QUECH'S STORY.

About twenty years back, Sibbie Carloups was the wale o' the lassies o' this coast, though a wild tawpie, and I was no then a bad looking lad mysel'; and as we foregathered thegither mair than aince, I e'en tell'd her my mind, and she listened to me, and sae at last we brak a saxpence in twa for a true-love token; but frae that hour I saw her nae mair, for the vera next time I went to Gouks-haven, she was departed.

I followed her, and that for mony a lang and weary mile, and speir'd at every ane that I cam nigh, but I ne'er saw her again; and sae, when I heard some auld carlines say that belike the witches had carried her awa', I e'en gied her up; for naebody can find out what they dinna like to show. Weel, I cam back, and years passed awa', and I thought nae mair o' the matter; and at last I weddit Luckie Links; and then, as ye ken, she went to a better warl', and left me to get through this as I could. Weel, man, wad ye think it, she hadna been gane a week or mair, when an auld, ill-fa'ard, grewsome, gyre-carline cam up to the door ae muckle dark and windy even, when I was my lane, and called me her ain gudeman, and said she was Sibbie Carloups, come to claim my promise o' marriage! "And where hae ye been a' this time, Sibbie?" says I, when I could speak

for wonder, and some little o' fear. "Troth, lad," said she, "I canna just tell ye where I hae been; a frien' o' mine has ta'en me to see the warl', and made me gay rich, but ye see I dinna forget auld acquaintance; here's the half o' the saxpence we brak, and as yere first jo's dead, we'll e'en be marryit when ye will." "Marry thee," thought I, "I'll suner see thee linkit to a tar-barrel!" But I was fain to speak her fairly, and so I askit her to come ben; but she tauld me that there was sic a bush at my door that there was nae getting by it. "Oh, ho! Luckie!" thought I again, "it's the rowan-tree branch, is it? there it shall hing, then, for me!" so I drew me back a wee, and then said, bauldly, "I'll e'en tell ye the truth, cummer; folk say ye've been made a witch of, and I'm judging it's true; but for byganes' sake ye'll get nae harm frae me, only tak up yere pipes and begone; but first gie me back my siller, for I'll hae naething mair to do wi' you." "Aha, Billie," then said the auld carline, "there are twa words to that; if ye're fause and ungratefu', that's yere ain fault; but while I've the broken saxpence I can weel hinder yere marrying onybody without my leave, and may be do a little mair; sae think o' that, and be wiser in yere passion." To mak the least o' a lang story, at last she sae put up my bluid that I rushed out o' the house to lay hand on her,—when, fizz! she was gane like the whup o' a whirl-win', and the night was too dark to see whilk way the deil had carried her! And after a' I haena done wi' the auld jaud, for in the darkest and wildest nights she comes rattling at the window-bole, and crying out that she's my ain jo, and has our broken saxpence; but when I gae out I can tak hand o' nought, and see naething but a flisk o' her fiery eyes as she mounts up owre the house-rigging into the clouds on the nightmare. And now ye hae heard my story, I hae nae mair to say than that I wad gie half my gudes to onybody wha wad get me back the half saxpence, and send Sibbie Carloups to be burnt at the Witches' Howe at Forfar.—*From The Piper of Mucklebrowst.*



THOMSON, WILLIAM MCCLURE, an American missionary and archæologist, born near Cincinnati, Ohio, December 31, 1806; died April 8, 1894. He was graduated at Miami University in 1826, and subsequently at Princeton Theological Seminary. He was ordained as a missionary to Syria in 1833; remained there until 1876, when he took up his residence in New York. During this period, however, he made several extended visits to the United States. He contributed largely to periodical literature upon topics relating to the Holy Land as it was and as it is. His most important work, *The Land and the Book*, was published in 1859; a new edition, greatly enlarged and profusely illustrated, was completed in 1878.

Of his *The Land and the Book*, the Rev. A. P. Peabody says: "Of literature illustrative of the Bible, we know of no work so well arranged, so affluent, so equally adapted to the purposes of reference by the scholar and of familiar use by the ordinary reader."

"As a guide to the geography and topography of Palestine in its present state, it surpasses nearly all the books of the kind I have read," says the Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander.

THE LOCAL COLORING OF HEBREW POETRY.

The specific aim of this inquiry is not to establish the superiority of Hebrew poets or poetry, but to notice in

what ways and to what extent our religious vocabulary has been enriched from this poetical source. For this purpose we may begin at the beginning—that is, with the very first Psalm—as well as anywhere else. A very simple process of analysis and comment will show that in this sacred lyric not only the illustrative comparisons, metaphors, and figures—the entire ornamental drapery and costume—are specifically Palestinian, but that the very thoughts themselves were suggested by things and conditions in this land.

Take the first verse, and analyze it with this purpose in view: To walk in the counsel of a person, to stand in the way, to sit in the seat, are forms of expression so familiar that one can scarcely realize that he is not using words and phrases in their original prosaic sense; and yet they are one and all employed in this verse figuratively—transferred, by easy and obvious analogy, from things natural to those which are moral and spiritual. Nor is this the whole truth in the case. There is a distinct Palestinian air about these and suchlike analogical transferences. It may be difficult to put this fact into verbal expression sufficiently definite and tangible to enable one not familiar with this country to appreciate it; yet it is none the less real. The author of this first Psalm—no matter who he was or when he wrote—must have been an inhabitant of this country. The figures, phrases, and comparisons would not have occurred to one residing in climes essentially different from this—in a country, for example, cold and stormy, with ways wet and muddy, used merely to pass from one place to another. Along such uncomfortable paths men do not saunter in converse or counsel; neither do they there stand idly plotting mischief; nor are seats placed there for the accommodation of scorners, or anybody else. One may wander for hours, even in ornamental parks, in such lands, without finding so much as a stone upon which to sit and rest. Very different is the case and the custom in such mild and seductive climates as this of Palestine. Here people pass most of their time in the open air. They ramble at leisure along their pleasant and picturesque paths; stand in groups under cool shade-trees planted by the wayside; and there prepare

they their seats, and pass away the time in mirth or mischief.

No poet of frigid Siberia, for example, or in the burning desert of Sahara, could or would have written the first verse of the first Psalm ; neither the thoughts nor the figures would have occurred to him. Nor, on the other hand, could one born and bred on the banks of the Mississippi have composed the third verse. "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in season : his leaf also shall not wither." In such regions the greatest trouble and toil of the inhabitants is to cut down, burn, and destroy the trees ; and no one would think of comparing the man that was blessed to one of these formidable giants of the forest. Again, this tree of the Psalm was "planted," and by the rivers, or, rather, by the canals made for irrigation : all very appropriate to this country, but not to lands overshadowed by primeval woods, or where the chief anxiety is to get rid of a superabundance of water. In such regions trees grow without being "planted," anywhere and everywhere, quite as well as "by the rivers of water."

Then this was a fruit-tree : an incident eminently natural here, where—as the Arab proverb tells us—"Many trees are planted, but only that is preserved which bears fruit." Few things in this country struck me more forcibly when I first came to it than this high estimate of trees, founded simply on their fruit. The reason for this is obvious enough. A large part of the daily food of the people consists of the various kinds of fruit which these planted trees produce. In many parts of the East it is their chief dependence. No explanation is needed of the additional fact mentioned by the poet, that the leaf of a tree thus planted by the water-courses would not wither ; or with the implied fact that, in this climate, the case would be very different with trees standing in the parched deserts of southern Palestine.

Finally, no one at all acquainted with Palestine can read the fourth verse of the Psalm without having instantly presented to his imagination the summer threshing-floor, in the open air, upon some exposed hill-top,

with the vehement wind catching up in its wings the useless chaff, and whisking it away among the ragged rocks. This doom is in vivid contrast to the green tree by the water-channels, with fadeless leaf, and branches bending beneath their burden of delicious fruit. . . .

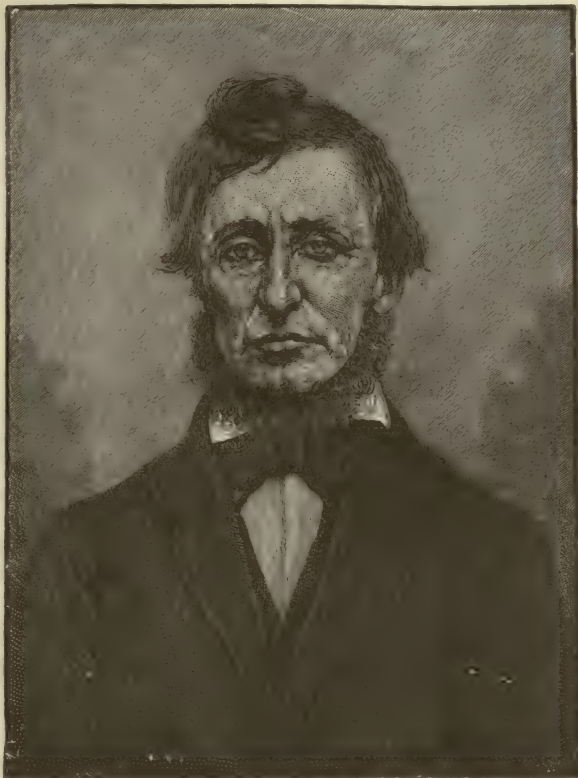
To point out and explain the numberless contributions to our spiritual language and religious nomenclature whose natural basis is found in Palestine would require a volume, and this might well be written; for herein consists the chief interest of the Holy Land in our day, and its abiding importance to the Christian world.—*The Land and the Book.*





THOREAU, HENRY DAVID, an American descriptive writer, born at Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817; died there, May 6, 1862. He was graduated at Harvard in 1837, and, having no inclination to settle down into any regular way of life, supported himself for some years by teaching school, surveying, and various kinds of mechanical labor, his home being at Concord, where his father was a maker of lead-pencils. In 1845 he built for himself a hut near Walden Pond, in Concord, in which he lived for a little more than two years. He soon began to contribute to periodicals, and in 1849 put forth his first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*. This was followed by several others, most of which were published after his death; among them are: *Walden; or Life in the Woods* (1854); *Excursions in Field and Forest*, with a *Biographical Sketch* by Ralph Waldo Emerson (1863); *Cape Cod* (1865); *A Yankee in Canada* (1865). Some of his poetry was published in periodicals, some is interspersed through his prose works.

"Thoreau's fame," says a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "will rest on *Walden*, the *Excursions*, and his *Letters*, though he wrote nothing that is not worthy of notice. Up till his thirtieth year he dabbled in verse, but he had little ear for metrical music, and he lacked the spiritual impulsiveness of the true poet. He had occasional



HENRY D. THOREAU.

flashes of insight and could record beautifully, notwithstanding: his little poem *Haze* is surcharged with concentrated loveliness. His weakness as a philosopher is his tendency to base the laws of the universe on the experience-born, thought-produced convictions of one man—himself. His weakness as a writer is the too frequent striving after antithesis and paradox. If he had had all his own originality without the itch of appearing original, he would have made his fascination irresistible. As it is, Thoreau holds a unique place. He was a naturalist, but absolutely devoid of the pedantry of science; a keen observer, but no retailer of disjointed facts. He thus holds sway over two dominions—he has the adherence of the lovers of fact and the lovers of fancy.”

THE WILDERNESS.

What is most striking in the Maine wilderness is the continuousness of the forest, with fewer open intervals of glades than you imagined. Except the few burnt lands, the narrow intervals of rivers, the bare tops of the high mountains, and the lakes and streams, the forest is uninterrupted. It is even more grim and wild than you had anticipated, a damp and intricate wilderness, in the spring everywhere wet and miry. The aspect of the country, indeed, is universally stern and savage, excepting the distant views of the forest from hills, and the lake prospects, which are mild and civilizing in a degree. The lakes are something which you are unprepared for; they lie up so high, exposed to the light, and the forest is diminished to a fine fringe on their edges, with here and there a blue mountain, like amethyst jewels set around some jewel of the first water—so anterior, so superior to all the changes that are to take place on their shores, even now civil and refined, and fair as they can ever be. These are not the artifi-

cial forests of an English king, a royal preserve merely. Here prevail no forest laws but those of nature. The aborigines have never been dispossessed, nor Nature disforested.

It is a country full of evergreen trees, of mossy silver birches and watery maples, the ground dotted with insipid small red berries, and strewn with damp and moss-grown rocks, a country diversified with innumerable lakes and rapid streams, peopled with trout, and various species of *lencisci*, with salmon, shad, and pickerel and other fishes; the forest resounding at rare intervals with the note of the chickadee, the bluejay, and the woodpecker, the scream of the fish-hawk and the eagle, the laugh of the loon, and the whistle of ducks along the solitary streams; at night, with the hooting of owls and howling of wolves; in summer, swarming with myriads of black flies and mosquitoes, more formidable than wolves to the white man. Such is the home of the moose, the bear, the caribou, the wolf, the beaver, and the Indian. Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where Nature, though it be mid-winter, is ever in her spring, where the decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and blissful, innocent Nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lisping birds and trickling rills?

What a place to live, what a place to die and be buried in! There certainly men would live forever, and laugh at death and the grave. There they could have no such thoughts as are associated with the village graveyard—that make a grave out of those moist evergreen hummocks!—*The Maine Woods*.

THE VOICE OF THE LOON.

In the middle of the night, as indeed each time that we lay on the shore of a lake, we heard the voice of the loon, loud and distinct, from far over the lake. It is a very wild sound, quite in keeping with the place and circumstances of the traveller, and very unlike the voice of a bird. I could lie awake for hours listening to it, it is so thrilling. When camping in such a wilderness as this, you are prepared to hear sounds from some of

its inhabitants which will give voice to its wildness,—some idea of bears, wolves, or panthers runs in your head naturally ; and when this note is first heard very far off at midnight, as you lie with your ear to the ground, the forest being perfectly still about you, you take it for granted that it is the voice of a wolf or some other wild beast, for only the last part is heard when at a distance—you conclude that it is a pack of wolves baying the moon, or, perchance, cantering after a moose. Strange as it may seem, the mooing of a cow on a mountain-side comes nearest to my idea of the voice of a bear ; and this bird's note resembles that. It was the unfailing and characteristic sound of the lakes. We were not so lucky as to hear wolves howl, though that is an occasional serenade. Some friend of mine who two years ago went up the Caucomgomoc River were serenaded by wolves while moose-hunting by moonlight. It was a sudden burst, as if a hundred demons had broke loose, a startling sound enough, which, if any, would make your hair stand on end ; and all was still again. It lasted but a moment and you'd have thought there were twenty of them, when probably there were only two or three. They heard it twice only, and they said that it gave expression to the wilderness which it lacked before. . . . This of the loon—I do not mean its laugh, but its looning—is a long-drawn call, as it were, something singularly human to my ear, boo-boo-o-o-o-o-o, like the hallooing of a man, in a very high key, having thrown his voice into his head.—*The Maine Woods.*

AFTER A SNOWFALL.

Did you ever admire the steady, silent, windless fall of the snow in some lead-colored sky, silent save the little ticking of the flakes as they touched the twigs ? It is chased silver moulded over the pines and oak-leaves. Soft shades hang like curtains along the closely draped wood-paths. Frozen apples become little cider-vats. The old, crooked apple-trees frozen stiff in the pale, shivering sunlight, that appears to be dying of consumption, gleam forth like the heroes of one of Dante's cold hells : we would mind any change in the mercury

of the dream. The snow crunches under the feet ; the chopper's axe rings funereally through the tragic air. At early morn the frost on button-bushes and willows was silvery, and every stem and minutest twig and filamentary weed came up a silver thing, while the cottage smoke rose salmon-colored into that oblique day. At the base of ditches were shooting crystals, like the flakes of an ivory-handled pen-knife, and rosettes and favors fretted of silver on the flat ice. The little cascades in the brook were ornamented with transparent shields and long candelabra and spermaceti-colored fools' caps and plated jellies and white globes, with the black water whirling along transparently underneath. The sun comes out, and, all at a glance, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, and emeralds start into intense life on the angles of the snow-crystals.

SMOKE.

Light-wingèd smoke ! Icarian bird,
 Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight ;
 Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
 Circling above the hamlets as thy nest ;
 Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form
 Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts ;
 By night star-veiling, and by day
 Darkening the light and blotting out the sun ;
 Go thou, my incense, upward from this hearth,
 And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.

MIST.

Low-anchored cloud,
 Newfoundland air,
 Fountain-head and source of rivers,
 Dew-cloth, dream-drapery,
 And napkin spread by fays ;
 Drifting meadow of the air,
 Where bloom the daisied banks and violets,
 And in whose fenny labyrinth
 The bittern booms and heron wades ;
 Spirit of lakes and seas and rivers—
 Bear only perfumes and the scent
 Of healing herbs to just men's fields.



THORNBURY, GEORGE WALTER, an English miscellaneous writer, born in London in 1828; died there, June 11, 1876. He was for many years art critic for the London *Athenæum*, and a contributor in prose and verse to periodicals. He wrote several novels, the most worthy of them being *True as Steel*, and *The Vicar's Courtship* a worthy second; made foreign tours, and wrote *Art and Nature at Home and Abroad*, *Life in Turkey*, *Life in Spain*, *Experiences in the United States*. Among his works in general literature are *Monarchs of the Main*, *Shakespeare's England*, *Life of Turner*. His poetical works are *Lays and Legends of the New World* (1851); *Songs of Cavaliers and Roundheads* (1857); *Legendary and Historic Ballads* (1875).

Of *True as Steel*, the *London Reader* says: "A genuine historical romance. . . . As a change from the slurred and hurried work and sensation-plots of most of the novels of the day, Mr. Thornbury's careful study and noble subject are a welcome change."

Of *The Vicar's Courtship*, the *Athenæum* says: "This novel is thoroughly readable. The pictures of country life and scenery form an admirable frame-work. The characters of Amy Robinson and Julia Beauflowers have the charm and energy of life."

HOW SIR RICHARD DIED.

Slowly, as bridegroom to a feast,
Sir Richard trod the scaffold stair,
And, bowing to the crowd, untied
The love-locks from his sable hair ;
Took off his watch—"Give that to Ned ;
I've done with Time," he proudly said.

'Twas bitter cold ; it made him shake :
Said one—"Ah ! see the villain's look !"
Sir Richard, with a scornful frown,
Cried, "Frost, not fear, my body shook !"
Giving a gold-piece to the slave,
He laughed—"Now praise me, Master Knave !"

They pointed, with a sneering smile,
Unto a black box, long and grim ;
But no white shroud or badge of death
Had power to draw a tear from him.
"It needs no lock," he said in jest,
"This chamber where to-night I rest."

Then crying out—"God save the King !"
In spite of hiss and shout and frown,
He stripped his doublet, dropped his cloak,
And gave the headsman's man a crown ;
Then, "On for heaven !" he proudly cried,
And bowed his head—and so he died.

THE JESTER'S SERMON.

The Jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a
chair,
The pages laughed, the women screamed, and tossed
their scented hair ;
The falcon whistled, staghounds bayed, the lap-dog
barked without,
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown, the cook railed
at the lout !

The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and
money fall,
And why? because the Jester rose to say grace in the
hall!

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward
with his chain,
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with
might and main;
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till
they were red,
But still the Jester shut his eyes and rolled his witty
head;
And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of
text,
And, waving hand, struck on the desk, then frowned
like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a
jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best.
In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single ounce
of love;
A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the
dove;
The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is
well;
The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the
belle.

"Let no man halloo he is safe till he is through the
wood;
He who will not when he may, must tarry when he
should.
He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very
straight;
Oh, he who once has won a name may lie abed till eight!
Make haste to purchase house and land, be very slow
to wed;
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed
with red.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the pudding in his sleeve).

To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish, by your leave—

To travel well—an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs.

He does not care a pin for thieves who limps about and begs.

Be always first man at a feast and last man at a fray ;
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.

When the hungry curate licks the knife, there's not much for the clerk ;

When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up—the storm grows dark."

Then loud they laughed, the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan :

The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can :

And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound bayed—

And why ? because the motley fool so wise a sermon made.





THORPE, ROSE (HARTWICK), an American poet, born at Mishawaka, Ind., July 18, 1850. She was educated at Litchfield, Mich., whither her parents removed in 1860. In 1871 she married Edmund C. Thorpe. In 1881 she edited three Sunday papers in Chicago, but subsequently removed to Pacific Beach, Cal. Her literary reputation rests upon the poem *Curfew Must Not Ring To-night*, written in 1870, and first published in a Detroit paper. An illustrated edition of it was issued in 1882. Mrs. Thorpe's publications include: *Fred's Dark Days*, a story for children (1881); *The Yule-Log*, a book of poems (1881); *The Fenton Family* (1884); *Nina Bruce* (1886); *The Chester Girls* (1887); *Temperance Poems* (1887), and *Ringling Ballads* (1887).

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hill-tops, far
away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad
day;
And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man and
maiden fair—
He with steps so slow and weary; she with sunny, float-
ing hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she, with
lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not
ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the
prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy, moss-grown walls
—dark, damp, and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to
die
At the ringing of the curfew ; and no earthly help is
nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset ;" and her lips grew
strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not
ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced
her young heart
Like a gleaming, death-winged arrow, like a deadly,
poisoned dart),
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that
gloomy, shadowed tower ;
Every evening just at sunset, it has tolled the twilight
hour.
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right ;
Now I'm old, I will not miss it. Curfew bell must ring
to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white
her thoughtful brow ;
And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a sol-
emn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear
or sigh—
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood *must*
die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew
large and bright ;
One low murmur faintly spoken, "Curfew *must not* ring
to-night."

She with quick step bounded forward, sprang within
the old church-door,
Left the old man treading slowly paths he'd trod so oft
before.

Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek
and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung
to and fro ;
As she climbed the slimy ladder, on which fell no ray of
light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "*Curfew shall not
ring to-night.*"

She has reached the topmast ladder, o'er her hangs the
great, dark bell ;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down
to hell.
See ! the ponderous tongue is swinging ; 'tis the hour
of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath
and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring ? No, never ! Her eyes flash with
sudden light,
And she springs, and grasps it firmly : "*Curfew shall
not ring to-night.*"

Out she swung—far out. The city seemed a speck of
light below,—
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro.
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not
the bell,
Sadly thought that twilight curfew rang young Basil's
funeral knell.
Still the maiden, clinging firmly, quivering lip and fair
face white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating : "*Curfew
shall not ring to-night.*"

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying ; and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years
before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that
she had done
Should be told long ages after ; as the rays of setting sun

Light the sky with golden beauty, aged sires with heads
of white
Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one
sad night.

O'er the distant hills comes Cromwell, Bessie sees him ;
and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, has no anxious traces
now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands, all
bruised and torn ;
And her sweet young face, still haggard, with the an-
guish it had worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with
misty light—
“Go! your lover lives,” cried Cromwell. “Curfew
shall not ring to-night !”

Wide they flung the massive portals, led the prisoner
forth to die,
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the dark-
ening English sky,
Bessie came, with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-
light sweet ;
Kneeling on the turf beside him, laid his pardon at his
feet.
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the
face, upturned and white,
Whispered, “Darling, you have saved me; curfew will
not ring to-night.”





THRALE, HESTER LYNCH (SALISBURY), an English miscellaneous writer, born at Bodville, Carnarvonshire, Wales, January 27, 1741; died at Clifton, England, May 2, 1821. She received a classical education, and in 1763 she married Mr. Thrale, a wealthy London brewer, and their home became a favorite resort of Dr. Johnson, of whom she was a great favorite. Mr. Thrale died in 1781, and three years afterward his widow married Piozzi, an Italian music-master. Mrs. Thrale wrote several books, among which are: *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, *Letters to and from Dr. Johnson*, *Journey Through Italy, France, and Germany*. She is best known by a little poem, *The Three Warnings*, in which Johnson is supposed to have had a share. Her *Autobiography*, *Letters*, and *Literary Remains*, with a *Memoir* by Hayward, were published in 1861.

"This new book is wretched," wrote Horace Walpole, of the *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*; "a high-varnished preface to a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar style, and too void of method even for such a farrago."

"If not the wisest woman in the world," says Dr. Johnson, "undoubtedly *one* of the wisest."

"Read the first volume of Mrs. Piozzi in Italy," says Thomas Green, in *Diary of a Lover of Literature*; "tolerably amusing but for a pert flippancy and ostentation of learning."

THE THREE WARNINGS.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground ;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages
That love of life increased with years
So much that, in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe
Which all confess, but few receive—
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale :
When sports went round and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave, " You must," he said,
" Quit your sweet bride and come with me !"
" With you !" the hapless husband cried ;
" Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard !
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared ;
My thoughts on other matters go—
This is my wedding-day, you know."
What more he urged I have not heard
His reason could not well be stronger.
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look—
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
" Neighbor," he said, " farewell ! No more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour ;
And further—to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing for once, I'll quit my prey
And grant a kind reprieve ;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,

But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both assented,
And parted, perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing Muse shall tell.
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near.
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned !" old Dodson cries.
"So soon d'ye call it ?" Death replies ;
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined ;
"To spare the aged would be kind ;
However, see your search be legal ;
And your authority—is't regal ?
Else you come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings ;
But for that loss of time and ease
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest ;
But don't be captious, friend, at least.
I little thought you would be able
To stump about your farm and stable.
Your years have run to a great length ;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength !"

"Hold !" says the farmer ; "not so fast !
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies ;

"However, you still keep your eyes ;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might.
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true ;

But still there's comfort left for you :

Each strives your sadness to amuse ;

I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he ; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I cannot hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings."

If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,

You've had your three sufficient Warnings.

So come along ; no more we'll part,"

He said, and touched him with his dart.

And now old Dodson, turning pale,

Yields to his fate.—So ends my tale.





THUCYDIDES, a Greek historian, born at Athens about 470 B.C.; died about 400 B.C. All accounts agree that he was assassinated; but some place the scene at Athens, others in Thrace. He was born to a good estate, and received the best education of his age and country; saw some military service during the war of which he is the historian; fell into disfavor, and was for twenty years a voluntary or involuntary exile from Athens, to which he returned three or four years before his death. The Peloponnesian War, between Athens and her allies on the one side, and Sparta and her allies on the other, lasted twenty-seven years, from 431 to 404 B.C.; but the last six years are not treated of by Thucydides. The last two of the eight books into which the *History of the Peloponnesian War* is divided bear evident tokens of not having received his ultimate revision. Macaulay pronounces Thucydides to be, "on the whole, the first of historians." Our extracts are mainly in the translation of Collins. At the close of the campaign of the first year the Athenians celebrated the solemn public funeral of those who had fallen. This ceremonial is thus described by Thucydides:

PUBLIC FUNERAL OF THE SLAIN.

They lay out the bones of the slain three days previously in a tent erected for the purpose, and each fam-

ily bring for their own dead any offering they please. When the time comes for carrying them forth to burial, sarcophagi made of cypress-wood are placed on cars—one for each tribe; in these are laid the bones of each man, according to the tribe to which he belonged; and one bier is carried empty, spread with funeral garments, for the missing, whose bones could not be collected to be brought home. Anyone who will—citizen or stranger—joins in the procession; and the women of the family are present at the funeral, to make their lament for the dead. So they lay them in the public cemetery, which is in the fairest suburb of the city; and there do they always bury those who fall in battle, excepting those that died at Marathon; those heroes they buried where they fell, as judging their valor to have been exceptional. And when they lay them in the ground, some distinguished citizen, selected by the state as of approved ability and distinguished reputation, pronounces over them a fitting panegyric; after which they all withdraw. In such fashion they bury them; and all through the war, whenever they had the opportunity, they observed this custom.

The orator on this occasion was Pericles. Thucydides is wont to put formal speeches into the mouths of his characters. In many cases these must have been his own composition. But Pericles was famous as an orator, and it is recorded that he was accustomed to write out his speeches. Thucydides was certainly present on this occasion; and it is not unlikely that we have here the very words as they fell from the lips of Pericles. After having discoursed at length upon the nature of the occasion, the discourse closes with a panegyric upon those Athenians who had, in former times, died for their country, and a tribute to those whose death was now commemorated.

THE FUNERAL ORATION BY PERICLES.

They gave their lives for their country, and gained for themselves a glory that can never fade, a tomb that shall stand as a mark forever. I do not mean that in which their bodies lie, but in which their renown lives after them, to be remembered forever on every occasion of speech or action which calls it to mind. For the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes. It is not the mere gravings upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds; but even in lands where they were strangers, there lives an unwritten record in every heart—felt, though never embodied. . . .

I call those fortunate whose death, like theirs, or whose sorrow, like yours, has the fullest portion of honor, and whose end comes at the moment they are happiest. Yet I feel how hard it is to persuade you of this, when in the triumphs of their comrades—triumphs in which you once used to rejoice—you will often be reminded of those you have lost; and sorrow is felt not for the blessings we have never tasted, but for those to which we have been accustomed, and of which we have been deprived. . . .

And for you, their children or their brothers, who are here present, I see an arduous struggle before you. For all are wont to praise those who are no more; and hardly—even though your own deserts be extraordinary—will you be held to have equalled or approached theirs. There is ever a jealousy of the living as rivals. It is only those who stand no longer in our path that we honor with an ungrudging affection.

Pericles died in the Summer of 429—two and a half years after the breaking out of the Peloponnesian War. His character is thus summed up by Thucydides, who does not often indulge in such formal delineations:

THE CHARACTER OF PERICLES.

So long as he stood at the head of the state in time of peace, he governed it with moderation and main-

tained it in safety, and under him it rose to its highest power. And when the war broke out, he proved that he had well calculated the resources of the state. He lived through two years and a half of it; and when he died, his foresight as to its conduct became even more generally admitted. For he always said that if they kept quiet, and paid due attention to their navy, and did not grasp at extension of empire during the war, or expose their city to danger, they would be the victors. But they did the very contrary to all this; and in matters which seemed to have no reference to the war they followed an evil policy as to their own interests and those of their allies, and in accordance with their private jealousies and private advantage; measures which, when successful, brought honors and profits to individuals only, while if they failed, the disadvantage was felt by the state in its results on the war.

The reason lay in this: that Pericles, powerful by his influence and ability, and manifestly incorruptible by bribes, exercised a control over the masses, combined with excellent tact, and rather led them than allowed them to lead him. For since he did not gain his ascendancy by unbecoming means, he never used language to humor them, but was able, on the strength of his high character, even to oppose their passions. That is, when he saw them overweeningly confident without just grounds, he would speak so as to inspire them with a wholesome fear; or when they were unreasonably alarmed, he would raise their spirits again to confidence. It was a nominal democracy, but in fact the government of the one foremost man.

One of the most striking chapters in the history of Thucydides is that which tells of the siege of the little town of Plataea, which was commenced during the third year of the war, and lasted more than two years. This is the earliest siege of any fortified place of which we have any detailed record which can be considered historical; and—with perhaps the exception of Gibbon's descrip-

tion of the siege of Constantinople by the Turks—the narrative by Thucydides has been considered by many competent critics, to have no equal. Fifty years before, Plataea, half a dozen miles from Thebes, was the scene of the great victory won by the Greeks over the Medes, and in recognition of the signal service rendered by its citizens, Plataea was solemnly recognized as an independent state. The Plataeans wished to remain neutral in the Peloponnesian War; but the Spartans would not agree to this. Forced to take one side or the other, the Plataeans cast in their lot with Athens. The Spartan King, Archidamas, with a considerable force, laid siege to Plataea; but after repeated failures to take the town by assault, the siege was turned to a close investment. A double wall of circumvallation was built around the town, the space between the two walls serving as a covered way, and a deep ditch was dug on the outer and inner side of this double wall. After eighteen months, provisions began to run short, and the Plataeans, seeing no hope of relief from without, resolved to break through the wall of circumvallation. Before the actual investment all the non-combatants had been sent away except about one hundred women who were retained to cook for the garrison, which now numbered four hundred and eighty men, of whom eighty were Athenians. A night had been fixed for the sortie; but at the last moment the hearts of more than half the men failed them, and only two hundred and twenty ventured the hazardous enterprise.

THE SORTIE FROM PLATÆA.

When all was ready, they waited for a stormy night with wind and rain, and when there was no moon, and so set out—the contrivers of the attempt leading the way. And first they crossed the ditch which girdled them on their own side, and got to the enemy's wall, without attracting the notice of the watch, since these could not see far through the darkness, and did not hear the sound of their approach, because the noise of the wind drowned it. They moved at careful distance from each other, that their arms might not clash together, and so make their movements heard. They were in very light marching order, with the left foot only shod, so as to give them safe footing in the mud. So they made for the parapets in the mid-space between two of the towers, satisfied that they should find these deserted. First came those who bore the ladders, and planted them; then twelve of the light company mounted, armed with dagger and breastplate only, led by Ammias, son of Coræbus, who was the first to mount; after him the rest followed and reached the top, making for each of the towers. Other light-armed soldiers followed, with nothing but short spears—their shields, in order that they might mount the quicker, being carried by others behind them, who were to pass them to the owners when they engaged the enemy.

When a good many had got up, the guard from within the towers heard them; for one of the Platæans, in laying hold of the parapet, displaced a tile from it, which rattled as it fell. At once the alarm was shouted, and the enemy rushed from their lines to the walls; for they did not know what the alarm meant in the dark night and in the storm. At the same moment the Platæans who had been left in town sallied out, and attacked the enemy's line of circumvallation on the side opposite to that where their comrades were climbing over, to divert attention as much as possible from them. The enemy were bewildered, therefore, and remained at their several quarters; and no man ventured to leave his own station to support the others, but all were at a loss to make out

what was going on. Even the three hundred who had been told off to give support at any point where it was required, went out of their works to the quarter whence the shouts proceeded. Fire signals of alarm were made to Thebes; but the Plataëans lighted on their walls several beacons, which had been prepared for the purpose, so that the signals might be unintelligible to the Thebans, and they might not march to the aid of their friends, but might fancy the state of affairs to be anything but what it really was, until the fugitives should have got clear away, and reached a place of safety.

Meanwhile, as to the Plataëans who were scaling the wall, as soon as the foremost had got up, and made themselves masters of both the towers, and slain the guard, they posted themselves at the thoroughfares at each of the towers, so as to let no one pass through to the rescue. They then planted ladders from the wall against the towers, and so sent up a good many of their men. Those on the towers and under them kept off any that were coming to the rescue; while the main body, having planted additional ladders, and also pulled down some of the parapet, were climbing over the works in the space between the towers. Each man, as he got over, took his place on the edge of the ditch, and from that position they kept off with arrows and javelins any who might come along the side of the wall to hinder the crossing. When all had crossed over, then the men from the towers—the hindmost not without difficulty—descended and got on the ditch.

Meanwhile the guard of three hundred were coming up with torches. Now the Plataëans, standing in the shadow of the edge of the ditch, got a good sight of them, and launched their arrows and javelins against them as they stood exposed; while, keeping in the dark, as they did themselves, they were all the less visible for the torch-light, so that even the last of the party succeeded in passing the ditch; not, however, without much toil and difficulty, for there was ice formed upon it—not strong enough to bear, but somewhat slushy, as is commonly the case with an easterly wind; and as there was snow falling that night with the wind,

It produced a great deal of water in the ditch, which they had to cross up to their necks. Still, it was in great measure owing to the violence of the storm that they succeeded in escaping.

Of the two hundred and twenty men who set out, seven or eight lost heart early in the adventure, and made their way back to the town. One was made prisoner at some period. Those who returned declared that all of their comrades were slain; and next morning the Plataeans sent a message into the Spartan lines asking the customary permission to bury their dead; but they received for answer that there were no dead to bury. The two hundred and twelve who persisted all seem to have made good their escape. The weakened garrison of Plataea were soon starved into surrender. The Spartans found a pretext for putting the whole number to death; the women were sold as slaves, and the town was razed to the ground.

This glorious little affair of Plataea was not a fair example of the whole course of the Peloponnesian War; for there were not a few enterprises by land and sea upon a large scale. The most notable of these was the great expedition under Nicias against the island of Sicily, in the eighteenth year of the war. All told, the Athenian force consisted of well-nigh 100,000 men, with which they finally undertook the siege of Syracuse, which was defended by the Spartan general Gylippus. It ended by the signal defeat of the Athenian naval force in the harbor, and the surrender, in a few days, of the entire land-force. Upon these events Thucydides has put forth his

full strength. Macaulay characterizes his account as the great masterpiece of historical narrative.

WATCHING THE NAVAL BATTLE FROM THE SHORE.

The troops on either side who looked on from the shore, while the sea-fight was thus equally balanced, shared largely, so far as their feelings were concerned, in the struggle and the conflict; the native forces eager now for increase of glory, the invaders dreading lest they should meet with a worse disaster than they had already undergone. When any of them saw their own men victorious in any quarter, they were of good cheer, and fell to invoking heaven not to disappoint them of success; while those who beheld their friends getting the worst of it mingled their shouts with lamentations, and, because they could see all that happened, were more depressed in spirit than those actually engaged. Others, who had a view of some more hardly contested scene of the fight, went through the greatest distress, owing to the long suspense of the struggle, and in their extreme anxiety made contortions of their bodies corresponding to their feelings; for they were always within a little, as it seemed, of escape or destruction. So, in that one and the same body of Athenians—so long as the fight at sea was equally balanced—might be heard all at once loud lamentations and shouts of triumph—"They are winning!" "They are beaten!" and all the varied utterances which would be forced from a great army under peril.

The port of Syracuse is only about five miles in circuit, and its mouth had been closed by a strong barrier. The object of the Athenians was to break through this barrier and make their escape by sea. There were engaged, on both sides, one hundred and ninety-four war-galleys, with more than 40,000 men, who fought from the decks with darts and arrows. The Athenians had much the larger force, but this advantage was neutral-

ized by the narrowness of the arena, which prevented them from bringing it into action, and even of availing themselves of their superior seamanship. The heavier Syracusan galleys gradually forced the Athenians upon the rocky shore. The Athenians had one hundred and eighteen galleys, of which they lost fifty-eight; the Syracusans had seventy-six galleys, of which they lost twenty-six. The remaining Athenian fleet was, however, so badly crippled that it was deemed useless to renew the attempt to break out of the harbor. Nothing was left but to burn their ships, raise the siege, and endeavor to make their way into the interior of the island. Abandoning their numerous sick and wounded, they set out on the third morning. The fugitives numbered 40,000. In six days every man of them was either killed or captured, except a few hundreds who succeeded in reaching the friendly town of Catania. By far the greater portion were killed, the prisoners numbering only about 7,000, who were sold as slaves. Thucydides thus describes the scene at the beginning of this disastrous retreat.

THE RETREAT FROM SYRACUSE.

A terrible scene it was, not only from the one great fact that they were going off with the sacrifice of all their ships, and, instead of all their high hopes, in imminent peril for themselves and their country; but in the act of breaking up their quarters there occurred circumstances grievous alike to their sight and their feelings individually. For they were leaving their dead unburied, and when any man saw one of his personal friends lying among them, he was seized at once with grief and with dread; while those who were being left

behind alive—wounded or sick—were a far sadder sight than even the dead for the living to look upon, and more to be pitied than those who had been slain. For these, breaking into entreaties and lamentations, drove their friends almost to distraction by conjuring them to take them with them; appealing to each one of them by name, if they caught sight of a friend or a relative, hanging on their mess-comrades as they were moving off, and following them as far as they could; and when their strength or their limbs failed, not resigning themselves to be left behind without repeated adjurations and many groans. So that the whole force, reduced to weeping and in this sore distraction, had much work to get away at all, though they were quitting an enemy's country, after sufferings too great for tears, and in dread of suffering yet more in the unseen future.

Great, too, was the general dejection and lack of confidence in themselves; for they resembled nothing so much as the population of a city that has been starved out, and has to be evacuated. It was the heaviest reverse that had ever happened to a Greek army. It had fallen to men who came to make slaves of others, to have to retreat for fear lest such lot should rather be their own. Instead of the prayers and hymns of triumph with which they had set sail, they had now to leave their quarters under omens the very reverse.

Nicias, the Athenian commander, to whose lack of strictly military qualifications the disaster was greatly due, yet enjoyed the respect and confidence of his men; for he had shared all their hardships, and was brought low by the fatal disease which was ravaging their camps. He passed along their retreating lines, and addressed them such words of encouragement as he could. This address of Nicias is the last of the elaborate speeches which Thucydides puts into the mouths of his characters. Probably the form of the address belongs to Thucydides rather than to Nicias.

THE ADDRESS OF NICIAS.

For my own part, there is not one of you who is not at least as strong as I am (you can see to what a state I am reduced by disease); and though I have as much to make life valuable to me, publicly and privately, as any man, yet here I am, exposed to the same danger as the meanest soldier; yet I have done much to live a god-fearing life, and to act justly and be without reproach among men. And therefore have I yet confident hope for the future; and these misfortunes do not appall me so much as they well might. . . .

Look, too, what stout soldiers, and in what goodly numbers, march in your ranks, and be not too much disheartened. Remember that wherever you take up your quarters, you will virtually form a city of yourselves; and that there is no place in Sicily that can either withstand your attack, or drive you out if once you occupy it. Take only good heed yourselves, that your march be safe and orderly—each man reflecting that in the spot for which he may be forced to fight, he will find, if he is victorious, both a city and a fortress. . . .

In brief, fellow-soldiers, make up your minds that you must needs put forth all your valor, since there is no refuge at hand to which you can escape if you turn cowards, while, if you now deliver yourselves from your enemies, all will regain the homes I know you long to see; and we Athenians shall build up again the mighty power of our native state—fallen though it may be now: for it is men that make a state and not stone walls or empty galleys.





TIBULLUS, ALBIUS, a Roman poet, born B.C. 54; died B.C. 18. We know nothing of his youth or education. From his equestrian ancestors he inherited an estate at Pedum, between Tibur and Præneste, which, like the estates of Virgil and Horace, had been either wholly or partially confiscated in the civil wars. Tibullus, however, recovered part of his property, and spent upon it the best part of his short life. He was patronized by Messala, whom, in B.C. 31, he accompanied into Aquitania, to suppress a serious revolt which had broken out in that province. He was present at the battle of Atax, which gave the final blow to the insurgents; and he celebrates, in a fine strain of poetry, the honorable part he bore in the campaign. Next year, Messala was sent to the East, and again Tibullus accompanied him; but having been obliged from illness to stop at Corcyra, he returned to Rome. At this point, the public life of Tibullus ceases; and henceforth he devoted himself to the study and composition of poetry. His elegies, divided into four books, are mainly addressed to his mistresses, Delia, Nemesis, and Glycera, whose inconstancy or coldness he bewails in tender and exquisitely finished verses. The third book, however, is now believed to be the work, not of Tibullus, but of another and inferior poet; while the hexameter poem on Messala, with

which the fourth book opens, is, from internal evidence, supposed to be also by another and inferior hand. Only the first book was published during the poet's lifetime, which, brief as it was, yet passed peacefully away amid all the blessings of pecuniary competence, patronage of the great, health, and fame. The character of Tibullus was singularly pure, amiable, and winning. During life, he had the honor of being addressed in an ode and an epistle by Horace; after death, of being bewailed in an elegy of matchless beauty by Ovid. The best edition of his poems is that of Dissen (1835).

LOVE'S DEVOTION.

How sweet to lie and hear the wild winds roar,
While to our breast the one beloved we strain;
Or, when the cold South's sleety torrents pour,
To sleep secure, lulled by the plashing rain!

This lot be mine: let him be rich, 'tis fair,
Who braves the wrathful sea and tempest drear;
Oh, rather perish gold and gems, than e'er
One fair one for my absence shed a tear!

Dauntless, Messala, scour the earth and main
To deck thy home with warfare spoils—'tis well;
Me here a lovely maiden's charms enchain,
At her hard door a sleepless sentinel.

Delia, I court not praise, if mine thou be;
Let men cry lout and clown—I'll bear the brand:
In my last moments let me gaze on thee,
And dying clasp thee with my faltering hand.



TICKELL, THOMAS, an English poet, born at Bridekirk, Cumberland, in 1686; died at Bath, April 23, 1740. He studied at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow in 1710. He was an intimate friend of Addison, and contributed in prose and verse to the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*. Upon Addison's appointment as Secretary of State in 1717, he procured for Tickell the position of Under-Secretary. In 1724 he was made Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a position which he retained until his death. He commenced a translation of the *Iliad*, but did not go beyond the first book. He made a clever imitation of Horace's *Prophecy of Nereus* adapting it to the ridicule of the Jacobite uprising of 1715. His best poem is the noble elegy upon Addison, addressed to the Earl of Warwick, Addison's stepson.

Of his *Elegy to Addison*, Oliver Goldsmith says: "This elegy by Mr. Tickell is one of the finest in our language. There is so little new that can be said upon the death of a friend, after the complaints of Ovid and the Latin Italians in this way, that one is surprised to see so much novelty in this to strike us, and so much interest to affect."

Of Tickell's translation of the first book of the *Iliad*, compared with Pope's, Dr. Johnson says: "The palm is now universally given to Pope; but

I think the first lines of Tickell's were rather to be preferred, and Pope seems to have since borrowed something from them in the correction of his own."

ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed,
And left to Addison the debt unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh, judge my bosom by your own !
What mourner ever felt poetic fires ?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires ;
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave ?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues—then unheeded things—
Through rows of warriors and through walks of
kings !

What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire ;
The pealing organ and the pausing choir ;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed !
Oh, gone forever ! take this long adieu ;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine ;
Mine with true sights thy absence to bemoan
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee !

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone
(Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown),
Along the walls where sparkling marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below :

Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled ;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest ;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region to the just assigned,
What new employments please the unbodied mind ?
A wingèd Virtue, through the ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly ?
Or, curious, trace the long, laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze !
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled and the Dragon fell ;
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below ?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind—
A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms ;
When pain distresses or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more. . . .

Thou hill whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears ?
How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air !
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow and thy evening breeze !
His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

O, formed by Nature, and refined by Art,
With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart !
By thousands sought, Clotilda, canst thou free
Thy crowd of captives and descend to me ?
Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
A hidden beauty and a country wife ?
O, listen while thy summers are my theme !
Ah ! soothe thy partner in his waking dream !
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames through meadows rolls his mazy train,
Or where high Windsor, thick with greens arrayed,
Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
Fancy has figured out our calm retreat ;
Already round the visionary seat
Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
Where dost thou lie, thou thinly peopled green,
Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen,
Where sons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travelled farther than ten furlongs round,
And the tanned peasant and his ruddy bride
Were born together, and together died ;
Where early larks best tell the morning light,
And only Philomel disturbs the night ?
'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dyes ;
All savage where th' embroidered gardens end,
The haunt of echoes, shall my woods ascend ;
And oh ! if Heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
A rill shall warble 'cross the gloomy grove—
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds conveyed,
Gush down the steep, and glitter through the glade.
What cheering scents these bordering banks exhale !
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale !
That thrush how shrill ! his note so clear, so high,
He drowns each feathered minstrel of the sky.
Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn
The deep-mouthed beagle and the sprightly horn,
Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,

Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.
Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavored nectarine ;
Or rob the beehive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
While from thy needle rise the silken flowers,
And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
O, when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppress,
Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest ;
Then watch thee, charmed, while sleep locks every
sense,

And to sweet Heaven commend thy innocence.
Thus reigned our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old ;
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
And specious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants large, well spread and right ;
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night.
Mark how th' embroidered colonel sneaks away,
To shun the withering dame that made him gay ;
That knave, to gain a little, lost his fame ;
That raised his credit by a daughter's shame ;
This coxcomb's ribbon cost him half his land,
And oaks unnumbered bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
Acquires strange wants that nature never knew ;
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And sleeps, perverse, the cheerful suns away ;
From goblets high-embost his wine must glide,
Round his closed sight the gorgeous curtain slide ;
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,
The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood ;
This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
Fair phantoms wooed and scorned from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh, and priests to rage.
And yet, just curse one man's aspiring kind !
Prone to ambition, to example blind,

Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
And the same errors be for ever new.
Meanwhile in hope a guiltless country swain,
My reed with warblings cheers the imagined plain.
Hail, humble shades, where truth and silence dwell !
The noisy town and faithless court, farewell !
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame !
The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame !
In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days, though numbered, shall be all my own.
Here shall they end (O might they twice begin !),
And all be white the Fates intend to spin.





TICKNOR, GEORGE, an American literary critic and essayist, born in Boston, Mass., August 1, 1791; died there, January 26, 1871. He was graduated at Dartmouth in 1807; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1813; but instead of practising the profession, he devoted himself to scholarship. In 1815 he went to Europe; studied for two years in the University of Göttingen, and spent three years more at various places, studying the languages and literature of modern Europe. He returned to America in 1820, having during his absence been elected to the newly founded Professorship of Modern Languages in Harvard College. He resigned this chair in 1835 and spent three years in Europe, engaged especially in making his unsurpassed collection of works in Spanish. In 1840 he set himself strenuously at work upon the composition of his *History of Spanish Literature*, which was published in 1849. The work was at once recognized as the best upon the subject in any language, and was almost immediately translated into Spanish and German. In the numerous translations from Spanish poets, Mr. Ticknor evinced poetical ability of a high order. Besides this great work he contributed some valuable papers to the *North American Review*. He also published a *Memoir of Nathaniel Appleton Hazen* (1837); *Life of William H. Prescott* (1864);

Remarks on the Character of Edward Everett (1865).
The Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor
appeared in 1871.

CERVANTES AND DON QUIXOTE.

Cervantes shows the impulses of an original power with most distinctness in his development of the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho—characters in whose contrast and opposition is hidden the full spirit of his peculiar humor, and no small part of what is most characteristic of the entire fiction. They are his prominent personages; he delights therefore to have them as much as possible in the front of his scene. They grow visibly upon his favor as he advances; and the fondness of his liking for them makes him constantly produce them in lights and relations as little foreseen by himself as they are by his readers. The Knight, who seems originally intended for a parody of the *Amadis*, becomes gradually a detached, separate, and wholly independent personage, into whom is infused so much of a generous and elevated nature, such gentleness and delicacy, such a pure sense of honor, and such a warm love for whatever is noble and good, that we feel almost the same attachment to him that the barber and the curate did, and are almost as ready as his family was to mourn over his death.

The case of Sancho is again very similar, and perhaps in some respects stronger. At first he is introduced as the opposite of Don Quixote, and used merely to bring out his master's peculiarities in more striking relief. It is not until we have gone through nearly half of the First Part that he utters one of those proverbs which form afterward the staple of his conversation and humor. And it is not until the opening of the Second Part—and indeed not until he comes forth, in all his mingled shrewdness and credulity, as Governor of Barataria—that his character is quite developed and completed to the full measure of its grotesque yet congruous proportions.

Cervantes, in truth, came at last to love these creations of his marvellous power as if they were real, fa-

miliar personages, and to speak of them and treat them with an earnestness and interest that tend much to the illusion of his readers. Both Don Quixote and Sancho are thus brought before us like such living realities that at this moment the figures of the crazed, gaunt, dignified knight, and of his round, selfish, and most amusing esquire, dwell bodied forth in the imagination of more, among all conditions of men throughout Christendom, than any other of the creations of human talent. The greatest of the great poets—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton—have no doubt risen to loftier heights, and placed themselves in more imposing relations with the noblest attributes of our nature; but Cervantes—always writing under the unchecked impulse of his own genius, and instinctively concentrating in his fiction whatever was peculiar to the character of his nation—has shown himself of kindred to all times and all lands, to the humblest degrees of cultivation as well as to the highest; and has thus, beyond all other writers, received in return a tribute of sympathy and admiration from the universal spirit of humanity for one of the most remarkable monuments of modern genius.

But though this may be enough to fill the measure of human fame and glory, it is not all to which Cervantes is entitled. For if we would do him the justice that would have been dearest to his own spirit, and even if we would ourselves fully comprehend and enjoy the whole of his *Don Quixote*, we should, as we read it, bear in mind that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling and a happy external condition, nor composed in his best years, when the spirits of its author were light and his hopes high; but that—with all its unquenchable and irresistible humor, with its bright views of the world, and his cheerful trust in goodness and virtue—it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life nearly every step of which had been marked with disappointed expectation, disheartening struggles, and sore calamities; that he began it in prison, and that it was finished when he felt the hand of death pressing heavy and cold upon his heart.



TIECK, LUDWIG, a German miscellaneous writer, born in Berlin, May 31, 1773; died there, April 28, 1853. He studied at Halle, Göttingen, and Erlangen, and subsequently at Jena, where he was associated with the Schlegels and other romanticists. In 1805 he undertook a journey to Italy and in 1817 to England. In 1820 he was made a member of the directorate of the Royal Theatre at Dresden. In 1841 he was called to Berlin by Frederick William IV., by whom he was later granted a pension.

"He was," says Scherer, "a man whose views and education were essentially those of the 'Storm-and-Stress' period. . . . He had great talent, but was wanting in seriousness and thoroughness. His poems are full of obscurities and incorrectnesses, empty, jingling rhymes and trivial thoughts; there is a lavish display of figurative language and poetic ideas, and all to illustrate passing moods; for from the depths of his heart he has little to tell us." Still, Tieck produced some poetical works not to be so curtly dismissed.

Among them may be mentioned two collections of popular tales, partly from old German sources and partly original, entitled *Volksmärchen* (1797); and *Phantasus* (1812-17); *Franz Sternbald's Wanderings*, a romantic novel (1798); a classical transla-

tion of *Don Quixote* (1799-1801); two novels, *Abdallah* and *William Lovell*; the comedies *Bluebeard*, *Puss in Boots*, and *Prince Zerbin*, and the dramas *Life and Death of St. Genevieve*, *Fortunatus*, and *Emperor Octavian*. Foremost of these are the versified tales embodied in his *Phantasmus*, in which popular myths, such as "True Eckart" and "Tannhäuser" are pleasingly set forth. He also wrote essays upon art and literature, not without value. Among the best of these is the following, written at twenty-seven:

THE SEDUCTIVE CHARACTER OF ART.

Surely it is a noble endeavor in man to create a work of Art, transcending all the low and common utilities of life—a work independent, complete in itself, subservient to no utilitarian purpose—a beautiful object shining in its own splendor. The instinct to produce such a work seems to point more directly to a higher world than any other impulse of our nature. And yet this beautiful Art is a seductive and forbidden fruit; and he who has once been intoxicated with its sweetness may be regarded as a lost man in practical life. He becomes more and more absorbed in his own internal pleasures, and at length finds that he has no heart to feel, no hand to labor for his fellow-men. . . .

I am shocked when I reflect on my whole life devoted to the luxury of music. Here have I sat, a self-indulging hermit, drawing sensations of sweetness from harmonious tones. I cannot avoid knowing that thousands are suffering under as many varieties of affliction. I know that every vibration of the pendulum is like the stroke of a sword for some fellow-creature, and that the world is crying loudly for all possible help; and still here I sit, amusing myself with luxurious music, as carelessly as a child playing with bubbles; as if I knew nothing of the earnestness of the life around me, or the death that awaits me. There is evidently a seductive

poison in the apparently innocent love of Art. In striving to be an Artist, I may become like a theatrical hero, who fancies his stage to be the real world, looks on the world round his theatre as a very dull place, and only regards the actions and the sorrows of mankind as crude materials out of which dramas may be manufactured.

The best of Tieck's novels, on the whole, is the *Insurrection in the Cévennes*, excited by the "Dragonnades" set on foot by Louis XIV. of France. The story is told by a person who had made his way as a spy into a Camisard conventicle, and becomes mysteriously converted to that faith.

THE CAMISARD CONVENTICLE.

As we advanced farther among the hills, there passed us—going stealthily along the narrow foot-path—several dimly seen figures. Following them, we arrived after a two miles' walk at a solitary, barn-like shed. They knocked at the door and it was opened.

I cannot describe the sensation with which I entered to play my part as one of this assembly of fanatical peasants. I felt a shudder of horror pass at once through soul and body. Some were kneeling; others were standing. I took my place among the latter, and endeavored to imitate their demeanor so as to avoid detection. All for a time went on quietly. Every eye was fixed upon the ground, and only a few aged women interrupted the silence by their muttering of psalms; but suddenly a boy of about eight years fell to the ground, and struggled, as in convulsions. My feeling of aversion was at its height. . . .

The assembly broke up, and the worshippers went forth to find their ways to their several places of abode. I followed them; and, like one introduced into a new world, returned down the valley, and plunged into the densest part of the forest. "What is Nature?" I had often asked when, in a bit of imaginative inspiration, I had roamed far among the wooded hills and green val-

leys, decked in all the lights and shades of morning or fanned by the light wind, and breathing a charm to lull the heart in soothing dreams. Now I could understand the deep voice of lamentation in the forest, on the mountain, and in the murmuring stream. I could hear and understand it now as the voice of the Eternal Himself uttering His sympathy with all His creatures. His voice seemed sounding from every wave of the river, and whispering from every leaf and twig of the forest. All things around me seemed to rebuke me for my past cold, unbelieving, and indolent existence. I thought at once of the past and the future. Every thought was a prayer, and my heart was melted down to one feeling of devotion.

What with his versatility, the facility with which he wrote on so many topics, and, in no small degree, his power of improvisation, Tieck was by a sort of tacit consent held during much of the second quarter of this century to be the foremost German man of letters.

SPRING.

Look all around thee! How the Spring advances!

New life is playing through the gay, green trees;
See how in yonder bower the light leaf dances

To the bird's tread and to the quivering breeze,
How every blossom in the sunlight glances;

The Winter frost to his dark cavern flees,
And earth, warm-wakened, feels through every vein
The kindling influence of the vernal rain.

Now silvery streamlets, from the mountain-glades,
Dance joyously the verdant vales along;

Cold fear no more the songster's tongue is sealing;

Down the thick dark groves is heard his song,
And all their bright and lovely views revealing,

A thousand plants the fields and forests throng;
Light comes upon the earth in radiant showers,
And mingling rainbows play among the flowers.

—*Translation of* CHARLES T. BROOKS.

AUTUMN'S SONG.

A little bird flew o'er the lea,
 And in the sunshine, merrily,
 It sang so sweetly and so clear :
 "Farewell ! I flee far, far from here
 Away,
 This very day."

I listened long unto the lay,
 I felt so sad, I felt so gay,
 With sorrow's joys, with pleasure's woes,
 My breast alternate sank and rose.
 Rends pain
 Or joy my heart in twain ?

But when some leaves fell at my side,
 "Alas ! the Autumn comes," I cried,
 "The swallow seeks a warmer clime.
 Thus Love, perhaps, on the wings of Time
 Will flee,
 So far from me."

But 'gain the sun shone o'er the lea,
 The little bird flew back to me ;
 It saw my eyes suffused with tears,
 And sang : "True love no Winter fears.
 No ! No !
 Its Spring shall ever glow !"
 —*Translation of* A. BASKERVILLE

CONFIDENCE.

Arise ! arise ! the sunbeams hail,
 And bid thee God's wide world survey ;
 Go, wander over hill and dale,
 E'er cheerfully upon thy way.

The torrent's course ne'er standeth still,
 It gayly runs its race ;
 Hear'st thou the winds that laugh so shrill ?
 They rush from place to place.

The moon, she journeys to and fro,
The sun doth daily flee,
Unwearied, o'er the mountain's brow,
Then down into the sea.

And man, thou sittest e'er at home,
Yet longest to be gone :
Up! up! and o'er the valley roam
And seek the distant zone.

Who knows when Fortune blooms for thee?
Go, seek her, wouldst thou win ;
The evening comes, the morn doth flee,
Thy pilgrimage begin.

Then banish fear and anxious care—
Are not the heavens blue?
Our joy with grief alternates e'er,
Trust Fortune's guiding clue!

Where'er extends the heaven's zone,
Doth love its fruit reveal,
And every heart will find its own,
If it but seek with zeal.

—*Translation of A. BASKERVILLE.*





TIGHE, MARY (BLACKFORD), an Irish poet, born in County Wicklow in 1773; died in 1810. She was the daughter of a clergyman of the county of Wicklow, and was married to Mr. Henry Tighe, who represented that county in Parliament. She was early noted for her personal beauty and social charms, but was an invalid for the last six years of her life. A collection of her poems, edited by her husband, was published soon after her death. This includes her longest poem, *Psyche*, in six cantos, founded on the classic myth of the wedlock of Cupid and Psyche. Several of the smaller poems written during her long illness are replete with melancholy grace.

"The *Psyche* of Mrs. Tighe," says Leigh Hunt, "has a languid beauty, probably resembling that of her person. . . . The greater part of the poem is of little worth, except as a strain of elegance; but now and then we meet with a fancy not unworthy a pupil of Spenser."

THE NUPTIALS OF PSYCHE AND CUPID.

The sun looks glorious, 'mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
The clear blue ocean, at a distance seen,
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side;
While closing round it with majestic pride
The lofty rocks 'mid citron-groves arise.
"Sure some divinity must here reside,"

As, tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmed
eyes,

When lo ! a voice divinely sweet she hears ;
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound :
“ Psyche, approach ; dismiss thy timid fears ;
At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
And bids for thee immortal joys abound ;
For thee the palace rose at his command ;
For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned ;
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
Prompt every wish to serve—a fond, obedient band.”

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,
For now the pompous portals opened wide ;
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Through halls high-domed, enriched with sculptured
pride,
While gay saloons appeared on either side.
In splendid beauty opening to her sight ;
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnished with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre
bright. . . .

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands ;
Self-poured the nectar sparkles in the bowl ;
The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands,
Aid the soft voices of the choral bands ;
O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands,
For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
To taste celestial food and pure ambrosial streams.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star
And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,
Lo ! the bright folding-doors retiring far,
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply

To soothe the spirit in serene repose :
 Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,
 Divinely formed, a downy couch arose,
 While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain,
 For other voices now attune the lay ;
 The swelling sounds approach, a while remain,
 And then retiring, faint dissolve away ;
 The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
 And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie.
 'Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
 When through the obscuring gloom she nought can
 spy ;
 But softly rustling clouds declare some being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I write ! whose hearts can melt
 At the soft, thrilling voice whose power you prove,
 You know what charm, unutterably felt,
 Attends the unexpected voice of love ;
 Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
 With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
 And bears it to Elysium's happy grove ;
 You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,
 When Love's ambrosial lip the vow of Hymen seals.

" 'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer ! deep imprest
 Upon my heart those sounds I well recall !"
 The blushing maid exclaimed, and on his breast,
 A tear of trembling ecstasy let fall.
 But ere the breezes of the morning call
 Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
 Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall ;
 Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
 While sleep his downy wings had o'er her eyelids
 spread.



TILLIER, CLAUDE, a French satirist and romance-writer, born at Clamency, in Nièvre, April 11, 1801; died at Nevers, October 12, 1844. He appears to have been educated above his station; he belonged, however, to the sturdy bourgeoisie, the French element which speaks least and does the most. "I have been scholar, usher, soldier, school-master, and have added to these vocations poetry. The corporal, the head-master, spoiled children, indulgent mothers, and rhythm, have been my five enemies." At nineteen he was appointed usher at board-wages in a mixed French and English school in Paris. Here he suffered the orthodox pains of an usher; his gray habit was a mark for the sarcasm and projectiles of the pupils, "who were content to be kept in at recess for the fun of torturing the tutor." When he left this school his trunk was an old black cravat tied at the four corners; and with this, and the stump of an old cigar which he lighted at the kitchen fire, he took his exit. When Louis Philippe came in, Tillier became a soldier; and, returning to his province, he expected advancement at the hands of Dupin, the legal adviser of Marshal Ney. But Dupin, in the name of the people, abandoned the King, and Tillier became the anti-Dupin pamphleteer. The best point in his numerous philippics is where he attacks the existing evil in French

government, its representative administration. Besides his pamphlets, he wrote a few stories. He contributed also to a small paper, called the *Independent*, published at Clamency; and afterward edited a newspaper at Nevers called *l'Association*. His pamphlets and stories were collected soon after his death, and an edition in four volumes was published at Nevers by one Sionest. This edition, which is dated 1846, has long been exhausted, and, as it has not been succeeded by others, Tillier's works are exceedingly difficult to get. Sionest's edition comprises thirty political, religious, and philosophical pamphlets, and four novels: *Mon Oncle Benjamin*, *Belle Plante et Cornélius*, *Comment le Chanoine eut Peur*, and *Comment le Capitaine eut Peur*.

Mon Oncle Benjamin, a coarse, lively picture of bourgeois society in the reign of Louis Philippe, is marked by robust, vigorous sense and broad humor. The smaller stories of Tillier exhibit a pure and tender humor, enlivened by a wit as natural and unaffected as it is brilliant.

THE CHARACTER OF DUPIN.

You were liberal when young, but liberty was for you a poor grisette, prodigal of all the treasures of her love, while you negotiated a mercenary marriage with a dame of high descent, with royalty. You have had, M. Dupin, a deplorable influence in the district of Clamency. The shade of your protection stifled generous opinions. Our young men have become at twenty old calculators. You have developed among us a sad spirit of selfishness and intrigue. You have made good and great qualities nothing by the sponging for office. Idiots are educated to fill places—you supply them; daughters marry valets,

hoping a *dot* from your patronage. Your recommendation takes the place of acquired rights, virtue, capacity. Favors, employments, public advantage, all come through your hands. If you had asked a basilica, the municipality of Clamency would have consecrated it.—
From The Pamphlets.

HOW THE CANON GOT SCARED.

Once more I continued: "M. Dinot, why will you kill me? Murder is an abominable thing, condemned by all law, human and divine; but the murder of a priest is the greatest of all crimes: it is a sacrilege. A single drop of the blood of a priest on your hands will prevent your entering into the eternal kingdom. It is written, M. Dinot, 'Thou shalt not touch the Lord's anointed.' I would I had my Bible here; I would show you the sacred text. They are God's own words, M. Dinot. But the words apply to priests as to kings, because the chief priest receives a consecration as well as the crowned king."

"Since you are so wise," said Papa Dinot, "tell me: Which is the most culpable, the one that assassinates a reputation in a pulpit or the one that takes a life in the woods?"

"It is true, M. Dinot, I have sinned against you. Thou shalt not bear false witness, is also written. I agree, even, if you insist, that I sing false; but, priest as I am, M. Dinot, I am the father of a family. I have a sister, widow of a soldier, of a brave man like yourself, M. Dinot (this compliment caused M. Dinot to make a terrible grimace), and two small nephews of whom I am the only support. May I place these poor angels at your feet and let them ask mercy for their uncle?"

I said many other things to Papa Dinot which I found very touching; but his stony eye was unmoistened, and his gallows face had always the same expression. Always he kept whetting his terrible knife.

"Follow me," said Papa Dinot; "and he made me traverse a long narrow court like an alley. On the snow I remarked a track of blood; and at the end of

the alley a little, round door opened, black as the gate of a sepulchral grave. When my eyes were a little accustomed to the gloom, I perceived overhanging a shelf something hideous, formless, of death, covered by a linen cloth, white and bloody. This, then, was the slaughter-chamber of the Dinots. I saw Papa Dinot grasp his knife.

"M. Dinot," I said to him, "but a few moments, if you please, for prayer."

"For whom?" he asked.

"For you, first, because you are my assassin; for myself, next, who am about to die without a priest's saying, Go, thy sins be forgiven thee. For my sister; for those poor orphans who will no more have any father but God; and for that unhappy victim on the shelf whom you are going to give me as a companion in my coffin."

Then the mask of ferocity fell from Dinot, and he set up great shouts of laughter.

"Parbleu!" said he, "you cannot do better than pray for that unfortunate, for I suspect he was not in a state of grace when he died. Moreover, he was the father of a family like yourself, and left two or three little orphans. And if he is not the companion of your coffin, he will at least do for a table companion." And he cut an enormous slice from the boar, saying: "That is for you. Tell your sister to let it pickle three days in white wine. And this is to show you, M. Curé, that there is no safety in judging from appearances."—*From Comment le Chanoine eut Peur.*





TILLOTSON, JOHN, an English divine and theological writer, born at Sowerby, near Halifax, Yorkshire, in October, 1630; died in 1694. He was brought up in the faith of the Non-conformists, but while studying at Cambridge the perusal of Chillingworth's *Religion of the Protestants* wrought a considerable modification in his views, and when the Act of Uniformity was passed in 1662, he conformed and accepted a curacy in the Established Church. His sermons attracted general attention, and he was appointed lecturer in St. Lawrence Church, London, where he became the most noted preacher of his day. In 1691 he was made Archbishop of Canterbury, but died three years after his elevation to the primacy. His works consist almost solely of several volumes of sermons, in which, according to Burnet, "he seems to have brought preaching to perfection."

"Mary [Queen of England] had a way," says Macaulay, "of interrupting tattle about elopements, duels, and play-debts by asking the tattlers, very quietly, yet significantly, whether they had ever read her favorite sermon, Dr. Tillotson's, on Evil Speaking. . . . Tillotson still keeps his place as a legitimate English critic. His brightest flights were, indeed, far below those of Taylor, of Barrow, and of South; but his oratory was more

correct and equable than theirs. . . . His style is not brilliant; but it is pure, transparently clear, and equally free from the levity and from the stiffness which disfigure the sermons of some eminent divines of the seventeenth century. . . . The greatest charm of his compositions, however, is derived from the benignity and candor which appear in every line, and which shone forth not less conspicuously in his life than in his writings."

SEEMING TO BE GOOD, AND BEING SO.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom; particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure, way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him: which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life. Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips

and is ready to drop out before we are aware : whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. Sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it ; and because it is plain and open fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger ; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out ; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he makes himself ridiculous. Nothing but truth and sincerity will last and hold out to the end ; all other arts will fail, but these will carry a man through and bear him out to the last.

HAPPINESS IS GOODNESS.

Another most considerable and essential ingredient of happiness is goodness, without which, as there can be no true majesty and greatness, so neither can there be any felicity or happiness. Now goodness is a generous disposition of mind to communicate and diffuse itself, by making others partakers of its happiness in such degrees as they are capable of it, and as wisdom shall direct. For he is not so happy as may be, who hath not the pleasure of making others so, and of seeing them put into a happy condition by his means, which is the highest pleasure, I had almost said pride, but I may truly say glory, of a good and great mind. For by such communications of himself, an immense and all-sufficient being doth not lessen himself, or put anything out of his power, but doth rather enlarge and magnify himself ; and does, as I may say, give great ease and delight to a full and fruitful being, without the least diminution of his power and happiness. For the cause and original of all other beings can make nothing so independent upon itself as not still to maintain his interest in it, to have it always under his power and government ; and no being can rebel against his Maker, without extreme hazard to himself.

Perfect happiness doth imply the exercise of all other

virtues, which are suitable to so perfect a being, upon all proper and fitting occasions ; that is, that so perfect a being do nothing that is contrary to or unbecoming his holiness and righteousness, his truth and faithfulness, which are essential to a perfect being ; and for such a being to act contrary to them in any case, would be to create disquiet and disturbance to itself. For this is a certain rule, and never fails, that nothing can act contrary to its own nature without reluctancy and displeasure, which in moral agents is that which we call guilt ; for guilt is nothing else but the trouble and disquiet which ariseth in one's mind from the consciousness of having done something which is contrary to the perfective principles of his being, that is, something that doth not become him, and which, being what he is, he ought not to have done ; which we cannot imagine ever to befall so perfect and immutable a being as God is.





TILTON, THEODORE, an American poet and religious editor, born in New York, October 2, 1835. He was educated at the public schools; became connected with the New York *Observer* while quite young, and subsequently with the New York *Independent*, of which he was one of the editors from 1863 to 1871, then of the Brooklyn *Union*, and subsequently of the *Golden Age*, a semi-religious journal in New York. In 1866 he put forth *The King's Ring*, and in 1867 *The Sexton's Daughter, and Other Poems*; *Tempest Tossed* (1875); *Thou and I*, poems (1880); *Suabian Stories*, ballads (1882).

"Mr. Tilton," says Eugene Benson, "always writes interestingly, and at times is brutal and cruel as a boy is brutal and cruel. He loves antithesis, and generally overstates a question. He has a way of saying things which makes his sensible articles abound in false, forced, and artificial phrases, robs his writing of harmony, and provokes us to speak of him as a coxcomb in rhetoric. He has what we should call an artificial but attracting style; an abruptness of illustration and ornament that perhaps would have wounded Poe's sense of literary art, and again, perhaps, would have made Hawthorne think of wax flowers on the brow of a grim exhorter. Mr. Tilton seems to know nothing of harmony, and elegance, and gradation."

I clasped a woman's breast,
As if her heart I knew,
Or fancied would be true ;
Who proved alas ! she, too,
False like the rest.

I now am all bereft—
As when some tower doth fall,
With battlements and wall
And gate and bridge and all—
And nothing left.

But I account it worth
All pangs of fair hopes crossed,
All loves and honors lost,
To gain the heavens at cost
Of losing earth.

So, lest I be inclined
To render ill for ill,
Henceforth in me instil,
O God, a sweet good-will,
To all mankind.

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.

Toll ! Roland, toll !
High in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke,
And all who slept in Ghent awoke.
What meant its iron stroke ?
Why caught each man his blade ?
Why the hot haste he made ?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet—
All flying to the city's wall ?
It was the call,
Known well to all,
That Freedom stood in peril of some toe ;
And even timid hearts grew bold,
Whenever Roland tolled,

And every hand a sword could hold ;
For men
Were patriots then,
Three hundred years ago !

Toll ! Roland, toll !
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So true and brave a tongue !
If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill.
Then toll ! and wake the test
In each man's breast,
And let him stand confessed !

Toll ! Roland, toll !
—Not in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour ;
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far-off Zuyder Zee ;
But here—this side the sea !—
And here, in broad, bright day !
Toll ! Roland, toll !
For not by night awaits
A brave foe at the gates,
But Treason stalks abroad—inside !—at noon !
Toll ! Thy alarm is not too soon !
To arms ! Ring out the Leader's call !
Re-echo it from east to west,
Till every dauntless breast
Swell beneath plume and crest !
Till swords from scabbards leap !
What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall ?
Toll ! Roland, toll !
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun—
The heritage of sire to son—
Ere half of Freedom's work was done !
Toll ! Roland, toll !
Till son, in memory of his sire,

Once more shall load and fire!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till volunteers find out the art
Of aiming at a traitor's heart!

Toll! Roland, toll!
St. Bavon's stately tower
Stands to this hour—
And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent;
For when the bells now ring,
Men shout, "God save the king!"
Until the air is rent!
Amen!—So let it be;
For a true king is he
Who keeps his people free.
Toll! Roland, toll!
This side the sea!
No longer they, but we,
Have now such need of thee!

Toll! Roland, toll!
And let thy iron throat
Ring out its warning note,
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved,
And Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall overshadow none enslaved!
Toll! till from either ocean's strand
Brave men shall clasp each other's hand,
And shout, "God save our native land!"
And love the land which God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

BABY BYE.

Baby Bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls,
Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes

On his toes,
Tickling Baby's nose.

Spots of red
Dot his head ;
Rainbows on his back are spread ;
 That small speck
 Is his neck ;
 See him nod and beck.
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes—
 Three small pairs,
 Made of hairs ;
 These he always wears.

Black and brown
Is his gown ;
He can wear it upside down ;
 It is laced
 Round his waist ;
 I admire his taste.
Yet though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
 If to-night
 He gets sight
 Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun ;
What if he gets into one ?
 When it rains
 He complains
 On the window-panes.
Tongue to talk have you and I ;
God has given the little fly
 No such things,
 So he sings
 With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat ;
There's his mouth between his feet.
 On his back

Is a pack
Like a pedler's sack.
Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand;
Put a crumb
On her thumb,
Maybe he will come.

Catch him? No!
Let him go;
Never hurt an insect so;
But no doubt
He flies out
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk;
Fie, oh, fie,
Foolish fly!
How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs;
Thus they wipe their heads and eyes:
Cats, you know,
Wash just so,
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hairs too short to comb,
So they fly bareheaded home;
But the gnat
Wears a hat.
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we,
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by.
For a secret I can tell—
Spiders never use flies well.
Then away,
Do not stay.
Little fly, good day.



TIMBS, JOHN, an English compiler and miscellaneous writer, born in London, August 17, 1801; died there, March 4, 1875. He was educated at a private school at Hemel Hempstead, and was apprenticed to a printer and druggist at Dorking, in Surrey. While at Dorking, he made the acquaintance of Sir Richard Philips, who was then publishing the *Monthly Magazine*; and to this periodical he contributed, in 1820, his first work, *A Picturesque Promenade Round Dorking*, which was published in book form in 1823. Before and after its publication he was employed as Sir Richard's amanuensis; and for this employment he left the shop at Dorking and settled in London about 1821. From 1827 to 1838 he edited the *Mirror*; and in 1839 he commenced, on the basis of a similar work previously published by him annually, the *Year-Book of Facts*, chiefly a record of discoveries and novelties in science and art. From 1842 to 1858 he was "working editor" of the *Illustrated London News*, and subsequently of *The Book of Days*. He was chosen F. S. A. in 1854. Timbs was one of the most energetic literary workers of our day; he is said to have turned out more than one hundred and fifty books; Allibone enumerates sixty-one separate works, some of them including several dozens of volumes each. The best known, perhaps, of these are his *Curiosi-*

ties of London (1855); *Things Not Generally Known* (1856); *School-days of Eminent Men* (1858); *Anecdote-Biography* (1860); *Stories of Inventors and Discoverers* (1860); *Lives of Wits and Humorists* (1862); *Club Life of London* (1865), and *Romance of London* (1865).

"Anyone who reads and remembers Mr. Timbs's encyclopædic varieties," says the London *Athenæum*, "should ever after be a good tea-table talker, an excellent companion for children, a 'well-read person,' and a proficient lecturer."

SIGHTS AND CELEBRITIES AT THE FAIR.

Ben Jonson, in his play of *Bartholomew Fair*, tells us of its motions, or puppet-shows, of Jerusalem, Nineveh, and Norwich; and the "Gunpowder-Plot, presented to an eighteen or twenty-pence audience nine times in an afternoon." The showman paid three shillings for his ground; and a penny was charged for every burden of goods and little bundle brought in or carried out. A rare tract, of the year 1641, describes the "variety of Fancies, the Faire of Wares, and the several enormities and misdemeanours" of the Fair of that period. At these the sober-minded Evelyn was shocked. Pepys found at the Fair "my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-show," her coach waiting, "and the street full of people expecting her." The sights and shows included wild beasts, dwarfs, and other monstrosities; operas, and tight-rope dancing, and sarabands; dogs dancing the morrice, and the hare beating the tabor; a tiger pulling the feathers from live fowls; the humors of Punchinello, and drolls of every degree. An ox roasted whole, and piping-hot roast pig, sold in savory lots, were among the Fair luxuries; the latter, called Bartholomew Pigs, were railed at by the Puritans, and eating them was "a species of idolatry."

Among the celebrities of the Fair was Tom Dogget, the old comic actor, who "wore a farce in his face," and was

famous for dancing the Cheshire Round. One Ben Jonson, the *actor*, was celebrated as the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, in which he introduced a song preserved in *Durfey's Pills*. Tom Walker, the original Macheath, was another Bartholomew hero. William Bullock, from York, is alluded to by Steele, in *The Father*, and is censured for "gagging:" in 1739 he had the largest booth in the Fair. Theophilus Cibber was of the Fair, but there is no evidence that Colley Cibber ever appeared there. Cadman, the famous flyer on the rope, immortalized by Hogarth, was a constant exhibitor at Bartholomew as well as Southwark Fair. William Phillips was a famous Merry Andrew, and some time fiddler to a puppet-show, in which he held many a dialogue with Punch. Edward Phillips wrote *Britons, Strike Home*, for the Fair; and Kitty Clive played at the booth of Fawkes, Winchbeck, etc., in that very farce. Harlequin Phillips was in Mrs. Lee's company, and afterward became the celebrated Harlequin at Drury Lane, under Fleetwood. Penkethman and Dogget, though of unequal reputation, are noticed in the *Spectator*.

Henry Fielding had his booth here. That Fielding should have turned "strolling actor," and have the audacity to appear at Bartholomew at the very moment when the whole town was ringing with Pope's savage ridicule of the "Smithfield Muses," would of course be an unpardonable offence. Other celebrities, who kept up the character of the Fair, were Yates, Lee, Woodward, and Shuter. Garrick's name is connected only with the Fair by stories which regard him as a visitor; although Edmund Kean is stated to have played here when a boy.





TIMROD, HENRY, an American poet, born at Charleston, S. C., December 8, 1829; died at Columbia, S. C., October 6, 1867. He entered the University of Georgia at sixteen, but ill-health and straitened circumstances compelled him to leave before completing the course, and for ten years he was engaged as a private tutor, writing many poems which were published in Southern periodicals. When the Civil War broke out, he earnestly espoused the cause of the Confederacy, and wrote many war-songs. After a short service as war correspondent at Shiloh, he became editor of a newspaper at Columbia. The advance of Sherman's army through the Carolinas reduced him to penury, and for the brief remainder of his life he was able to earn only a bare subsistence by his pen and by acting as a clerk. Under the pressure of over-work and privation his health gave way entirely. His last words were, "I shall soon drink of the river of Eternal Life." In 1873 his *Poems* were collected and edited by Paul H. Hayne, who prefixed a *Biographical Sketch* of the author.

Mr. Timrod's poetry is of the school of Wordsworth—studious, thoughtful, and meditative rather than passionate or sensuous, showing often high finish, and always a lofty ideal. Had fortune been more propitious and his life been spared, there

can hardly be a doubt that he would have made for himself a high place in American letters. His name is one which should be ever dear to his native State and to the sunny clime which he loved so well.

THE SOUTHERN LAND.

Yonder bird—
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracks above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When from the City of the Blest
Rings down some golden chime—
Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail the earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns ;
And broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among the plains that roll their streams
Against the Evening Star !
And lo !
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of **snows**,
The endless field is white ;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day. . . .
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green
With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod.
Through lands which look one billowy sea of gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways ;

A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays ;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plumèd peaks cloud-crowned ;
And save where up their sides the ploughman creeps,
An unknown forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps !
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth !
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth !
Ye Clouds, that in yon temples of the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers,
And you, ye winds that in the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers,
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man ! . . .

As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty, muffled roar
Of winds and waters, and yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche or shape the archèd roof ;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies.—Still
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds the voice of woe,
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To Thy will
Resigned, O Lord ! we cannot all forget
That there is much even victory must regret.

And therefore, not too long
From the great burden of our country's wrong
Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course; and, while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and trembling quays
Shall one day mark the port which ruled the Western
seas.

ODE TO CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.*

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves—
Sleep, martyrs, of a fallen cause,
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold, your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes, but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies,
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned.

* Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C.

THE TWO ARMIES.

Two armies stand enrolled beneath
The banner with the starry wreath ;
One, facing battle, blight, and blast,
Through twice a hundred fields has passed ;
Its deeds against a ruffian foe,
Stream, valley, hill, and mountain know,
Till every wind that sweeps the land
Goes glory-laden from the strand.

The other, with a narrower scope,
Yet led by not less grand a hope,
Hath won perhaps as proud a place,
And wears its fame with meeker grace.
Wives march beneath its glittering sign,
Fond mothers swell the lovely line,
And many a sweetheart hides her blush
In the young patriot's generous flush.

No breeze of battle ever fanned
The colors of that tender band ;
Its office is beside the bed
Where throbs some sick or wounded head ;
It does not court the soldier's tomb,
But plies the needle and the loom ;
And by a thousand peaceful deeds
Supplies a struggling nation's needs.

Nor is that army's gentle might
Unfelt amid the deadly fight ;
It nerves the son's, the husband's hand,
It points the lover's fearless brand ;
It thrills the languid, warms the cold,
Gives even new courage to the bold ;
And sometimes lifts the veriest clod
To its own lofty trust in God.

When Heaven shall blow the trump of peace,
And bid this weary warfare cease,
Their several missions nobly done,
The triumph grasped, and freedom won.

Both armies, from their toils at rest,
Alike may claim the victor's crest,
But each shall see its dearest prize
Gleam softly from the other's eyes.

SPRING IN CAROLINA.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest-tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn ;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note, amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth ;
And near the snowdrops tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn ;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet :

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant ; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
" Behold me ! I am May ! "





TINCKER, MARY AGNES, an American novelist, born at Ellsworth, Me., July 18, 1833. She is the author of *The House of Yorke* (1871); *A Winged Word* (1872); *Grapes and Thorns* (1873); *Six Sunny Months* (1874); *Signor Monaldini's Niece* (1878); *By the Tiber* (1880); *The Jewel in the Lotos* (1883); *Aurora* (1885), and *Two Coronets* (1889).

"She has qualities," says the *Literary World*, "that differentiate her from the mass of novelists, and place her among the select few whose writings yield a higher delight than the entertainment of the passing moment. She has a manner of writing that stirs the imagination and develops an electric current of sympathy between listener and story-teller, without being mannered. She has a style all her own, the secret of whose charm resides not in words, or any conscious device of literary skill, but in her power of creating an atmosphere, softly glowing, seen through which all the personages of her story shine out with the delicate distinctness of figures in some old Florentine or Venetian canvas."

L'ESPRIT QUI VOYAIT L'AVENIR.

The hours wore on into the cool night. The sounds of human life ceased, one by one. A white mist gathered over the plain, grew deeper, and filled it like a sea, spreading a thin veil over the heights even. On one of the mountain-tops the mist grew luminous, and

the moon came up quivering with brilliancy like a flame in the unsteady air.

Glenlyon had forgotten where he was. A quiet coldness had crept over him as he sat there thinking, and once something flashed through him like silent summer lightning through a cloud. It made him start with a momentary physical alarm which did not touch his mind. Then a heaviness succeeded, and his thoughts grew indistinct and were lost in a light sleep.

There is a silence of deep night through which, if you listen all alone, you may hear at times a sobbing, lamentable sigh, widely pervading, as if the earth were sentient and breathed out that long, weary respiration through her patient suffering of some immemorial penitence. This tremulous wave of air arose, and swelled, and died away about Glenlyon as he slept; and, as it touched him, he dreamed that someone spoke, or sang, mournfully—

“A voice is heard in Ramah,
Lamentation, and bitter weeping,
Rachel weeping for her children,
And will not be comforted.”

It was something far from his thoughts, though not discordant with it.

“What!” he said, still dreaming, “does she weep yet? The Prophet heard her when he foretold the captivity of Babylon, and the Apostle heard her when the Innocents were sacrificed. Does she still lament from Ramah, the mystical mother of Israel?”

As if in answer to him, still more clearly came the lament again, in tones that had no home, it seemed, in heaven or on earth. . . .

It seemed to Glenlyon that the complaint was meant for him to hear, and, moved with pity, he raised his arms, and gave the Prophet's answer to that cry:

“Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; . . .
For there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord,
That thy children shall come again to their own border.”

His own voice roused him, but he seemed to wake in another world than any he had known. The sky with

all its stars looked him in the face with something awful and significant in their burning gaze. The supernatural seemed close at hand, piercing the material with its holy rays. He rose, and began to walk the terrace again, quietly, but with a sense of exaltation.

"Yes," he said aloud, "it is they who shall come to the rescue of Christianity. Who else could it be? What else is worthy of their past? What else can assure their future? When the time is full, they will believe. They will come and take their place as leaders, divinely called, not answering the Gentiles, and they will be the apostles of a renewed faith. There will be no more vain struggles of isolated men and women to purify the streams which flow from an impure source. Reform must come from the head."

Glenlyon, walking still, but with an uneven step, felt a second time that silent lightning flash by him and circle for a dizzy instant round his head. And again a blank moment, and a heavy sense of sleepiness. But his mind held with a tenacious grasp his one surviving thought, and carried it into sleep which was half a trance, where it became again a dream, and a voice that spoke :

"We have suffered all that was foretold. Our glory flew away from us like a bird, Mount Ebal with its curses fell upon us, and we have been stoned in the Valley of Achor. Mockery and outrage and blood and fire have pursued us. We were hungry and dreamed that we ate, and, when we waked, our souls were empty ; we were thirsty and drank in our dreams, and, waking, we fainted. And everywhere we looked upon His image, and we thought He mocked us. Not so. He said, 'While you suffer, I hang upon the cross. And I will not come down till Israel come and draw the nails from My hands and feet, and the thorns from My head.'"

A pause ; then the voice spoke again :

"What would you more than me ? Your prophets and leaders, are they Hebrews ? So am I. Are they Israelites ? I also. Are they children of Abraham ? Even so am I. And I am more : I am the head of the Christian Church, and I have taken the golden candlestick out of the mud of Tiber, and it shall light the altar of the risen Lord in Sion !

“‘Oh, house of Jacob, come ye,
And let us walk in the light of the Lord.’”

“We have Moses and the prophets, and One is risen from the dead. The era of the Crucified is ended, and the era of the risen Lord begun.”

Glenlyon tried to speak, and the effort waked him.

A faint glimmer of dawn shone over the eastern mountains. A few large stars burned steadily. The moon hung dazzling in the south. He rose, went to the parapet, and knelt there, his face toward the coming day. The silence round him was like the silence which surrounds a bell when it has just ceased ringing. What he had heard and thought was to him a vision and a solution. The mystic lotos-flower that symbolizes time afloat upon eternity had stirred before him, and he had caught a glimpse of golden peace hidden within the folded centuries.

The day grew over Italy. There was an aurora of rose-color over the pale-blue west, an aurora of silver over the dark northern cliffs; a background of red gold behind the lapiz-lazuli of the southwestern mountains, and soft opal hues touching the deep mists that filled the valley. Like angels floating in a ring about the throne of God, their wings and locks and garments intermingling, while one swift rapture whirling through them whirls their spirits into one, so all the circling glories of the rising day melted into each other round the skies—as Glenlyon’s soul went out into eternity.—
The Jewel in the Lotos.





TIRUVALLUVAR, a celebrated Tamil (South Indian) poet, of uncertain date. Pope assigns him to a period between the ninth and eleventh centuries. He was born a pariah and worked as a weaver at Mayilapur, now a suburb of Madras. He tells of having an intimate friend, probably a patron, called Elelacinkan, which means "Lion of the Surf," who was a captain of a small vessel. Tiruvalluvar became the greatest poet of the ancient Hindoos by his *Kurral*, a name which means anything short, but in the sense used by the author comes nearer to "aphorism" in English. It is a collection of couplets treating of Virtue, Wealth and Pleasure, divided into three books and consisting of one hundred and thirty-three chapters, each chapter containing ten couplets, making 2,660 lines in all. The Venpa metre in which it is composed is very curious and in fact unique. Every Hindoo sect claims the poet and interprets his verses to suit its own dogmas. He was influenced by Shankara's reforms, the latter developments of Jainism, and the Bhagavad-gita, his philosophy inclining toward the eclectic school represented by the latter.

GRATITUDE.

A benefit finds its only measure in the worth of those who have received it.

Heaven and earth are not an equivalent for a benefit conferred where none has been received.

Though the benefit be small as a millet-seed, they who know its advantage will see it large as a palmyra-tree.

It is not good to forget a benefit : it is good to forget an injury, even on the moment. He who has forgotten every virtue may escape ; there is no escape for him who forgets a benefit.

Forget not the benevolence of the blameless : forsake not the friendship of those who have been your staff in adversity.

The wise will remember through sevenfold births the love of those who have wiped away their falling tears.

PATIENCE.

To bear with those who revile us, even as the earth bears with those who dig it, is the first of virtues.

Bear even when you can retaliate ; to forget is still better.

To neglect hospitality is poverty of poverty. To bear with the ignorant is might of might.

If you desire that greatness should never leave you, preserve patience. The wise will not at all esteem the resentful. They will treasure the patient as fine gold.

The pleasure of the resentful is for a day ; the praise of the patient lasts while the world lasts.

If others wrong you, compassion for their affliction should keep you from harming them.

No pious abstinence equals the abstinence of those who overcome injury by patience.





TOCQUEVILLE, ALEXIS CHARLES HENRI CLÉREL DE, a French statesman and political economist, born in Paris, July 29, 1805; died at Cannes, April 16, 1859. After a course of study in law, he became a judge. In 1831 he was sent to the United States, to examine our penitentiary systems, and, with his fellow-commissioner, Gustave de Beaumont, made a report, entitled *Du système pénitentiaire aux États-Unis* (1832), translated by Dr. Lieber (1833). From this visit resulted the famous work by De Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, published in French in 1835, translated in 1838. Other works are *The Ancient Régime and the Revolution* (1856), translated the same year, and his *Works and Correspondence* (1860), translated in 1861. In 1839 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies; in 1848, to the Constituent Assembly; and became Minister of Foreign affairs in 1849. In 1851 he opposed the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III., was imprisoned, and, on his release, retired from public life.

"He was," says a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "if not an entirely impartial writer neither a fanatical devotee of democracy nor a fanatical opponent of it. . . . At the same time he had defects which were certain to make themselves felt as time went on. . . . The chief of these was a certain weakness which can

hardly be described in English by any word more dignified than the familiar term 'priggishness.' . . . His book on America, though undoubtedly a very remarkable piece of political deduction, has the drawback of proceeding on very insufficient premises and of trying to be too systematic. . . . He appears, both in reading history and in conducting actual political business, to have been constantly surprised and disgusted that men and nations did not behave as he expected them to behave. This excess of the deductive spirit explains at once both the merits and the defects of his two great works."

DESPOTISM IN DEMOCRACIES.

I had remarked during my stay in the United States, that a democratic state of society, similar to that of Americans, might offer singular facilities for the establishment of despotism; and I perceived, upon my return to Europe, how much use had already been made, by most of our rulers, of the notions, the sentiments, and the wants created by this same social condition, for the purpose of extending the circle of their power. This led me to think that the nations of Christendom would perhaps eventually undergo some oppression like that which hung over several of the nations of the ancient world.

A more accurate examination of the subject, and five years of further meditation, have not diminished my fears, but have changed the object of them.

No sovereign ever lived in former ages so absolute or so powerful as to undertake to administer by his own agency, and without the assistance of intermediate powers, all the parts of a great empire; none ever attempted to subject all his subjects indiscriminately to strict uniformity of regulation, and personally to tutor and direct every member of the community. The no-

tion of such an undertaking never occurred to the human mind ; and if any man had conceived it, the want of information, the imperfection of the administrative system, and above all, the natural obstacles caused by the inequality of conditions, would speedily have checked the execution of so vast a design. . . .

It would seem that, if despotism were to be established amongst democratic nations in our days, it might assume a different character ; it would be more extensive and more mild ; it would degrade men without tormenting them. I do not question that, in an age of instruction and equality like our own, sovereigns might more easily succeed in collecting all political power into their own hands, and might interfere more habitually and decidedly with the circle of private interests, than any sovereign of antiquity could ever do. But this same principle of equality which facilitates despotism tempers its rigor. We have seen how the manners of society become more humane and gentle, in proportion as men become more equal and alike. . . .

Our contemporaries are constantly excited by two conflicting passions ; they want to be led, and they wish to remain free : as they cannot destroy either the one or the other of these contrary propensities, they strive to satisfy them both at once. They devise a sole tutelary and all-powerful form of government, but elected by the people. They combine the principle of centralization and that of popular sovereignty ; this gives them a respite ; they console themselves for being in tutelage by the reflection that they have chosen their own guardians. Every man allows himself to be put in leading-strings, because he sees that it is not a person or a class of persons, but the people at large, who hold the end of his chain. . . . I do not deny, however, that a constitution of this kind appears to me infinitely preferable to one which, after having concentrated all the powers of government, should rest them in the hands of an irresponsible person or body of persons. Of all the forms which democratic despotism could assume, the latter would surely be the worst. . . . To create a representation of the people in every centralized country is, therefore, to diminish the evil which

extreme centralization may produce, but not to get rid of it.

I admit that by this means room is left for the intervention of individuals in the more important affairs : but it is not the less suppressed in the smaller and more private ones. It must not be forgotten that it is especially dangerous to enslave men in the minor details of life. For my own part, I should be inclined to think freedom less necessary in great things than in little ones, if it were possible to secure the one without possessing the other. . . . The question is not how to reconstruct aristocratic society, but how to make liberty proceed out of that democratic state of society in which God has placed us.—*Democracy in America.*

POWER OF THE PRESS.

In periods of aristocracy, every man is always bound so closely to many of his fellow-citizens that he cannot be assailed without their coming to his assistance. In ages of equality, every man naturally stands alone ; he has no hereditary friends whose co-operation he may demand ; no class upon whose sympathy he may rely ; he is easily got rid of, and he is trampled on with impunity. At the present time, an oppressed member of the community has therefore only one method of defence—he may appeal to the whole nation ; and if the whole nation is deaf to his complaint, he may appeal to mankind : the only means he has of making this appeal is by the press. Thus, the liberty of the press is infinitely more valuable amongst democratic nations than amongst all others ; it is the only cure for the evils which equality may produce. Equality sets men apart and weakens them ; but the press places a powerful weapon within every man's reach, which the weakest and loneliest of them all may use. Equality deprives a man of the support of his connections ; but the press enables him to summon all his fellow-countrymen and all his fellow-men to his assistance. Printing has accelerated the progress of equality, and it is also one of its best correctives.—*Democracy in America.*



TOLSTOÏ, COUNT LYEFF NIKOLAIEVITCH, a Russian novelist and philosopher, born near Tula, a provincial capital, in August 28, 1828 (O.S.). He is a descendant of a distinguished nobleman, a military officer and friend of Peter the Great. The Counts Dimitri Tolstoï, Minister of Public Instruction, and Alexis Tolstoï, a writer of tragedies, are among his relatives. Count Lyeff resides on his estate, Jasnaja Polyana, where he received his early education, afterward advanced by two years at the University of Kazan. He served in the army of the Caucasus and at Sevastopol. He is accounted the first of living realist novelists, but many of his later works are didactic, and extremely radical in respect to religion and government. Among his works are *The Cossacks* and *Childhood and Youth* (1851-53); *My Religion* and *Christ's Christianity* (1855); *War and Peace* (1860); *Anna Karénina* (1866-67); *A Russian Proprietor*, *The Long Exile*, *Sevastopol*, *Katia*, *The Invaders*, *Ivan Ilyitch*, *In Pursuit of Happiness*, *What People Live By*, *Family Happiness*, *My Confession*, *The Physiology of War*, *What to Do*, *Thoughts Evoked by the Census of Moscow*, *Life*, *Kreutzer Sonata*, *The Kingdom of God Within Us*, and *Patriotism and Christianity*.

"As much as one merely human being can help another I believe that he has helped me," says William Dean Howells; "he has not influenced me

in æsthetics only, but ethics, too, so that I can never again see life in the way I saw it before I knew him. Tolstoï awakens in his reader the will to be a man; not effectively, not spectacularly, but simply, really. He leads you back to the only true ideal, away from the false standard of the gentleman, to the man who sought not to be distinguished from other men, but identified with them, to that presence in which the finest gentleman shows his alloy of vanity, and the greatest genius shrinks to the measure of his miserable egotism. I learned from Tolstoï to try character and motive by no other test; and though I am perpetually false to that sublime ideal myself, still the ideal remains with me, to make me ashamed that I am not true to it. . . . I have spoken first of the ethical works of Tolstoï, because they are of the first importance to me; but I think that his æsthetical works are as perfect. To my thinking, they transcend in truth, which is the highest beauty, all other works of fiction that have been written, and I believe that they do this because they obey the law of the author's own life."

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BATTLE OF BORODINO.

For what reason and in what manner was the battle of Borodino fought? It had no meaning either for the Russians or the French. The immediate result of the battle was for the Russians what they most dreaded, a retreat to Moscow; and for the French what they feared more than anything else, the destruction of their army. Now, although the result was the only one possible, and might have been clearly foreseen, Napoleon offered battle, and Koutouzof accepted the challenge.

If he had been a commander governed by reasonable

motives, Napoleon would have seen clearly that at twelve hundred miles from his own country he could not engage in a battle involving the possible loss of a fourth of his army without marching to certain destruction. In like manner Koutouzof might have seen clearly that a battle which exposed him to a loss of a fourth of his army would result at the same time in the loss of Moscow. . . . Up to the time of the battle of Borodino the Russian forces were to the French forces as five to six; after the battle the proportion was only one to two. . . . Napoleon, man of genius as he is called, fought this battle, which destroyed a fourth of his army and obliged him to continue his advance.

The objection may perhaps be made that Napoleon expected to end the campaign by the occupation of Moscow, as he had ended another campaign by the occupation of Vienna; but we have sufficient evidence for thinking that such was not his idea. The historians most favorable to Napoleon assert that he wished to end his advance at Smolensk, because of the danger of extending his lines, and because he knew very well that the capture of Moscow would not end the campaign. He had seen at Smolensk how the Russians got their towns ready for him, and when he offered parley he met with no response.

Napoleon, in offering battle at Borodino, and Koutouzof, in accepting battle, acted each entirely contrary to the dictates of common-sense. But now come the historians, and, to justify accomplished facts, they have brought together an ingenious tissue of foresight and genius on the part of the commanders, whereas, in truth, these commanders were the most passive and involuntary instruments of all the involuntary instruments that ever served in the execution of great historic events. . . .

The progress of the battle was not directed by Napoleon, for no part of his plan was carried out; and during the engagement he did not know what was going on before his eyes.

Hence the manner in which these men undertook to kill one another was independent of Napoleon and not influenced by the action of his will, because it was determined by the thousands of men who took part in the

combat. But it seemed to Napoleon as if his will was the mainspring of action. . . . The plan, which we have already given, is not at all inferior—it is even superior—to plans that in his preceding campaigns led him to victory. The fictitious combinations prepared for this battle were not in the least inferior to those of previous battles; they were, in fact, of absolutely equivalent value. But the dispositions and the combinations seem less fortunate, because the battle of Borodino was the first battle that Napoleon did not win. The best plan and the most sagacious combinations in the world seem very poor when they do not end in victory, and the veriest tyro in military matters does not hesitate to criticise them. On the other hand, the feeblest plans and combinations appear to be excellent when they are crowned with success.—*The Physiology of War.*

LIFE AND HAPPINESS.

To live is, for every man, the same thing as to desire and to attain bliss; to desire and to attain bliss is synonymous with living. Man is conscious of life only in himself, only in his own personality, and hence, at first, man imagines that the bliss which he desires for himself personally is happiness, and nothing more. . . . And behold, in striving for the attainment of this, his own individual welfare, man perceives that his welfare depends on other beings. And, upon watching and observing these other beings, man sees that all of them, both men, and even animals, possess precisely the same conception of life as he himself. . . .

But, nevertheless, if the man is placed in such favorable conditions that he can successfully contend with other personalities, fearing nothing for his own, both experience and reason speedily show him that even those semblances of happiness which he wrests from life, in the form of enjoyment for his own personality, do not constitute happiness, and are but specimens of happiness, as it were, vouchsafed him in order that he may be more vividly conscious of the suffering which is always bound up with enjoyment.

The longer man lives, the more plainly does he see

that weariness, satiety, toils, and sufferings become ever greater and greater, and enjoyments ever less and less.—*Life*.

CREEDS.

On no point does that false direction of science followed by contemporary society express itself with such warmth as on the place which is held in this society by the doctrines of those great teachers of life by which mankind has lived and developed, and by which it still lives and develops itself ; it is affirmed in the calendars, in the department of statistical information, that the creeds now professed by the inhabitants of the globe number one thousand. Among the list of these creeds are reckoned Buddhism, Brahmanism, Confucianism, Taoism, and Christianity. There are a thousand creeds, and the people of our day believe this implicitly. There are a thousand creeds, they are all nonsense—why study them ? And the men of our time consider it a disgrace if they do not know the latest apothegms of wisdom of Spencer, Helmholtz, and others ; but of Brahma, Buddha, Confucius, Mentzuis, Lao-dzi, Epictetus, and Isaiah they sometimes know the names, and sometimes they do not even know that much. It never enters their heads that the creeds professed in our day number not one thousand, but three, in all : the Chinese, the Indian, and the European-Christian (with its offshoot, Mahometanism), and that the books pertaining to these faiths can be purchased for five rubles, and read through in two weeks, and that in these books, by which mankind has lived and now lives, with the exception of seven per cent., almost unknown to us, is contained all human wisdom, all that has made mankind what it is. But, not only is the populace ignorant of these teachings ; the learned men are not acquainted with them, unless it is their profession ; philosophers by profession do not consider it necessary to glance into these books.

And why, indeed, study those men who have solved the inconsistency of his life admitted by the sensible man, and have defined true happiness and the life of men ?

The wise men, not understanding this contradiction

or inconsistency which constitutes the beginning of intelligent life, boldly assert that there is no contradiction, because they do not perceive it, and that the life of man is merely his animal existence.—*Life*.

WHAT IS LIFE.

Life is that process which goes on in the body of man, as well as in that of the animal in the interval of time between birth and death. What can be clearer?

Thus have the very rudest people, who have hardly emerged from animal existence, always looked upon life, and thus they look upon it now. And lo! in our day, the teaching of the scribes, entitling itself science, professes the same coarse, primitive presentation of life as the only true one. Making use of all those instruments of inward knowledge which mankind has acquired, this false teaching is systematically desirous of leading man back into that gloom of ignorance from which he has been striving to escape for so many thousand years.

"We cannot define life in our consciousness," says this doctrine. "We go astray when we observe it in ourselves. That conception of happiness, the aspiration toward which in our consciousness constitutes our life, is a deceitful illusion, and life cannot be understood in that consciousness. In order to understand life, it is only necessary to observe its manifestations as movements of matter. Only from these observations, and the laws deduced from them, can we discover the law of life itself, and the law of the life of man. . . ."

The science of biology deals with the forms of life, putting to itself no questions as to what life is, and not seeking to define its nature. And force and matter and life are accepted as real sciences, not as subjects for study, but adopted as axioms from other realms of learning, as bases of operation upon which is constructed the edifice of separate science. Thus does real science regard the subject, and this science cannot have any injurious influence upon the masses, inclining them to ignorance. But not thus does the false, philosophizing science look upon the subject. "We will study matter,

and force, and life ; and, if we study them, we can know them," say they, not reflecting that they are not studying matter, force, and life, but merely their relations and their forms. . . .

"Looking upon man, as an object of observation," say the wise men, "we see that he is nourished, grows, reproduces his species, becomes old and dies, exactly like any other animal ; but some phenomena (psychical, as they are designated) prevent accuracy of observation, present too great complications, and hence, in order the better to understand man, we will first examine his life in the simpler phenomena, similar to those which we see in animals and plants, which lack this psychical activity.

"With this aim, we will investigate the life of animals and plants in general. But, on investigating animals and plants, we see that in all of them there reveal themselves still more simple laws of matter, which are common to them all. And as the laws of the animal are simpler than the laws of the life of man, and the laws of the plant simpler still, investigation must be based upon the simplest, upon the laws of matter. We see that what takes place in the plant and the animal is precisely what takes place in the man," say they, "and hence we conclude that everything which takes place in man we can explain to ourselves from what takes place in the very simplest dead matter which is visible to us, and open to our investigations, the more so as all the peculiarities of the activity of man are found in constant dependence upon powers which act in matter. Every change of the matter constituting the body of man alters and infringes upon his whole activity." And hence, they conclude, the laws of matter are the cause of man's activity. But the idea that there is in man something which we do not see in animals and plants, or in dead matter, and that this something is the only subject of knowledge without which every other is useless, does not disturb them.

It does not enter their heads that, if the change of matter in the body infringes upon his activity, this merely proves that the change of matter is one of the causes which affect the activity of man, but not in the

least that the movement of matter is the cause of his activity. . . . The knowledge of the laws that are accomplished is instructive for us, but only when we acknowledge that law of reason to which our animal personality must be subservient, but not when that law is not recognized at all. . . . Man, however well he may know the law which guides his animal personality, and the laws which control matter—these laws will not afford him the slightest guidance as to how he is to proceed with the bit of bread which is in his hands: whether he is to give it to his wife, to a stranger, to a dog, or to eat it himself, to defend this bit of bread or give it to the person who shall ask him for it. But a man's life consists solely of the decision of these and similar questions. . . . On the assumption that the life of man is merely his animal existence, and that the happiness indicated by rational consciousness is impossible, and that the law of reason is but a vision—such study [of natural laws] becomes not only vain but deadly, since it conceals from man the sole object of knowledge. . . .

In the case of an animal, activity which does not have for its object its individual welfare is renunciation of life; but in the case of man it is precisely the reverse. The activity, directed solely to the attainment of individual happiness, is a complete renunciation of the life of man. . . . For man, personality is merely that step in existence with which the true happiness of his life, which is not synonymous with the happiness of his personality, is revealed to him. . . . His animal personality is, for man, that instrument with which he works. Animal existence is, for man, the spade given to a rational being in order that he may dig with it, and, as he digs, dull and sharpen it, and wear it out; but it is not to be polished up and laid away. This talent is given him to increase, and not to hoard. "And whoso saveth his life shall lose it. And he that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it." . . .

"But this is not life," replies the troubled and erring consciousness of man. "That renunciation of life is suicide." "I know nothing about that," replies rational consciousness. "I know that such is the life of man

and that there can be no other. I know more than that, I know that such a life is life and happiness both for a man and for all the world. I know that, according to my former view of the world, my life and the life of every living being was an evil and without sense ; but according to this view, it appears as the realization of that law of reason which is placed in man. I know that the greatest happiness of the life of every being, which is capable of being infinitely enhanced, can be attained only through this law of service of each to all, and, hence, of all to each."—*Life*.





TOOKE, JOHN HORNE, an English politician and philologist, born in London, June 25, 1736; died at Wimbledon, March 18, 1812. The name of Tooke was assumed by him in honor of a Mr. Tooke, of Purley, from whom he received a considerable fortune; whence also the title of his principal work, *The Diversions of Purley*, ostensibly a work on philology, one main purpose being to show that all words, even to "ands" and "ifs" and "buts," may, in the ultimate analysis, be resolved into nouns and verbs; but politics and metaphysics are in this work quite as prominent as etymology and syntax. John Horne, as he was styled until middle life, was educated for the Church at Eton and Cambridge, and took orders; but he soon abandoned theology, and entered upon other pursuits, among others, those of traveling tutor, student of law, and political agitator. One of the most characteristic incidents of his life occurred in 1770. King George III. had in a "speech from the throne" censured an address from the city authorities; these—headed by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Beckford, father of the author of *Vathek*—waited upon the sovereign with a "humble request," and remonstrance, in which they asked for the dissolution of Parliament and the dismissal of the obnoxious Ministers. They were coldly received, and the Lord Mayor, who was

to have made an elaborate speech, was so flustered that nobody could hear what he said, and he himself could not recall it to mind. "Your speech," said Horne-Tooke, "must go into the papers; I will write it for you." This was done, and the printed speech, which was never delivered, was accepted as genuine, and was eventually engraved on the pedestal of a public monument erected to Beckford.

FABRICATED SPEECH FOR THE LORD MAYOR.

Most Gracious Sovereign :—Will your Majesty be pleased so far to condescend as to permit the Mayor of your loyal City of London to declare in your royal presence, on behalf of his fellow-citizens, how much the bare apprehension of your Majesty's displeasure would at all times affect their minds? The declaration of that displeasure has already filled them with inexpressible anxiety, and with the deepest afflictions. Permit me, Sire, to assure your Majesty, that your Majesty has not in all your dominions any subjects, more faithful, more dutiful, or more affectionate to your Majesty's person or family, or more ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the maintenance of the true honor and dignity of your crown.

We do, therefore, with the greatest humility and submission, most earnestly supplicate your Majesty that you will not dismiss us from your presence without expressing a more favorable opinion of your faithful citizens, and without some comfort—without some prospect at least of redress. Permit us, Sire, further to observe that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavor, to alienate your Majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the City of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in and regard for, your people, is an enemy to your Majesty's person and family, a violation of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution, as it was established at the glorious and necessary revolution.

Horne Tooke busied himself in politics and literature. He espoused the cause of John Wilkes, and afterward quarrelled with him; broke a lance, not unsuccessfully, with "Junius"; vehemently opposed some obnoxious measures which were proposed in Parliament, and put forth, in 1778, a pamphlet on the rudiments of grammar, which was in time expanded into *The Diversions of Purley*, the first part of which appeared in 1786, followed by a second part in 1805. In 1794 he was arraigned for high-treason, being charged, in company with Thelwall and others, with having carried on a correspondence with the French Revolutionists for the subversion of the English Government. He was zealously defended by Erskine, and the trial resulted in his acquittal. Some time afterward he represented in Parliament the almost uninhabited "borough" of Old Sarum, but made no mark in the House of Commons. His later years were spent in lettered ease at Wimbledon.





TOPELIUS, ZACHARIAS, a Finnish poet, novelist, and historian, born at Kudnas on January 14, 1818; died at Helsingfors, Finland, March 13, 1898. He entered the national university at Helsingfors in 1833 at the age of fifteen and was graduated with the degree of Master of Arts in 1840, at the age of twenty-two. The degree of Ph.D. was conferred upon him in 1847. His thesis was *Early Marriage Customs of the Finns*. At the age of twenty-four his abilities had already procured for him the editorship of the Helsingfors *Tidningar*, the chief paper of the Finnish capital. In 1845 his first book of verse appeared under the title *Ljung-blommor* (Heather-flowers). Already many of these lyrics had appeared in his paper or in other journals. In 1850 he published another volume of verse, entitled *Sylvia's Visar* (Sylvia's Songs), which volume is considered to contain the best of his verses. Another volume did not appear until 1870, when he published a small collection of new and old lyrics under the name *Nya Blad* (New Leaves). Topelius was, while editing his paper, pouring into it not merely his best verse but also marvelously interesting and instructive tales for young and old about historic times in Finland. Thus in 1851 he began a series of stories dealing with Finnish and Swedish historic personages, under the name of *Feltskären's Berättelsar* (The Surgeon's

Stories), which became, perhaps, the most famous of his works. He also began at about the same time a series of nature-fables for children which was afterward published in a volume under the name *Naturen's Bok* (The Book of Nature). This came out as a book in 1856. He has also published two other works for children under the titles *Bok om vårt Land* (Book about Our Country) and *Läsning för Barn* (Tales for Children). In 1881 he published a volume of stories and sketches under the title *Vinterquällar* (Winter Evenings) which contains what are considered by the critics to be the very gems of his life-work. In 1845 he was appointed extraordinary professor of history in his alma mater, the Finnish National University at Helsingfors, and in 1863 was constituted the chief professor of history in that university. In 1875 he was made Rector of the University, serving as its head for three years, after which he retired. Topelius, in his latter years, has maintained an active interest in affairs, especially in the public-school question and in the burning religious issues of the day. Thus, for instance, while the life-long champion of the Lutheran orthodoxy, he has latterly urged such a compromise with the views of modern science as he asserts is necessary to preserve the Church.

Topelius, being born of Swedish forbears, which means of that race which was formerly master of Finland, has been of an aristocratic and somewhat reactionary tendency. He is himself part of the great uprising of Finnish national literature and spirit in this century which was a part of that

great swell of hope in the human breast which had its origin in the American and French revolutions. But he has followed in the main the older traditions. He has been a romancer in an age of realists. In poetic ability he is not to be ranked with Runeberg, the great Finn, also writing in Swedish, of the generation next before his own, who has earned perhaps the very highest place as a poet in modern Swedish literature. And, though his romances and stories are classic and very popular, he is decidedly out of harmony with the realism of the Finnish renaissance. His style is charming, elegant, ornate, but simple. His works for children have developed in his style a peculiar clearness. He writes perhaps as good prose as can be found in Swedish literature.

The Surgeon's Stories, comprising six cycles, known as *Times of Gustaf Adolf*, *Times of Battle and Rest*, *Times of Charles XII.*, *Times of Frederick I.*, *Times of Linnæus*, and *Times of Alchemy*, have been translated into English. We quote one of the cleverest and most brilliant passages from a story called *The Freethinker*, contained in the cycle *Times of Linnæus*.

PUBLIC SCANDAL.

"I entertain the most sincere deference (*sincerissimam venerationem*) for the learning and profundity of the author," began Magister Seleen, in sounding Latin. "I am also willing to acknowledge the merits of his work *in amplissima forma*. There are a few little defects, like intercepting clouds before the bright sun (*nubila Phœbi*), which I think ought to be lightly touched upon (*leviter tangere*), in order to give the author further opportunity to unfold his brilliant store of knowledge

(*præclaram eruditionem*). First, concerning the exterior, several typographical errors are to be laid to the charge of the otherwise very scrupulous (*scrupulosissima*) French printing-house" (which are enumerated).

It was now the respondent's turn. He arose and made the customary speech, in which he sought dutifully to solicit forbearance for his youth and inexperience, and did not neglect to insert phrases as sounding as possible about the enormous superiority of the opponent. Paul recited that lesson very punctiliously and seriously, but his words chanced to have such a strangely ambiguous sound that it was hardly known whether it was he or the opponent who here stood in need of forbearance. It was done, though, and it now became his duty to review briefly the objections of the opponent, during which the originator found time to think over the defence.

"The highly learned and estimable opponent," said the respondent, "declares that the author's *opus* is certainly extraordinary, but yet upon nearer view seems to him like a huge typographical error."

"*Nequaquam*, by no means!" interposed the opponent, greatly astonished at such a misunderstanding; and a suspicious merriment was immediately discovered in the audience.

"The opponent declares that the author's work is by no means extraordinary," recapitulated Paul.

The face of the Magister Seleen flushed red as a peony, but he fortunately appealed to the words of the author, and with much profundity explained the true sense and spiritual meaning of those passages where the errata occurred.

"Furthermore," said the opponent, "I should consider that the author had not very thoroughly exhibited the historic source of the ontological proof. The author ascribes it to Bishop Anselm of Canterbury, while others regard Origenes as its first originator. To the fathers of the Church here appear obscure passages."

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"The opponent claims that the fathers of the Church are obscure," recapitulated Paul.

"I do not say that the fathers of the Church are obscure," resumed Magister Seleen, intensely irritated; "and I beg the respondent to adhere *verba formalia*. No obscure places exist here which require illumination."

"The opponent maintains that no obscure places exist here which require illumination," very seriously cited the respondent.

The audience burst into laughter.

The author, who was visibly annoyed, sought with praiseworthy courage to lead his listeners back to his subject, while he amply proved how to the scholastics of the Middle Ages had been reserved the honor of first making the existence of the Supreme Being demonstrably plain. But his opponent had become excited, and had interrupted him with a thundering, "*Nego*, I dispute that!"

"The opponent disputes the existence of the Supreme Being," recapitulated Paul, with his imperturbable tranquillity.

"*Nego, iterumque nego!*" exclaimed Magister Seleen.

"The opponent further, and in the most decided manner, disputes the existence of any Supreme Being," continued the inexorable respondent.

A loud murmur of diverse opinions ran through the closely packed ranks of the audience. The elderly were angry, the students delighted, and all were astonished at the incredible temerity of the young respondent, in the presence of the vice-chancellor, the rector, the dean, and all the professors.

"*Dominus respondens* misunderstands the highly learned opponent," said the author, Magister Alanus, anxious to put an end to the vexatious scene. Unfortunately, while thus speaking, he smiled, in his embarrassment, in a manner which the quick-tempered opponent regarded as a new insult, and after a few vain attempts to mollify his wrath, Magister Seleen broke off his speech of opposition with the declaration that he intended to waste no further arguments on deaf ears.

It was now the turn of the second opponent, Magister Hjelt, professor of exegesis. He had delivered

lectures on the most difficult passages in the Old Testament, and in any war of words was a veteran. He criticised the Bible texts appealed to by the author with such success that it was not long before the cunning of the respondent found some exposed point in his stout battle-equipments. Meantime the interpretation of the Bible-language quoted by the author became the topic of the discussion.

"The most learned opponent claims that the Old Testament is doubtful," interposed the respondent.

"The question is about passages difficult of comprehension, in the prophecy of Isaiah," corrected the opponent.

"The highly learned opponent regards the prophecy of Isaiah doubtful," said Paul.

"I declare the interpretation difficult of comprehension," corrected Hjelt.

"The highly learned opponent declares that he does not comprehend the prophet Isaiah."

Once more a murmur arose, which was very unusual on the silent seats of *auditorium majus*. Alanus again interposed, and after the customary harangue, the opponent retired from the field, with his military honor intact.

And now, according to the rules of the university, the author challenged anyone whomsoever in the audience, who was so inclined, further to appear with remarks against his work.

There was a universal silence, for the audience was prepared for remarkable things.

Then Professor Mesterton, cold and calm as Logic herself, whose sworn champion he was, arose, and after a few dry words to the author, began to criticise the logical proof in his work.

"The widely renowned and most venerable opponent says that in the author's treatise there is neither logic nor reason," said the respondent, with deliberation.

Secretly the author wished that Belus of Babylon might swallow up his respondent, but pretended not to notice the thrust, and met the objection with much dignity. Mesterton, the disciple of Wolf, was, by his math-

ematical assurance, a dangerous antagonist. His words fell sharp as icicles ; but while he was seeking the principal support of theology in the consciousness, he did not himself observe how he was undermining that building he wished to sustain.

"The renowned and reverend opponent describes theology as a metaphysical edifice of learning where no reality exists except the idea, and no idea except the tenets. Consequently the most reverend defines all theology as tenets," recapitulated Paul, with a keen, indisputable syllogism, before which the audience shuddered. It was even said that the Bishop himself perceptibly changed color ; but the cold philosopher, in his priestly vestments, without vouchsafing the respondent the least attention, continued to demonstrate the sovereign sway of thought, and thus gave the death-blow to the cause he wished to defend.

Alanus was on nettles ; the theologians flushed and paled. Then arose Gadolin the mighty, before whose keen genius every opposition had hitherto been scattered like chaff before the wind. He took up the fallen Church, as it were, in his giant arms. In a thundering speech he grasped with assured glance the very core of the present question, and lashed atheism with a murderous irony. He clearly showed how atheism is practically and theoretically impossible ; how deniers of God deceive themselves ; how in the place of the Eternal God they make themselves little idols, which they adore ; how a falling leaf terrifies them, and two straws crossed strike them with dread ; how they think themselves omnipotent, and every need becomes their master, every passion their tyrant ; how a breeze sweeps them away, how posterity derides them, how the child in the cradle laughs at their imagined wisdom. Powerfully, gloriously, wittily he spoke, and but one thing was lacking to make the speech a perfect master-work—and that was the warm breath of Christian love within it.

The audience was delighted. The brief, fleeting impression of the young student's mockery was suddenly blown away. Paul himself was near blushing, but he was too proud for that. He was to recapitulate the speech, and he did so all the more boldly because he

wanted to silence something within him which almost resembled a bad conscience.

"The most renowned and esteemed opponent," said he, "first declares atheism impossible, and afterward fights it with fire and sword. The most renowned and estimable opponent wishes to lead humanity back to the innocence of a sucking babe, and declares every other nourishment than the mother's milk of the Church to be an absolute deadly poison."

At these presumptuous words, uttered by a student of eighteen, to one of the most esteemed men of the country and the university, who was a clergyman and a teacher besides, an indescribable tumult arose in the room. The theologians were the first who arose excitedly from their seats, and their example was quickly followed by all the teachers, while the students divided into two ranks, one for and the other against the defiant speaker. In a manner extremely unusual in these halls, the discussion was broken off, and the audience gathered in dense, noisy groups.

Then the Bishop Menander, dignified and venerable, arose.

"Young man," said he to Paul, "at four o'clock to-day you will present yourself to me, for private explanation. And you, sir magister," added he to Alanus, "will close the services with a prayer for the king."

DOCTOR MARTIN.

The dilapidated one-story house was owned by the widow of a burgher, who, however, did not occupy it herself, but for the last year had rented it to a singular old stranger, who had come to Abo, it was not known whence, and who was called by the few who knew him, by way of honor, Doctor Martin Weis. But as the title of doctor was at Abo too great a dignity to be wasted on a personage whom many suspected of being a German barber's man, not to speak of anything worse, it more frequently happened that by way of mockery, his sounding name was translated and he was called Martin the Wise, or plainly The Wise, by which appellation he was also best known to the neighborhood. He was

said to be a physician by occupation, although no one had seen him practise ; but when he produced a regular passport from Frankfort or Hamburg, whichever it may have been, and for further guaranty submitted to a *colloquium familiare* with Professor Johan Haartman, which is said to have resulted in the wonderful surprise of that renowned physician, no lawful reason was found for preventing Martin the Wise from taking up his abode in the old house, and there shutting himself in with an old man-servant, who was, if possible, even more taciturn and inaccessible than the master himself. No one knew with what he there busied himself, but the neighbors made various wonderful guesses, when they found the door bolted all day long, but always saw a faint firelight shining at night through the cracks around the covered window. One or another who from curiosity attempted to peep through the cracks even ventured to assert that he smelt brimstone in there, and that discovery was not calculated to inspire the superstitious neighbors with more confidence.

Into the innermost of the three rooms which constituted Wise Martin's habitation let us venture to cast a glance. Judging from the outside, not a single beam of the bright spring sunshine would have been able to make its way through the barricades of the window ; but that was not quite the case. Upon entering that extraordinary room, it was seen to be half-illuminated from two points : first from an enormous walled, iron-plate furnace, which occupied half of the room, and in which a great coal-fire was glowing ; and next from a scarcely perceptible round hole in the window-post, through which a slender sunbeam of dazzling brightness fell on a glass retort, which seemed solely calculated to receive the ray. The effect of this illumination, three fourths of light from the coals and one-fourth sunshine, all that environment of night-black shadows from the dark walls completely covered with shelves and unfamiliar, dimly seen objects, would have been the despair of an unsuccessful artist and the rapture of him who succeeded in copying it on canvas.

In that double glow, a little, crooked man, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, clad in the wig and

cue, brown, wide-skirted coat with large buttons, short brown small-clothes, long silk stockings, and shoes with broad silver buckles, the ordinary costume of that time, was slowly moving about. He had tied a leather apron before him, and in his hand he carried a pair of tongs, with which he sometimes placed a crucible to his better satisfaction on the coals. His small, penetrating gray eyes seemed attentively to follow the work of the fire. That which occupied his thoughts was evidently something important. After a while he went to the glass retort, which for a moment had been abandoned by the shifting sunbeam. He moved it into the light again, he examined its contents with the greatest attention, and shook his head with dissatisfaction.

"*Nondum vita !*" sighed he. "*Quousque tandem mort prævalebit !*"—*From Times of Linnæus.*

SWEDISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

When I am a bride, and am wearing the crown,
 In roses some day,
 Oh, finely I'll dance in my garlanded gown,
 Then I shall be gay !

My crown shall be splendid with leaves all bedight,
 And roses that day ;
 And never a crown was with beauty so bright,—
 Oh, I shall be gay !

The laddies may dance, but they'll ne'er dance me down,
 In roses that day,
 And never a troll get my garlands or crown,—
 Oh, I shall be gay !

—*From Times of Alchemy.*



TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE, an English theologian and poet, born at Farnham, Surrey, November 4, 1740; died in London, August 4, 1778. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became Vicar of Broad Henbury, Devonshire. He was a zealous opponent of Arminianism, as held by Wesley, and his theological works form six volumes; but he is best known by several favorite hymns.

"Toplady dwelt much on the importance of Calvinistic principles," says Dr. E. Williams, "which he defended with great energy of language and argument. But he too often indulged in controversy, with an asperity of manner, and sometimes a ludicrous representation of his antagonist, altogether inconsistent with the dignity of the subject."

"He evidently kindled his poetic torch at that of his contemporary, Charles Wesley," says *Blackwood's*.

His *Rock of Ages* is very generally considered the finest hymn in the language.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone !

Nothing in my hands I bring ;
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through parts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

LOVE DIVINE.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown ;
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest ;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive ;

Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave :
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation ;
Pure, unspotted may we be ;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored by Thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee.
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.





TOURGEE, ALBION WINEGAR, an American jurist and novelist, born at Williamsfield, O., May 2, 1838. He was in Rochester University for two years (1859-61), and in the army the four years following; after the war he was a lawyer, editor, and farmer in Greensboro, N. C., a prominent member of the North Carolina Constitutional Convention, a commissioner for the revision of the State laws, and (1868-74) Judge of the Superior Court. From 1882 to 1885 he edited *Our Continent*, at Philadelphia. Besides law-books he has published *Toinette* (1874) (since republished as *The Royal Gentleman*, together with 'Zouri's Christmas); *Figs and Thistles* and *A Fool's Errand* (1879); *Bricks Without Straw* (1880); *Hot Ploughshares* (1883); *An Appeal to Cæsar* (1884); *Black Ice* and *Button's Inn* (1887); *With Gauge and Swallow* (1888); *Pactolus Prime* (1889); *Murvale Eastman* (1890); *A Son of Old Harry* (1891); *The Queen of Hearts* (1894).

"*A Fool's Errand*," says the *Nation* (1879), "is a political story dealing with what is in general indefinitely described as the Southern problem. . . . The story is given only to float the political and social study which the book really is, and which is pursued with great candor and no small discrimination, and evidently has an empirical basis."

"The strength of the book [*Bricks Without*
(123)

Straw] lies in its true-seeming portraiture of the lower order of characters, its rapid and thrillingly graphic narration of incidents both terrible and grotesque, and its tear-compelling description of the sufferings of a hapless and helpless race of beings, when even the God to whom their touching appeals are unceasingly raised seems deaf to their despair."

COMPY 'SIDERS ON'T.

Aunt Compy had promised little 'Zouri "to 'sider on't," which she proceeded to do by talking to herself with no little vigor of tone and language, as soon as the child had left the hut.

"'Clar ef dat chile didn't mos' make me break down an' cry right out! On'y jes think on't now. Compy, yer's ben a mitey mean, bad auntie ter dat ar chile. What yer s'pose yer sister 'Zouri, her ez de dear chile's named atter—jes ez ef hit ed ben done a purpose ter 'mind yer on her ebbry time yer speaks her name—what d'yer s'pose she think on yer now? P'raps she's lookin' down outen der sky an' a watchin' yer doins toward dat ar gal o' hern; wouldn't be one bit s'prised ef she was; an' what d'yer s'pose now dat ar delicate creetur tinks ob her big, strappin' sister what she lef' her little gal tu ter take keer on?

"Yer *hev* tuk keer on her? Now, yer mean, lyin' huzzy, don' yer tell me dat when yer know ef de deah ghos' ob yer dead sister should come fou dat ar doah yer couldn't find a word ter say ter it 'bout its little gal. No, yer hain't done jes der same by hit ez by yer own chillen. First place yer's jes made it a nuss gal an' a nigger fer yer own chillen eber since yer's hed it. Den, yer's shirked an' shifted on ter dat ar mite uv a gal nigh 'bout half yer oughter done yer own black, lazy self! Jes' tink how yer's let her bring water from dat dar spring, 'long dat slippery side-hill path whar de sun shines de hottest an' de win' blows de coldest uv any place in der whole country, while yer's sot here in de

shade er by der fire doin' nuffin' on airth, only smokin' er snuffin', p'raps. Ain't yer 'shamed, yer mean, lazy, good-fer-nothin' black huzzy! . . . Hev a Christmas! Pore chile, dat she shel, an' a good un too, jes ez shuah ez my name's Comp. I'll speak ter Peter 'bout it, dis berry day." . . .

Compy was not one to let her good resolution rust or rot from disuse. She was dull and easy, and it was but natural for her to forget that the little child whom her sister had left to her care had been unusually faithful over the few things which constituted the duties of her young life, and that she had left both her love and her gratitude to be regarded as a matter of course by the little orphan. When, however, her attention was directed to the fact, and her somewhat sluggish nature once aroused, there was no such thing as rest for her until she had made amends for what she deemed her neglect. She at once determined to give the child a Christmas which should be ever memorable. . . .

"What yer gwine ter do Christmas time, Peter?" she asked, as they strolled along the road to the ford.

"Wal, I der know," said Peter; "specs I go down ter de co't-house, Christmas Day, an' den p'raps hev a hunt or two, an' kinder slosh roun' loose like."

"An' spen' a month's wages in 'blockade,' I spec, afore de week's out," said Compy, laughing.

"Wal, honey, I did 'low to hev a little egg-nogg of a Christmas Eve. Br'er Sam's comin' over wid his wife an' some o' de nayburs up de ribber dat we aint seen a smart while. Br'er Sam's gwine ter furnish de eggs, an' Jim Black 'lowed he'd bring over a poun' er two ob sugar. So 'twon't be all our treat, honey," said Peter, soothingly, as if he had anticipated dissent on her part to the proposed entertainment. Compy made no reply, and walked along a moment in silence. Then Peter asked, somewhat uneasily:

"What's der matter wid yer, Compy? What yer lookin' so sober 'bout?"

They had reached the ford, and Compy sat down at the end of the foot-log.

"I'se been t'inkin', Peter," she said, "an' I'se been ober ter see Miss Sophy, an' been a talkin' wid her, an'

it's all sot me to t'inkin' a heap mo'. D'yer know how long we'se been free?"

"Ebber sence de surrender, hain't we?" said Peter, wonderingly.

"Yes, to be sure," answered Compy, "but how long's dat? How many year?"

"Wal, dar yer got me now, honey," said the man, with a blank smile. "I nebber could make head or tail at rememberin' figgers. It mout be tree year, an' den agin it mout be five, for aught I knows to de contrary."

"Psha!" said the woman, impatiently, "don't be so stupid, Peter. It's gwine on *ten* year!"

"Yer don' say now!" said Peter, in surprise. . . .

"I was jes a thinkin'," said Compy, "dat in all dis time we hadn't done but monstr'us little to show we's glad ob de freedom we've hed, er ter make it good ter de chillen."

"Why, Compy, hain't we allers got long well 'nuff? hed enuff ter eat an' drink an' war—sech as 'tis?" asked Peter.

"Sartin, sartin," said Compy; "an' we's had strong han's ter git wid ebbery day! Bress der good Lor' der haint none on us been sick—'cept little Jim ez died"—there was a break in her voice for an instant, and then she said—"but we haint got nuffin ahead—dat is, nuffin uv any account—an' de chillen ain't any better off dan we wuz at dar age. Dey haint got no larnin' an' aint no nearer bein' like white folk dan dey wuz de day ob de s'render, ez I ken see!"

"Dat's a fac'," said Peter, solemnly.

"Yes, 'tis a fac'," said the woman; "an' I say, hit dughtn't ter be so nuther, dat it oughtn't."

"Of co'se," assented the man, dully.

"An', I say, Peter," continued Compy, "dar's 'Zouri; we'd orter do jes ez well by her an' be jes as kerful uv her ez ef she wuz our own gal."

"Ob co'se," assented Peter, with somewhat of animation; "I've allus thought dat."

"But we hain't done it, Peter!" . . .

"Dat's so," said her husband seriously.

"An' it's time we wuz a thinkin' uv our own chillen, too."

"Dat's so, again," said Peter, looking admiringly at his wife.

"I've been axin Miss Sophy 'bout it," she continued, "an' axin her ter tell me how we's gwine ter mend, kase I knowed yer'd be willin' ter take her advice, Peter."

"Dat I would, honey," said he; "she jes is de mos' masterful woman dat ebber drew bref, ef she is puny-like."

"Wal, Pete," Compy never called her husband Pete, except when she wished to coax him to her way of thinking, "Miss Sophy says ez how we jes kinder fritters away what we make, an' 'stead of makin' ebbery t'ing go jes as fur ez 'twill we don't take no sort o' keer fer things dat's little, an' first we know dey mount up ter all we've got, er a little mo'; an' I bleeve it's so."

"More'n likely 't mout be so," said Peter, dubiously.

"She axed me," continued Compy, "what our last Chris'mas cost us, an' when I tole her I reckoned a matter of two or three dollars, she kinder laughed like, an' went an' got Mars Ben's 'count-book, an' what wid de figgers she got from dat an' what I could make out ter remember, she figgered out dat we ate, an' drunk, an' frowed away in dat Chris'mas week more'n we'd bofe made in the month afore it."

"Yer don't say!" ejaculated Peter.

"It's so, shuah," responded Compy.

"Wal, what yer gwine to do 'bout it, honey? Jes not hab any Chris'mas?" asked he, dubiously.

"No," answered Compy, "she showed me how we could hev a heap better one an' not cost nigh so much."

"Dar now, didn't I say she was a powerful peart woman, dat Miss Sophy? Hit's a mighty good thing fer Mars Ben he's got jes sech a wife," said Peter, philosophically.

"An' dis is de way she says fer to do it," says Compy; "she says ez how ye're a great hunter an' fisher, ez everybody knows ter be true, Pete, only yer allers gives away all yer catches. Yer see yer could catch atwixt now an' Chris'mas Day right smart o' nice fish, an' den yer mout catch two or three possums o' nights, an' p'raps yer mout bait up a turkey er two and shoot

'em. An' dis, she sez, wid de bacon an' de meal, an' jes a dust of flour an' a little buttah and sugah 'll jes be all we needs fer a better Chris'mas, a heap sight, dan lots of white folks hab."

"An' not a bit of 'blockade,' honey? Is dat what yer mean?" asked Peter.

"Wal," said Compy meditatively, "we mout hev a Chris'mas dinner, an' ax Br'er Sam's folks an' de odders you spoke 'bout, an' we mout hev jes *one* glass ur egg-nogg—jes kinder fer dessert like. An' den yer know, honey, we could take de rest ob de money an' gib de chillen a power of presents dat dey needs."

There was a moment of silence. Then the husband said:

"Compy, I'll be dod-derned if we don't try dat ar new-fangled plan ob Miss Sophy's. I couldn't git fru de Chris'mas widout jes' a drap o' spirits, but I'll 'low a good dinner wid a good egg-nogg arter it'll do nigh 'bout ez well ez more sperits an' less grub. I'll try it anyway. I reckon it's all right, an' whether 'tis or no I'm boun' ter do dat much jes to pleasure you, honey."

It was said with a sly wink and grin, and Compy, springing up, threw her arms about his neck and gave him a kiss.

"Oh, you good old boy!"

Then they crossed the foot-log together, and, as they went up the hill, she told him of 'Zouri's desire for a stocking for Christmas, and showed him the one she had begun.

"So yer gwine ter have a reg'lar white folks' Chris-mas?" he added.

"Dat's it, honey," she replied, "why shouldn't we? We's free now, an' drinking', an' carousin', an' shootin' off guns ain't der way we ought to be a doin' no mo'."

"Dat's so, honey," responded he.—*'Zouri's Christmas*



TOWNE, EDWARD OWINGS, lawyer and dramatist, was born in Iowa, February 19, 1860. His father was the founder of the Iowa Central University, from which the son was graduated. In 1880 he went to Chicago and began the study of law, and entered upon its practice as soon as he was old enough to be admitted to the bar. As a lawyer his success was assured from the first, and he has been engaged in a number of famous cases. His first book, published in 1886, was entitled *Aphorisms of the Three Threes*, and has passed through five editions. His next book, *The Completion of the Spire, and Other Poems*, was published in 1889. *Literary Dust* (1896) is a work somewhat similar to his book of *Aphorisms*. His greatest literary success has been as a playwright. *By Wits Outwitted* was produced in 1892 in Cleveland, O., and has never received an adverse criticism from the press. *In Old Madrid* (1894) is a musical comedy. *Other People's Money*, a comedy, was brought out in New York City in 1895; *The Little Drunkardess*, a comedy, was first produced in 1896. His one-act-play, *For Sweet Charity's Sake*, won a one-thousand-dollar prize with over a hundred competitors for it.

Mr. Towne has never written a play that has not been successful. He takes an active interest in political matters, and has made many speeches a number of which have been printed.

APHORISMS.

Arm wit with sneers and you have sarcasm.

Patience is the noblest form of courage.

The things that cost most are the things that are given to us.

Envy is a thing that no one desires and yet of which no one would be thought unworthy.

The past were easily forgiven were it not for what the past promises for the future.

More faults have been cured by ridicule than by reason.

Our hopes end in—*hopes*.

To be kind is to be wise.

From childhood the world constantly becomes narrower, until it reaches a point in death.

One should in youth practise the virtues of old age, if he would in old age enjoy the delights of youth.

A mistake can never be wholly rectified.

An unhappy childhood embitters a whole life.

They that govern by fear are themselves governed by passion.—*Aphorisms of the Three Threes.*





TOWNSEND, EDWARD W., an American journalist and story-writer, born in Cleveland, O. He removed in early life to San Francisco, where he became noted as a writer of stories for the *Argonaut*. In 1892 he joined the staff of the *New York Sun*, in which appeared his series of tenement-house studies. His best-known work is *Chimmie Fadden*, in two series (1895), a series of character-sketches of Bowery life. *A Daughter of the Tenements* appeared in 1895.

"If we were to philosophize about his method," says the *Bookman*, "we should say that he does not go deep enough or far enough; but this is foreign to his purpose, and it would be unfair to judge him by what he has not done. Mr. Townsend does not go beneath the surface; he has a keen scent for eccentricity and caricature as they strike lightly on his nimble wit and fancy, but there is no deep, resounding note of pathos or of tragedy."

CHIMMIE FADDEN.

"Say, I'm a dead easy winner to-day. See? It's a fiver, sure 'nough. Say, I could give Jay Gould weight fer age an' lose 'im in a walk as a winner. See? How'd I collar it? Square. See? Dead square, an' easy. Want it fer a story? Why, sure.

"Say, you know me. When I useter sell poipers, wasn't I a scrapper? Dat's right, ain't it? Was dere a kid on Park Row I didn't do? Sure. Well, say, dis mornin' I seed a loidy I know crossin' de Bow'ry. See? Say, she's torrowbred, an' dat goes. Sav, do you know

wot I've seed her done? I've seed her feedin' dem kids wot gets free turk on Christmas by dose East side missionaries. She's one of dem loidies wot comes down here an' fixes up old women and kids.

"Well, say, I was kinder lookin' at 'er when I sees a mug wid a dyed mustache kinder jolt ag'in 'er, an' he raises his dicer an' grins. See? Say, dat sets me crazy. Lemme tell ye. Remember when der truck run over me toes? Well, I couldn't sell no poipers nor nutting den. See? Say, she was de loidy wot comes ter me room wid grub an' reads to me. Dat's what she done.

"Well, I runs up to her dis mornin', an' I says : 'Scuse me, loidy, but shall I tump der mug?'

"She was kinder white in the gills, but dere was fight in her eye. Say, when yer scrap yer watches de odder felly's eye, don't ye? Yer kin always see fight in de eye. Dat's right. Well, say, dere was fight in her eye. When I speaks to her she kinder smiles, an' says : 'Oh, dat's you, is it, Chimmie?'

"Say, she remembered me name. Well, she says : 'If you'll tump de mug'—no, dat wasn't wot she says—'If you'll trash de cur I'll give yer somethin',' an' she pulled out her wad an' flashed up a fiver. Den she says somethin' about it not being Christian, but de example would be good. I don't know what she meant, but dat's straight. See? Wot she says goes, wedder I'm on or not.

"'Can you trash 'im, Chimmie?' she says.

"Den I went for 'im. Say, I jolted 'im in de vest so sudden he was paralyzed. See? Den I give 'im de heel, an' tover he went in de mud, an' me on top of 'im. Say, you should have seed us! Well, I'd had his odder ear off if de cop hadn't snatched me.

"Say, he ran me in, but it wasn't ten minutes before she come dere and squared me. See? When she got me, outside she was kinder laffin' an' cryin', but she gave me de fiver an' says : 'I hope de Lord'll forgive me, Chimmie, for leadin' yer into temptation, but yer done 'im brown.'

"Dat's right; dem's 'er very words. No, not 'done 'im brown'; dat's what dey meant—say, 'trashed 'im well.' Dat's right. 'Trashed 'im well' was her very words. See?"



TOWNSEND, GEORGE ALFRED, an American journalist, born at Georgetown, Del., January 30, 1841. The son of a Methodist clergyman, he was educated in Philadelphia, and devoted himself to journalism. In 1862 he was war-correspondent for the New York *Herald*, and also went to Europe, where he lectured on the civil war, and wrote for American and English periodicals. In 1864 he became war-correspondent for the New York *World*. His pen-name, "Gath," was first used in 1868 as a signature to his letters for the Chicago *Tribune*. In 1885 he built a house on the battle-field of Crampton's Gap, South Mountain, Md., where a small village has grown, to which he has given the name Gapland. His chief works are *The Bohemians*, a play (1862); *Campaigns of a Non-Combatant* (1865); *Life of Garibaldi* (1867); *Real Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1867); *The New World Compared with the Old* (1868); *Poems* (1870); *Washington, Outside and Inside* (1871); *Mormon Trials at Salt Lake* (1872); *Washington Rebuilt* (1873); *Tales of the Chesapeake* (1880); *Bohemian Days* (1881); *Poetical Addresses* (1883); *The Entailed Hat* (1884); *Lost Abroad* (1884); *President Cromwell*, a drama (1885); *Kitty of Catoctin*, a novel (1886); *Life of Levi P. Morton* (1888), and *Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton* (1890).

OLD "BEAU" AND "CRUTCH" THE PAGE.

They gave him many a present; they put a silver watch in his pocket, and dressed him in a jacket with gilt buttons. He had a bouquet of flowers to take home every day to that marvellous sister of whom he spoke so often: and there were times when the whole committee, seeing him drop off to sleep, as he often did through frail and weary nature, sat silently watching lest he might be awakened before his rest was over. But no persuasion could take him off the floor of Congress. In that solemn old Hall of Representatives, under the semicircle of gray columns, he darted with agility from noon to dusk, keeping speed upon his crutches with the healthiest of the pages, and racing into the document-room, and through the dark and narrow corridors of the old Capitol loft, where the House library was lost in twilight. Visitors looked with interest and sympathy at the narrow back and body of this invalid child, whose eyes were full of bright, beaming spirit. He sometimes nodded on the steps by the Speaker's chair; and these spells of dreaminess and fatigue increased as his disease advanced upon his wasting system. Once he did not awaken until adjournment. The great Congress and audience passed out, and the little fellow still slept, with his head against the Clerk's desk, while all the other pages were grouped around him, and they finally bore him off to the committee-room in their arms, where, amongst the sympathetic watchers, was old Beau. When Uriel opened his eyes the old mendicant was looking into them.

"Ah! little Major," he said, "poor Beau has been waiting for you to take those bad words back. Old Beau thought it was all bob with his little cove."

"Beau," said the boy, "I've had such a dream! I thought my dear father, who is working so hard to bring me home to him, had carried me out on the river in a boat. We sailed through the greenest marshes, among white lilies, where the wild ducks were tame as they can be. All the ducks were diving and diving, and they brought up long stalks of celery from the water and

gave them to us. Father ate all his. But mine turned into lilies and grew up so high that I felt myself going with them, and the higher I went the more beautiful grew the birds. Oh! let me sleep and see if it will be so again."

The outcast raised his gold-headed cane and hobbled up and down the room with a laced handkerchief at his eyes.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "another generation is going out, and here I stay without a stake, playing a lone hand forever and forever."

"Beau," said Reybold, "there's hope while one can feel. Don't go away until you have a good word from our little passenger." . . .

The little boy unclosed his eyes and looked around on all those kindly, watching faces.

"Did anybody fire a gun?" he said. "Oh! no. I was only dreaming that I was hunting with father, and he shot at the beautiful pheasants that were making such a whirring of wings for me. It was music. When can I hunt with father, dear gentlemen?"

They all felt the tread of the Mighty Hunter before the Lord very near at hand—the hunter whose name is Death. "There are little, tiny birds along the beach," muttered the boy. "They twitter and run into the surf and back again, and am I one of them? I must be; for I feel the water cold, and yet I see you all, so kind to me." . . .

The beach-birds played again along the strand; the boy ran into the foam with his companions and felt the spray once more. The Mighty Hunter shot his bird—a little cripple that twittered the sweetest of them all. Nothing moved in the solemn chamber of the committee but the voice of an old, forsaken man, sobbing bitterly.—*Tales of the Chesapeake.*



TOWNSHEND, CHAUNCEY HARE, an English miscellaneous writer, born in 1798; died February 25, 1868. He studied at Cambridge with the design of entering the Church, but eventually adopted some views not in accordance with the Anglican standards. He wrote *Facts in Mesmerism* (1839), and *Sermons in Sonnets, and Other Poems* (1851).

"Mr. Townshend's series of *Sermons in Sonnets*, which the select readers of modern sacred poetry set good store by, are works composed in a manly key, and with an organ pitch of their own, very far removed from the small, piping strain in which so large a portion of the sacred and devotional verse of our time is delivered," says the *Athenæum*. "Mr. Townshend . . . has built his style and method on Milton's; and among the many confessing disciples of the great master he is entitled to a conspicuous place."

HUMAN AND DIVINE JUDGMENT.

Behold men's judgments; common and unclean

We call whatever with our pride doth jar,

Though from one God and Father all things are.

Behold men's judgments! The deep truth unseen,

Rash we decide what mere externals mean.

Know'st thou, while thy proud eye is closed afar,

In what mean worm God may illumine a star?

Know'st thou where his great Spirit dwells serene ?
Thou dost not. What thy pride may worthless deem,
Ay, tainted with pollution, may become,
Raised from the dust, the fairest, loveliest home,
Where radiant Deity can shrine its beam ;
May be redeemed from Nature's common blot,
Ay, though perhaps thy very self be not.

THE MANY MANSIONS.

Ye orbs that tremble through infinity,
Are ye, then, linked only with our eyes,
Dissevered from our thoughts, our smiles, our sighs,
Our hopes and dreams of being yet to be ?
Oh, if all Nature be a harmony
(As sure it is), why in these solemn skies
Should ye our vision mock, like glittering lies
To men all unrelated ? Must I see
Your glories only as a tinselled waste ?
If so, I half despise your spectacle !
But if I deem that ye form eras vast,
And do, by mighty revolutions tell
Time to intelligent existences,
Awe-struck, I do assist at your solemnities—

THE DIVINE LOVE.

He who loves best knows most. Then why should I
Let my tired thoughts so far, so restless, run
In quest of knowledge underneath the sun,
Or round about the earth-encircling sky ?
Nor earth nor heaven is read by scrutiny !
But touch me with a Saviour's love divine
I pierce at once to wisdom's inner shrine
And my soul seeth all things like an eye.
Then I have treasures which to fence and heed
Make weakness bold and folly wisdom-strung,
As doves are valorous to guard their young,
And larks are wary from their nests to lead.
Is there a riddle, and resolved you need it ?
Love—only love—and you are sure to read it.



TRENCH, RICHARD CHENEVIX, an Irish poet, essayist, and theologian, born in Dublin, September 9, 1807; died in London, March 28, 1886. He studied at the University of Cambridge and took orders in the Anglican Church. He became rector of Itchinstoke in 1845; Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge in 1846; professor and examiner at King's College, London, in 1847; Dean of Westminster in 1856. In 1864 he succeeded Dr. Whately as Archbishop of Dublin. His principal poems are: *Justin Martyr, and Other Poems* (1835); *Sabbation* (1838); *Elegiac Poems* (1850); *Poems from Eastern Sources* (1851). Among his numerous prose works are: *Notes on the Parables* (1841); *Notes on the Miracles* (1846); *Lectures on the Study of Words* (1851); *The Lessons Contained in Proverbs* (1853); *English, Past and Present* (1854); *Lectures on Mediæval Church History* (1878); *Westminster, and Other Sermons*, posthumously (1888).

"His is one of those rich minds," says A. P. Peabody, in the *North American Review*, "which cannot enter into communion with other minds without enriching them."

"I know of no books on language," says George P. Marsh, "better calculated to excite curiosity and stimulate inquiry into the proper meaning and use of the English tongue than those interesting volumes, *The Study of Words; English, Past*

and *Present*; *The Lessons Contained in Proverbs*, and the essay on the English New Testament."

"Dean Trench," says the *Athenæum*, "has a happy art of seizing the peculiarities of words and presenting them simply and neatly to the apprehension of the reader—hence he is a guide to this department of knowledge to whom his readers may trust themselves with confidence."

USES OF THE STUDY OF WORDS.

There are few who would not readily acknowledge that mainly in worthy books are hoarded the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which the world has accumulated; and that chiefly by aid of these they are handed down from one generation to another. I shall urge on you in these lectures something different from this: namely, that not in the books only which all acknowledge, nor yet in connected oral discourse, but often also in words contemplated singly, there are boundless stores of moral and historic truth, and no less of passion and imagination laid up; that from these, lessons of infinite worth may be derived, if only our attention is roused to their existence. I shall urge on you how well it will repay you to study the words which you are in the habit of using or of meeting, be they such as relate to the highest spiritual things, our common words of the shop or the market, and of all the familiar intercourse of life. It will indeed repay you far better than you can easily believe. I am sure, at least, that for many a young man his first discovery of the fact that words are living powers, are the vesture—yea, even the body—which thoughts weave for themselves, has been like the dropping of scales from his eyes, like the acquisition of another sense, or the introduction into a new world; he is never able to cease wondering at the marvels that surround him on every side, and ever reveal themselves more and more to his astonished gaze. . . .

A great writer has borne witness at once to the pleas-

antness and profitableness of this study. "In a language like ours," he says, "where so many words are derived from other languages, there are few modes of instruction more useful or more amusing than that of accustoming young people to seek for the etymology or primary meaning of the words they use. There are cases in which more knowledge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word than by the history of a campaign." Impressing the same truth, Emerson has somewhere characterized language as "fossil poetry." He evidently means that, just as in some fossil a curious and beautiful shape of vegetable or animal life—the graceful fern or the finely vertebrated lizard, such as now, it may be, has been extinct for thousands of years—are permanently bound up with the stone, and rescued from that perishing which would otherwise have been theirs, so in words are beautiful thoughts and images, the imagination and the feeling of past ages, of men long since in their graves, of men whose very names have perished—these, which would so easily have perished, too, are preserved and made safe forever. The phrase is a striking one; the only fault with it is that it is too narrow.—*The Study of Words.*

MORAL INFLUENCE OF PLUTARCH.

Plutarch belongs to and is a principal figure in a very remarkable epoch of the moral history of the ancient world. It was not indeed an epoch of quickening to a new life, not a palingenesis, nor even a rejuvenescence. The second century after Christ was an epoch of a very signal recovery and restoration, a final rallying of whatever energies for good the heathen world possessed, and in this way a postponing of its fall, with the total collapse of the old order of things, for a good deal more than a century. The ancient virtues were not wholly dead. The old religion could still wake up a passionate devotion in the hearts of its votaries. Philosophy could still make good her claims to assist those who submitted to her teaching in the right ordering of their lives. There went forth everywhere the teachers of a morality larger and purer than the heathen world had yet pro-

duced—Greek literature itself partaking in the revival, and enjoying in Plutarch and Lucian the several representatives of faith and unbelief, in Arrian, in Epictetus, in Musonius, and in Dio Chrysostom a kind of later and Martinmas summer of its own.

It was certainly not an easy task, and, regarded from the stand-point of absolute truth, it was an impossible task, which Plutarch, and those who wrought with him in this new and noble propaganda, set before them. Undertaken by him and by others in perfect good faith, it was yet nothing less than a reconciling of the popular religion with right reason : openly assailed, or secretly undermined, as that popular religion was by so many potent forces arrayed against it, by philosophy, by atheism, by Christianity ; encumbered, too, and embarrassed by a mass of fables, many of them puerile, not a few immoral. There was need to disengage it from the immoral, to trace in the seemingly puerile or trivial such an underlying meaning as should justify its retention ; while there was no choice but to abandon many outworks, if only the citadel might so the better be defended. Such was their task, among whom Plutarch was the foremost and most influential worker of all. If their success was only partial and temporary, if in the end they failed where failure was inevitable, who shall lay this to their charge ? While for what they effected let them have the honor which is their due, and which cannot without injustice be withheld.

How far he and his fellow-workers may have served as heralds of the Gospel, and, though they meant not this, have prepared a way for its coming triumphs ; how far they may have rather hindered and delayed those triumphs, is a question which has often been debated, and to which very different answers have been given. Doubtless, in the quickening of the old faiths it was sought by some to find weapons for the resisting of the advances of the new ; even as a little later there were not wanting those—as, for instance, Julian the Apostate—who were fain to play off the revived heathen morality against the ethics of the Church, as equal or superior to these ; while from the school of the Neo-Platonists, who were the philosophic outcome of the

revival, some of the ablest and most determined enemies of the Christian faith proceeded. Yet all this cannot rob the movement of its interest for us, nor for myself can I believe that anything which is good, so far as it is such, can do otherwise in the long run than help forward the recognition and reception of that which is best and highest of all.

Be this, however, as it may, and to whatever uses others may have sought to turn this revival, Plutarch himself may be entirely acquitted of any conscious attempt to fight against that truth which was higher than any which he had, and which within two centuries was to take the world for its own. Strange to say, Christianity is to him utterly unknown. Even such passing notices of it as we have in Tacitus, in Suetonius, in Epictetus, would be sought in his writings in vain. As far as has hitherto been traced there is in these no single distinct reference, nor so much as an allusion to it. When we call to mind his extensive travels, his insatiable curiosity, the profound interest which he felt in all moral and religious speculations, the manner in which he was instinctively drawn to whatever was noblest and best, we could have no more remarkable commentary than this on that word of Scripture, "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation." If we placed his birth, as I have suggested, at about the year A.D. 50, then long before he began to write St. Peter and St. Paul must have finished their course. All around him, at Rome, where he dwelt so long, in that Greece where the best part of his life was spent, in Asia Minor, with which Greece was in constant communication, in Macedonia, there were flourishing churches. Christianity, if I may say so, was everywhere in the air, so that men unconsciously inhaled some of its influences, even where they did not submit themselves to its positive teaching. But for all this, no word, no allusion of his, testifies of his knowledge of the existence of these churches, or to the slightest acquaintance on his part with the Christian books. Of such an acquaintance, whether mediate or immediate, it seems to me that we can hardly refuse to acknowledge some traces and tokens in the writings of Seneca and Epictetus, but none in his. If any notices

of that sect, which was still everywhere spoken against, and which his contemporary Pliny could style "a perverse and excessive superstition," reached his ears, he probably looked at it as a mere variety of Judaism; for of that he often speaks, although without any insight into its true significance, and, like most of the Greek and Latin writers of the time, seeing it only on its least attractive, or, we might say, its most repulsive side.

Champagny, indeed—the historian, in many respects admirable, of the Antonines—traces a covert allusion to Christianity, and to the entrance into noblest houses which by the agency of women is often found, when in his *Precepts of Wedlock* Plutarch admonishes the wife that she shall have no private worship of her own, apart from and unknown to her husband, but shall honor the gods whom he honors, "shutting the door to all super-vacaneous worships and foreign superstitions." It must be admitted that the language of Plutarch lends itself to such an interpretation; while yet, taking into account the many Oriental rites of all kinds which were at this time gaining a footing in the West, it is impossible to urge this as the only interpretation which his words will bear.—*Lectures on Plutarch*.

BE PATIENT.

Be patient, oh, be patient! put your ear against the earth:

Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth;

How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade
stands up in the day.

Be patient, oh, be patient! the germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must under ground
be wrought;

But as sure as there is a Power that makes the grass
appear,

Our land shall be green with Liberty, the blade-time
shall be here.

Be patient, oh, be patient ! go and watch the wheat-
 ears grow,
 So imperceptibly that eye can mark nor change nor
 throe,
 Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown ;
 And then again, day after day, till the ripened field is
 brown.

Be patient, oh, be patient ! though yet our hopes are
 green,
 The harvest-fields of Freedom shall be crowned with
 sunny sheen ;
 Be ripening ! be ripening ! mature your silent way,
 Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on Free-
 dom's harvest-day.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne
 was done,
 And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory
 won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
 Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing
 forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive : " Lo, I perish in
 my thirst ;
 Give me but a drink of water, and then let arrive the
 worst ! "

In his hand he took the goblet ; but a while the draught
 forebore,
 Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to explore
 Well might then have paused the bravest, for around
 him angry foes
 With a hedge of naked weapons did the lonely man en-
 close.

" But what fearest thou ? " cried the Caliph, " is it,
 friend, a secret blow ?
 Fear it not ! our gallant Moslems no such treacherous
 dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt
not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water ; this reprieve is
thine—no more."

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with
ready hand,
And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of
that cup
I have drained ; then bid thy servants that spilled water
gather up !"

For a moment stood the Caliph, as by doubtful passions
stirred ;
Then exclaimed, "Forever sacred must remain a mon-
arch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Per-
sian give,
Drink, I said before, and perish ; now I bid thee, drink
and live !"

DIFFERENT MINDS.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue ;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied ;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.



TREVELYAN, GEORGE OTTO, an English statesman, born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, July 20, 1838. His mother, Hannah More Macaulay, was the sister of Thomas Babington Macaulay, whom she accompanied to India in 1834, where, a few months after her arrival, she was married to Charles Edward Trevelyan, of the Indian service. George Otto Trevelyan was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1865 he was returned to Parliament, as a Liberal, for Tynemouth. In 1868 he was appointed Civil Lord of the Admiralty. In 1880 he became Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, and in 1882 was made Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Besides contributions to periodicals he has written *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (1876); *The Early History of Charles James Fox* (1880).

Of his *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* the *Spectator* says: "Mr. Trevelyan has produced from very rich and attractive materials a very delightful book, and no one who knows how difficult it is to make out of very rich and attractive materials a book at all so good as the materials will fail to rate highly the judgment, the spirit, the self-control which are implied in the condensed and graphic narrative before us. . . . A more perfect picture of the great Whig essayist could

hardly have been produced than the picture which Mr. Trevelyan has painted with so reticent a good taste, and yet with so much delicacy of perception."

MACAULAY'S LAST DAY.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 28th day of December, 1859, he mustered strength to dictate a letter to a poor curate, enclosing twenty-five pounds; after signing which letter he never wrote his name again. Late in the afternoon of the same day I called at Holly Lodge, intending to propose myself to dinner; an intention which was abandoned as soon as I entered the library. My uncle was sitting with his head bent forward on his chest, in a languid and drowsy revery. The first number of the *Cornhill Magazine* lay unheeded before him, open at the first page of Thackeray's story of *Lovel the Widower*. He did not utter a word except in answer, and the only one of my observations that at this distance of time I can recall, suggested to him painful and pathetic reflections which altogether destroyed his self-command.

On hearing my report of his state, my mother resolved to spend the night at Holly Lodge. She had just left the drawing-room to make her preparations for the visit (it being, I suppose, a little before seven o'clock in the evening), when a servant arrived with an urgent summons. As we drove up to the porch of my uncle's house, the maids ran, crying, out in the darkness to meet us; and we knew that all was over. We found him in his library, seated in his easy-chair, and dressed as usual, with his book on the table beside him, still open at the same page. He had told his butler that he should go to bed early, as he was very tired. The man proposed his lying on the sofa; he rose as if to move, sat down again, and ceased to breathe. He died, as he had always wished to die—without pain—without any formal farewell; preceding to the grave all whom he had loved; and leaving behind him a great and honorable name, and the memory of a life every action of which was as clear and transparent as one of his own sentences.—*Life and Letters of Macaulay*.



TROLLOPE, ANTHONY, an English novelist, born at Harrow, London, April 24, 1815; died December 6, 1882. His education was desultory, though he studied for a while at Winchester and Harrow schools. By the time he was approaching manhood his mother had attained a good reputation as an author, and had influence enough to procure for him a fair situation in the General Post Office without his being subjected to a rigid examination. At about thirty he was stationed in Ireland in a somewhat responsible position, where he soon manifested unusual capacity for the service, and was promoted from one position to another, and was several times sent abroad upon postal business. He wrote several books describing the countries to which he had gone. Among these are *The West Indies and the Spanish Main* (1859); *North America* (1862); *Australia and New Zealand* (1873), besides a volume of *Hunting Sketches* (1865); *Travelling Sketches* (1866); *British Sports and Pastimes* (1868). He is, however, most distinctively known as a novelist. His earliest work of fiction, *The Kellys and the O'Kellys*, appeared in 1847, and this was followed by several others of no very marked character. He came into general notice by *The Warden* (1855), the first of a long series of novels, not fewer than forty in all, among which are: *Barchester Towers* (1857);

(148)

Doctor Thorne (1858); *The Bertrams* (1859); *Castle Richmond* (1860); *Orley Farm* (1861); *Framley Parsonage* (1862); *Rachel Ray* (1863); *The Small House at Allington* (1864); *Miss Mackenzie* (1865); *The Belton Estate* (1866); *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1867); *The Claverings* (1868); *Phineas Finn* (1869); *The Vicar of Bullhampton* (1870); *Ralph the Heir* (1871); *The Eustace Diamonds* (1872); *The Golden Lion of Grandpere* (1873); *Phineas Redux* (1874); *The Way We Live Now* (1875); *The Prime Minister* (1876); *Ayala's Angel* (1878); *An Old Man's Love, Can You Forgive Her*, and *Autobiography* (1878).

In quantity of production he far exceeded any of his contemporaries, while as to quality perhaps a dozen of his best novels are exceeded by only three or four of the best works of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. Anthony Trollope was emphatically the painter of actual men and manners of his own day. His characters belong almost exclusively to gentlefolks, using the term in its widest sense. In the social scale they rarely rise to the rank of a duke, or fall as low as that of a shop-keeper. They are marked by few eccentricities or oddities in character or aspect; there are no execrable villains, and no persons of superhuman excellence. But we have strongly individualized photographs of statesmen and clubmen, of bishops and ladies, and above all, of busy clergymen and their wives and daughters. He was himself a keen sportsman, and delights in portraying hunting-scenes. His sphere as a novelist was not the highest, nor was it a wide one; but within that sphere he has no superior in English fiction.

THE RECTORY AND THE OLD PARISH CHURCH.

No room could have been more becoming for a dignity of the Church. Each wall was loaded with theology; over each separate bookcase was printed in small gold letters the names of those great divines whose works were ranged beneath. Beginning from the early Fathers, in due chronological order, there were to be found the precious labors of the chosen servants of the Church down to the last pamphlet written in opposition to the consecration of Dr. Hampden; and raised high above this were to be seen the busts of the greatest among the great—Chrysostom, St. Augustine, Thomas à Becket, Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop Laud, and Dr. Philpotts. Every appliance that could make study pleasant and give ease to the over-toiled brain was there: chairs made to relieve each limb and muscle; reading-desks and writing-desks to suit every attitude; lamps and candles mechanically contrived to throw their light on any favored spot, as the student might desire; a shoal of newspapers to amuse the few leisure moments which might be stolen from the labors of the day; and then from the window a view right through a bosky vista, along which ran a broad green path from the rectory to the church, at the end of which the tawny-tinted fine old tower was seen with all its variegated pinnacles and parapets.

Few parish churches in England are in better repair, or better worth keeping so, than that of Plumstead Episcopi; and yet it is built in a faulty style. The body of the church is low—so low that the nearly flat leaden roof would be visible from the churchyard were it not for the carved parapet with which it is surrounded. It is cruciform, though the transepts are irregular, one being larger than the other; and the tower is much too high in proportion to the church. But the color of the building is perfect; it is that rich yellow-gray which one finds nowhere but in the south and west of England, and which is so strong a characteristic of most of our old houses of Tudor architecture. The stonework is also beautiful; the mullions of the windows

and the rich tracery of the Gothic workmanship are as rich as fancy can desire; and though in gazing on such a structure, one knows by rule that the old priests who built it built it all wrong, one cannot bring oneself to wish that they should have made it any other than it is.—*Doctor Thorne.*

THE REVEREND MR. SLOPE.

Mr. Slope soon comforted himself with the reflection that, as he had been selected as chaplain to the Bishop, it would probably be in his power to get the good things in the Bishop's gift without troubling himself about the Bishop's daughter; and he found himself able to endure the pangs of rejected love. As he sat himself down in the railway-carriage, confronting the Bishop and Mrs. Proudie, as they started on their first journey to Barchester, he began to form in his own mind a plan of his future life. He knew well his patron's strong points, but he knew the weak ones as well. He understood correctly enough to what attempts the new Bishop's high spirit would soar, and he rightly guessed that public life would better suit the great man's taste than the details of diocesan duty.

He, therefore—he, Mr. Slope—would in effect be Bishop of Barchester. Such was his resolve; and, to give Mr. Slope his due, he had both courage and spirit to bear him out in his resolution. He knew that he should have a hard battle to fight, for the power and patronage of the see would be equally coveted by another great mind; Mrs. Proudie would also choose to be Bishop of Barchester. Slope, however, flattered himself that he could out-manceuvre the lady. She must live much in London, while he would be always on the spot. She would necessarily remain ignorant of much, while he would know everything belonging to the diocese. At first, doubtless, he must flatter and cajole, perhaps yield in some things; but he did not doubt of ultimate triumph. If all other means failed, he could join the Bishop against his wife, inspire courage into the unhappy man, lay an axe at the root of the woman's power, and emancipate the husband.

Such were his thoughts as he sat looking at the sleeping pair in the railway-carriage, and Mr. Slope is not the man to trouble himself with such thoughts for nothing. He is possessed of more than average abilities, and is of good courage. Though he can stoop to fawn—and stoop low indeed, if need be—he has still within him the power to assume the tyrant; and with the power he has certainly the wish. His acquirements are not of the highest order; but such as they are, they are completely under control, and he knows the use of them. He is gifted with a certain kind of pulpit eloquence, not likely indeed to be persuasive with men, but powerful with the softer sex. In his sermons he deals greatly in denunciations, excites the minds of his weaker hearers with a not unpleasant terror, and leaves the impression on their minds that all mankind are in a perilous state—and all womankind, too, except those who attend regularly to the evening lectures in Baker Street. . . .

In doctrine, he, like his patron, is tolerant of Dissent—if so strict a mind can be called tolerant of anything. With Wesleyan Methodists he has something in common, but his soul trembles in agony at the iniquities of the Puseyites. His aversion is carried to things outward as well as inward. His gall rises at a new church with a high-pitched roof; a full-breasted black silk waistcoat is with him a symbol of Satan; and a profane jest-book would not, in his view, more foully desecrate the church-seat of a Christian than a book of prayer printed with red letters, and ornamented with a cross on the back. . . .

Mr. Slope is tall, and not ill-made. His feet and hands are large, as has ever been the case with all his family; but he has a broad chest and wide shoulders to carry off these excrescences; and on the whole his figure is good. His countenance, however, is not specially prepossessing. His hair is lank, and of a dull, pale-reddish hue. It is always formed into three straight lumpy masses, each brushed with admirable precision, and cemented with much grease; two of them adhere closely to the sides of his face, and the other lies at right-angles above them. He wears no whiskers, and is always

scrupulously shaven. His face is nearly of the same color as his hair, though perhaps a little redder. It is not unlike beef ; beef, however, one would say of a bad quality. His forehead is capacious and high, but square and heavy, and unpleasantly shining. His mouth is large, though pale and bloodless ; and his big, prominent eyes inspire anything but confidence. His nose, however, is his redeeming feature ; it is pronounced, straight, and well-formed ; though I myself should have liked it better did it not possess a somewhat spongy, porous appearance, as though it had been cleverly formed out of a red-colored cork.

I never could endure to shake hands with Mr. Slope. A cold, clammy perspiration exudes from him ; the small drops are ever to be seen standing on his brow, and his friendly grasp is unpleasant.—Such is Mr. Slope. Such is the man who has suddenly fallen into the midst of Barchester Close, and is destined there to assume the station which has heretofore been filled by the son of the bishop.--*Barchester Towers*.

WRITING ANGRY LETTERS.

This at least should be a rule through the letter-writing world—that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule, of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash ! Sit down and write your letter ; write it with all the venom in your power ; spit out your spleen at the fullest ; 'twill do you good. You think you have been injured ; say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk ; and, as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me that you will then have a double gratification.



TROLLOPE, FRANCES (MILTON), an English novelist and writer of travels, the mother of Anthony and T. Adolphus Trollope, born at Stapleton, where her father was rector, in 1780; died at Florence, Italy, October 6, 1863. In 1809 she married Thomas Anthony Trollope, a barrister who failed of success in his profession. In 1827 she took three of her children to the United States, landing at New Orleans, and soon afterward took up her residence at Cincinnati, where she set up some kind of business, expecting to be joined by her husband. Being unsuccessful she returned to England, and in 1832 put forth, under the title *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, a clever but by no means flattering account of the people and institutions of the United States. Thus commencing her literary career at fifty, she was a voluminous writer for a quarter of a century. She wrote a score of novels, the scene of several of which was laid in America; she made repeated tours on the European Continent, publishing accounts of all of them. Among her novels are *The Refugee in America*, *The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw*, *The Vicar of Wrexhill*, *Jessie Phillips*, *The Leamingtons*, *The Widow Barnaby*, *The Barnabys in America*, *Petticoat Government* and *Fashionable Life*—the last written at nearly fourscore. At the close of her *Domestic*

Manners of the Americans she thus sums up her conclusions respecting the people of the United States, their government and institutions, and the future which she hopes for them :

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

I suspect that what I have written will make it evident that I do not like America. Now as it happens that I met with individuals there whom I love and admire beyond the love and admiration of ordinary acquaintance, and as I declare the country to be fair to the eye, and most richly teeming with the gifts of plenty, I am led to ask myself why it is that I do not like it. I would willingly know myself and confess to others, why it is that neither its beauty nor its abundance can suffice to neutralize or greatly soften the distaste which the aggregate of my recollections has left upon my mind.

I remember hearing it said, many years ago, when the advantages and disadvantages of a particular residence were being discussed, that it was the *Who*, and not the *Where*, that made the difference between the pleasant or unpleasant residence. The truth of the observation struck me forcibly when I heard it ; and it has been recalled to my mind since by the constantly recurring evidence of its justice. In applying this to America, I speak not of my friends, nor of my friends' friends. The small patrician band is a race apart ; they live with each other, and for each other ; mix wonderfully little with the high matters of state, which they leave rather supinely to their tailors and tinkers, and are no more to be taken as a sample of the American people than a head of Lord Byron as a sample of the heads of the British peerage. I speak not of these, but of the population generally, as seen in town and country, among the rich and the poor, in the Slave States and in the Free States. I do not like them, I do not like their principles ; I do not like their manners ; I do not like their opinions,



TROLLOPE, THOMAS ADOLPHUS, elder brother of Anthony Trollope, an English writer of history, biography, and travel, born April 29, 1810; died at Clifton, England, November 11, 1892. He "ate his terms" at one of the Inns of Court, but took to literature as a profession. His earliest book, *A Summer in Brittany* (1840), was "edited" by his mother, and was followed by several other books of travel in various parts of Europe. He finally took up his residence in Italy, and most of his writings relate to Italian subjects. They include several novels and sketches of character. Among his historical works are *The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici* (1856); *A Decade of Italian Women* (1859); *History of the Commonwealth of Florence* (1865); *The Story of the Life of Pius IX.* (1877). Among his novels are *Giulio Malatesta* (1863); *Lindisfarn Chase* (1864); *The Dream Numbers* (1868), and *Durnton Abbey* (1871). His autobiography, entitled, *What I Remember*, was published in two parts (1887-90). His *Peep behind the Scenes at Rome* (1877) opens with a sketch of Pope Gregory XVI.

POPE GREGORY XVI.

Let the calendar say what it will, the days of George the Third are not so far off in England as the days when Gregory the Sixteenth was Pope are in Italy, and especially at Rome. It is but three-and-thirty years
(156)

since I—then seeing a Pope in the flesh for the first time—talked with the old Camaldolese monk whom Fortune's frolic had placed on the seat of St. Peter. There was no difficulty whatever in those days in getting access to the Holy Father by reason of the heretical pravity of the visitors. *Tros, Tyriusve*, old Gregory admitted and smiled on all, and chatted with many. Whatever else he may have been, he was an essentially good-natured man, but utterly undignified in appearance and manner. He was extremely dirty in person. The Papal white was an unfortunate wear for him, having an apparently irrepressible tendency to become snuff-colored, in shades deepening as they neared the Papal chin and jowl. His bearing had not the remotest resemblance to that of a gentleman of any country, but was strongly marked by *bonhomie* and good-humor. . . .

On the occasion to which mainly my memory is travelling back, there was an English lady present who had written and published many works of fiction. The Pope had evidently been told that she was an authoress; and intending, no doubt, to give her gratification, he addressed her thus: "You have written many books, I hear." She bowed assent. "On religion?" "No, Father; I have not presumed to touch so sacred a subject." "On—history?" "Not so, your Holiness; they were but stories, intended to amuse." "Ah, so, so; a very good purpose, too. In what language were they written?" "In English, Holy Father." "And where were they printed?" "At London, Holy Father." "Ah indeed; yes," he added, with a meditative air; "I have heard that there have been many books printed in London." Of course he was answered only by a low courtesy.

No kneeling, except in case of the faithful of his own flock, was expected in those days; much less any kissing of slipper or even hand. Evening costume was the regulation attire of the worser sex; a black lace veil, in lieu of either hat or bonnet, and no gloves, for the better sex. And in these matters, indeed, there has been no change.

It is said by those who had the means of knowing the truth on such a point that Gregory XVI. was really

a learned man in canon law. And it is possible enough that such may have been the case ; for such learning, cloister-gained, is very compatible with the most perfect ignorance on all other subjects. The present writer can testify to his having left pleasant memories in his old convent among the Apennines at Camaldola, where an aged and reverend bearded monk told him, while he was feasting on lenten fare, that a parcel of these same haricot beans then on the table was sent every year to Rome as a present to the Holy Father, who always declared that there were none equal to them to be found elsewhere. Perhaps it was the memory of long-ago Fridays, when the appetite was sharpened by the bleak air from the crests of the Apennines, that gave the testimony rather than the practice of the Vatican dinners.

A KINDLY ESTIMATE.

There were very few formal meetings among the notabilities of the little Cincinnati world of that time, but there was an amount of homely friendliness that impressed me very favorably ; and there was plenty of that generous and abounding hospitality which subsequent experience has taught me to consider an especially American characteristic. I have since that time shared the splendid hospitality of splendid American hosts, and I have been under American roofs when there was little save a heartfelt welcome to offer. But the heart-warming effect produced by the latter was the same in both cases. How often have we all sat at magnificent boards where the host's too evident delight consisted in giving you what you could not give him, and in the exulting manifestation of his magnificence! This is very rarely the feeling of an American host. He is thinking not of himself, but of you ; and the object he is striving at when giving you of his best is that you should enjoy yourself while under his roof, that you should have, as he would phrase it, "a good time." And, upon my word, he almost invariably succeeds.

Nor were the Cincinnati girls in 1829 like the New York belles of 1887. But there was much of the same charm about them, which arises from unaffected and

self-regarding desire to please. American girls are accused of being desperate flirts. But many an Englishman has been deceived by imagining that the smiles and cheerfulness and laughing chatter of some charming girl new to Europe were intended for *his* special benefit, when they were, in truth, only the perfectly natural and unaffected outcome of a desire to do her duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call her! Only beams falling, like those of the sun, upon the just and the unjust alike!

There is another point on which Americans, both men and women, are very generally called over the coals by English people, as I think somewhat unreasonably. They are, it is said, everlastingly talking about the greatness and grandeur of their country, and never easy without extorting admissions of this. All this is to a great extent true; at least to this extent, that an American is always pleased to hear the greatness of his country recognized. But when I remember the thoroughness with which that cardinal article of an Englishman's faith (sixty years ago!) that every Englishman could thrash three Frenchmen, was enforced with entire success on my youthful mind, I can hardly find it in my conscience to blame an American's pride in his country. Why, good heavens! what an insensible block he would be if he was not proud of his country, to whose greatness, be it observed, each individual American now extant has contributed in a greater degree than can be said to be the case as regards England and every extant Englishman, inasmuch as our position has been won by the work of, say, a thousand years, and his by that of less than a century. Surely the creation of the United States as they now exist within that time *is* such a feat of human intelligence and energy as the world has never before seen, and is scarcely likely to see again. I confess that the expression of American patriotism is never offensive to me.—*What I Remember.*



TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND, an American novelist, editor, and poet, born at Ogden, N. Y., September 18, 1827. His boyhood was passed on a farm, with no educational advantages beyond those of the district school. He however learned to read French without an instructor, and before he was sixteen had begun to contribute verse and prose to country newspapers. At nineteen he came to New York, where he supported himself for two or three years partly by mechanical labor and partly by contributions to periodicals. In 1850 he went to Boston, where he began a successful literary career, becoming, about 1870, the editor of *Our Young Folks*, in which many of his writings originally appeared. His principal books are *Father Brighthopes* (1853), which was followed by four or five other tales, designated collectively as the "Brighthope Series;" *Neighbor Jackwood* (1856); *The Drummer Boy* (1863); *Cudjo's Cave* (1864); *The Three Scouts* (1865); *The Vagabonds, and Other Poems* (1869); *Coupon Bonds, and Other Tales* (1872); *Doing His Best* (1873); *The Emigrant's Story, and Other Poems* (1875); *The Book of Gold, and Other Poems* (1877); *Guy Brown* (1878); *His One Fault* (1886); *The Little Master* (1886); *A Start in Life, Biding His Time*, and *The Lost Earl*, a book of tales in rhyme (1888). Besides these are several volumes designed for the young, made up mainly from contributions to periodicals.

MR. BLAZAY'S MISADVENTURE.

Having dressed, dined, and finished my cigar, I sallied forth from the hotel to call upon my future bride. I found the cottage—a neat, cream-colored house on the bank of the river; doors and windows festooned with prairie-roses; an orchard behind and maple-trees in front, and an atmosphere of rural beauty and quietude over all. I opened the little wooden gate. It clicked cheerily behind me, and the sound summoned from the orchard a laboring-man in rolled-up shirt-sleeves, who approached as I was lifting the brass knocker under the festoons of roses.

"How de do, sir? Want anything o' Mr. Thornton's folks?"

"I should like to see Mr. Thornton," I said.

"Oh, wal! walk right in. We're all in the orchard now, getting a hive of bees."

"Be so kind, then, my good fellow," said I, producing Jones's letter, "as to hand this to Mr. Thornton."

He received the letter in his great, brown, horny hands, stared at the superscription, stared at me. "Oh, Jones!" and opened it. "I am Mr. Thornton," he informed me before beginning to read. When the letter was read, he looked up again, smilingly.

"This is Mr. Blazay," then he said.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Thornton," I said. . . .

"Wal," said he, as he was conducting me toward the orchard, "so you're come up here, thinking mabby you'd like to marry our Susie?"

I stopped aghast. "I—I wasn't aware, sir, that Jones had written anything to that effect."

"A private letter I got from him yis'd'y," said Mr. Thornton. "He seemed to think's best to kinder explain things 'fore you got along. I think about so myself. He gives you a tolerable fair character, and fur's I'm concerned, if you and Susie can make a bargain, I shan't raise no objections."

"Have you," I asked, "mentioned it to Susie?"

"Oh, sartin!" said Mr. Thornton. "Mother and I thought best to talk the matter over with her, so's to

have everything open and above board, and save misunderstandings in the futur."

"And, may I ask, how did Susie regard a—such a—very singular arrangement?"

"Singular! How so? Mother and I looked upon it as very sensible. You come and git acquainted, and marry her, if agreeable; or if not, no. That's what I call straightfor'a'd."

"Straightforward! Oh, yes, to be sure!" I said, and essayed to laugh, with very indifferent if not very ghastly success. It was well enough, of course, for a couple of hardened wretches like Jones and myself to talk over a matrimonial project in business fashion; and for me to come up and look at the article of a bride he recommended, to see if she suited; but to know that the affair had been coolly discussed by the other party to the proposed bargain made it as awkward and unromantic as possible.

"That there's my darter; and them's the bees," said Mr. Thornton.

"What! that thing in the tree?" said I, using my eye-glass. "It looks like a shocking bad hat."

"That's the swarm stuck onto the limb," said Mr. Thornton. "We'll have to thank Susie if we save 'em. She heard 'em flying over, and run out with the dinner-bell and called 'em."

"Called them to dinner?" I said, absent-mindedly.

"Ringing the bell called 'em down, till bimeby they lit on that tree. A swarm'll gen'ly come to such noises. And Susie's a master-hand to look arter bees."

"What is she doing up on the ladder there?"

"She's cutting off the limb. It's cu'r's," said Mr. Thornton, with fatherly pride, "bees never tech her, though she goes right in among 'em. Sting me, though; so I keep a little back. Susie's mother, Mr. Blazay."

At that, a freckled, good-natured woman, who stood a little distance from the tree, with her arms rolled up in a calico apron, took them out to shake hands with me, and rolled them up again.

"What are these little negro boys doing?" I asked.

"Nigger boys! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the paternal Thornton.

"Them's *our* little boys, sir," said the maternal Thornton. "What you see is veils tied over their faces to keep the bees from stinging on 'em. That's George Washington holding the ladder for Susie, and that's Andrew Jackson tending the clo'es-line!"

"This is the second swarm Susie has stopped this season," said Mr. Thornton. "Both wild swarms from the woods, prob'ly. We consider it quite a prize."

"Hive of bees in May, with a ton of hay; hive of bees in June, with a silver spoon; hive of bees in July, not with a fly; that's the old adage," smiled Mrs. Thornton.

"But Susie has good luck with her bees, let 'em swarm when they will," said Mr. Thornton.

"Look out, down there!" cried a clear, shrill, feminine voice from the tree.

The fibres of the bough began to crack, and somewhat to my alarm I saw the great, black, hat-like mass swing down as if about to fall to the ground. But I soon perceived that it was secured by the rope, which was passed over a limb above, then led down to Andrew Jackson's hand, who stood looking up through his veil, waiting for orders. Susie severed the bark and splinters that still held the branch, then dropped her little hand-saw on the grass.

"Now, Jackson!" Slowly the boy payed out the line, and slowly the bough descended with its burden. "Hold on, Georgie!" Georgie held on, and down the ladder came Susie. Animated, agile, red as a rose, she ran to her bees, I regarding her meanwhile with anxious interest. Taking hold of the bough where it hung, she ordered Andrew Jackson to "let it come," lowered it almost to the ground, and shook it. The bees fell off in great bunches and clusters which burst into buzzing, crumbling, crawling multitudes on the grass—wave on wave dark surging. George Washington stood ready with a bee-hive, which he clapped over the living heap; and the job was done.

"There, father!" cried Susie, merrily, "what are you going to give me for that? Hive of bees in June——"

She stopped, seeing me.

"You shall have your silver spoons," said Mr. Thornton. "This is Mr. Blazay, Susie."

Determined to perform my part with becoming gallantry, I advanced. Unluckily, I am tall. My bow was lofty; the bough of the tree was low. Before I could take off my hat, my hat was taken off for me. Attempting to catch it, I knocked it like a ball straight at Susie's head. She dodged it, and it fell by the beehive. At that the Father of his Country rushed to the rescue, and brought it back to me with the air of a youngster who expects a penny for his services. I was finishing my bow to Susie, when I observed a number of swift, zigzag, darting insects circling about us.

"Stand still and they won't hurt ye," said George Washington, handing me my hat. "Make 'em think you're a tree!"

I assumed the *rôle* accordingly; rooted myself to the spot—held my tall trunk erect—kept my limbs rigid—and, I am confident, appeared verdant enough to deceive even a bee. In that interesting attitude I looked as unconcerned as possible, grimaced at Susie, said what a delightful orchard it was; and felt a whizzing, winnowing sensation in my foliage—otherwise called hair.

"There's a bee!" screamed Andrew Jackson.

The General was right; there *was* a bee. I began to brush.

"Don't ye stir!" shouted Washington; "that'll only make him mad! Keep jest as still!"

It was easy for the first President to stand there, with his face veiled, and promulgate that theory; but I was not up to it. I found myself stirring my stumps involuntarily. I *dropped* my hat, and stepped in it. The bee whizzed and winnowed; I flirted and brushed. There came a poignant thrill; the assassin had his poignant dagger in me.

The sublime Washington continued to shout, "Keep still! Keep jest as still!" But already my movements had quite dispelled the illusion that I was a tree, and the darting and dinning about my ears became terrific. I endeavored to smile calmly at Susie, and talk as became a man of my politeness and dignity. But it was of no use. Panic seized me. I stamped, I swung my crushed hat; I took to my heels; I ran like a Mohawk;

and I should never, probably, have stopped until I reached a railroad-train had not the same destiny that brought me to Shoemak conspired to keep me there by casting a dead branch in my way. In giving my head a brush, I neglected to brush at my feet. They became entangled in it, and I sprawled my six feet of manly dignity ingloriously on the turf.

The first thing I heard, on recovering my faculties and sitting up was laughter. George Washington and Andrew Jackson were reeling and keeling over with laughter; Mrs. Thornton was eating her calico apron; Mr. Thornton was suffering from an excruciating attack of colic; while Susie indulged without restraint her very ill-timed merriment. As I got upon my feet the whole family came forward to see if I was hurt.

"Children! Susie!" I could hear Mr. Thornton saying; "hush! don't ye know better'n to laugh? Did you, sir, git stung?"

"I—I thought the bees were coming rather near," I remarked cheerfully, pressing my hat into shape, "so I concluded to stand back a little."

"Sartin, sartin!" said Mr. Thornton.

"Susie!" giggled George Washington, "he thought he'd stan' back a little! He, he, he!"

"Didn't his arms and legs fly for about a minute, though!" snickered Andrew Jackson.

"Shall we go and examine the operations of the bees? I feel a lively interest in bees." And I put on my hat, pulling it gayly over the aching eyebrow.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Thornton, "the bees have been so kind o' shook up 'twon't be very safe to go near 'em right away."

"Ah! you think so? A sting is nothing—nothing dangerous—is it?"

"Oh, no; but it's sometimes plaguey uncomf'table," said Mr. Thornton; "that's all."

"That all?" said I, glad to hear it. "I'm sure that is nothing so very dreadful. However, if you think we'd better wait until the bees get a little quiet, I can restrain my curiosity."

Susie had found an excuse to go back to the hive. I should have been glad of any excuse to return at the

same instant to the hotel. I had seen enough of her, and certainly had heard enough. My interest in the Thorntons was satiated. I had made up my mind that I didn't want to marry. The country was not so charming as I had anticipated. I very much preferred the town.—*Coupon Bonds.*

THE VAGABONDS.*

We are two travellers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog. Come hither, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!—

Over the table—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you—

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for the strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink;

Roger and I are exceedingly moral.
Aren't we, Roger? See him wink!

Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head:

What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that is said,
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,

I've been so badly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

But he sticks by me through thick and thin ;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thankless master !
No, sir—see him wag his tail and grin !
By George ! it makes my old eyes water !
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter.

We'll have some music if you're willing,
And Roger (hem ! what a plague a cough is, sir !)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain !
Stand straight ! 'Bout face ! Salute your officer !
Put up that paw ! Dress ! Take your rifle !
(Some dogs have arms, you see !) Now hold
Your cap, while the gentleman gives a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March ! Halt ! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that's five ; he's mighty knowing.
The night's before us, fill the glasses !
Quick, sir ! I'm ill—my brain is going !
Some brandy !—thank you !—there—it passes !

“ Why not reform ? ”—That's easily said ;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform ;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,

A dear girl's love—— But I took to drink—
 The same old story ; you know how it ends.
 If you could have seen these classic features—
 You needn't laugh, sir ; they were not then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures ;
 I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
 Whose head was happy on this breast,
 If you could have heard the songs I sung
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't have
 guessed
 That ever I, sir, should be straying
 From door to door with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing
 To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since—a parson's wife :
 'Twas better for her that we should part—
 Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
 “ I have seen her ? ”—Once. I was weak and spent ;
 On the dusty road a carriage stopped ;
 But little she dreamed, as on she went,
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me to talking, sir : I'm sorry ;
 It makes me wild to think of the change !
 What do you care for a beggar's story ?
 Is it amusing ? You find it strange ?
 I had a mother so proud of me !
 'Twas well she died before—— Do you know
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
 This pain, then Roger and I will start.
 I wonder has he has such a lumpish, leaden,
 Aching thing in place of a heart ?
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
 No doubt, remembering things that were—
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming—
You rascal, limber your lazy feet !
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink :—
The sooner the better for Roger and me !

DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

In the low-rafterd garret, stooping
Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping
Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards ;
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid
Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid
The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
There the ancestral cards and hatchel ;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,
Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
Of the chimney, where, with swifts and reel,
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,
Stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
A part of her girlhood's little world ;
Her mother is there by the window, stitching ;
Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled
With many a click : on her little stool
She sits, a child, by the open door,
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool
Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor.

Her sisters are spinning all day long ;
To her wakening sense the first sweet warning
Of daylight come is the cheerful song
To the hum of the wheel in the early morning.

Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
On his way to school, peeps in at the gate ;
In neat white pinafore, pleased and coy,
She reaches a hand to her bashful mate ;

And under the elms, a prattling pair,
Together they go, through glimmer and gloom—
It all comes back to her, dreaming there
In the low-raftered garret-room ;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,
The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,
Are all in her memory linked together ;
And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread from the spindle-tip,
Stretching it out and winding it in,
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
Singing she goes, and her heart is full,
And many a long-drawn, golden thread
Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
Puffing his pipe by the chimney-side ;
Through curling clouds his kindly face
Glow upon her with love and pride.
Lulled by the wheel, in the old arm-chair
Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful, drooping head, and hair
Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,
They have followed her sisters from the door ;
Now they are old, and she is their idol—
It all comes back on her heart once more.
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,
The wheel is set by the shadowy wall—
A hand at the latch,—'tis lifted lightly,
And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed ; the old man tips
The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit ;

Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,
And tells his story, and joints his *flute* :
Oh, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter !
They fill the hour with a glowing tide ;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part :
Oh, then the weary, weary days !
Ever with restless, wretched heart,
Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road ; and early and late
She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault ? Oh, Benjie, and could you steel
Your thoughts toward one who loved you so ?—
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
In duty and love that lighten woe ;
Striving with labor, not in vain,
To drive away the dull day's dreariness ;
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud and petted and spoiled was she :
A word, and all her life is changed !
His wavering love too easily
In the great, gay city grows estranged :
One year : she sits in the old church pew ;
A rustle, a murmur—Oh, Dorothy ! hide
Your face and shut from your soul the view—
'Tis Benjie leading a white-veiled bride !

Now father and mother have long been dead,
And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,
And a bent old man with grizzled head
Walks up the long, dim aisle alone.
Years blur to a mist ; and Dorothy
Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems,
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,
That meets her there in that haunt of dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,
Sought by many a youthful adorer,
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,
Shining an endless vista before her !
Old Maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,
Groping under the farm-house eaves—
And life was a brief November day
That sets on a world of withered leaves !

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
Is better at last than proud success,
And patience and love in a chastened heart
Are pearls more precious than happiness ;
And in that morning when she shall wake
To the spring-time freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.





TRUMBULL, JOHN, an American lawyer and poet, born at Watertown, Conn., April 24, 1750; died at Detroit, Mich., May 10, 1831. His father was a Congregational clergyman, who taught his precocious son with such success that at the age of seven he was pronounced, after due examination, fitted for admission to Yale College. He did not, however, enter until four years later, graduating at seventeen, standing first in his class; he remained at the college three years as a resident graduate, and in 1772 he and Timothy Dwight were elected tutors. In the meantime he studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1773, but was subsequently for a time a student in the office of John Adams at Boston. During this time he published *An Elegy on the Times*, a poem of sixty-eight stanzas, which glorifies the non-consumption of foreign commodities. He had previously put forth *The Progress of Dulness*, a satirical poem which contains some clever passages. After the close of the war Trumbull took up his residence at Hartford, and engaged successfully in the practice of his profession, also being one of the writers of *The Anarchiad*, a series of newspaper articles aimed at the irregularities of the times. He held, at various times, posts of honor; and in 1801 was made one of the judges of the Superior Court of the State, retaining the position until 1825, when he removed to Detroit, where his daughter resided.

Trumbull's chief poem is *McFingal*, the first three cantos of which were composed about 1775. The hero of the poem is the Tory squire, McFingal, who becomes obnoxious to the patriots, and receives a coat of tar and feathers, which has the effect of greatly changing his views of the future prospects of the colonies. Much of the poem is occupied with the heated debates in the Town-Meeting, held to deliberate upon the affairs of the time.

THE TOWN-MEETING.

And now the town was summoned greeting,
 To grand parading of Town-Meeting ;
 A show that strangers might appall
 As Rome's grave Senate did the Gaul.
 High o'er the rout, on pulpit stairs,
 Like den of thieves in house of prayers
 (That house which, loath a rule to break,
 Served heaven but one day in the week,
 Open the rest for all supplies
 Of news and politics and lies),
 Stood forth the Constable, and bore
 His staff, like Mercury's wand of yore,
 Waved potent round, the peace to keep,
 As that laid dead men's souls to sleep.
 Above, and near the Hermetic staff,
 The Moderator's upper half
 In grandeur o'er the cushion bowed,
 Like Sol, half-seen behind a cloud.
 Beneath stood voters of all colors.
 Whigs, Tories, orators, and bawlers,
 With every tongue in either faction
 Prepared, like minute-men, for action ;
 Where truth and falsehood, wrong and right,
 Draw all their legions out to fight.
 With equal uproar scarcely rave
 Opposing winds in Æolus's cave ;
 Such dialogues, with earnest face,
 Held never Balaam with his ass.

The Town-Meeting breaks up at nightfall, without having come to any definite decision. But before long the Whigs proceed to erect a lofty Liberty-pole, around which a great crowd assembles. Squire McFingal, backed by the Constable and a swarm of Tories, attempts to disperse the Whigs. A scrimmage ensues in which the Tories get the worst of it, and take to their heels; but the Squire and the Constable are caught.

DEALING WITH THE CONSTABLE.

When now the Mob in lucky hour
Had got their enemies in their power,
They first proceed, by wise command,
To take the Constable in hand.
Then from the pole's sublimest top
They speeded to let down the rope ;
At once its other end in haste bind,
And make it fast upon his waistband,
Till like the earth, as stretched on tenter,
He hung self-balanced on his centre,
Then upwards all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him like a keg of ale,
Till to the pinnacle so fair
He rose like meteor in the air,
As Socrates of old at first did
To aid Philosophy get hoisted,
And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,
Swung on a basket in mid air.
Our culprit, thus to purer sky,
With like advantage raised his eye ;
And looking forth in prospect wide
His Tory errors clearly spied.

THE TAR-AND-FEATHERING OF MCFINGAL.

Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck
With haltered noose McFingal's neck ;
While he, in peril of his soul,
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole ;

Then lifting high the ponderous jar,
 Poured o'er his head the smoking tar.
 With less profusion erst was spread
 The Jewish oil on royal head,
 That down his beard and vestments ran,
 And covered all his outward man.
 His flowing wig, as next the brim,
 First met and drank the sable stream ;
 Adown his visage stern and grave
 Rolled and adhered the viscid wave,
 With arms depending as he stood,
 Each cuff capacious holds the flood ;
 From nose and chin's remotest end
 The tarry icicles depend ;
 Till all o'erspread, with colors gay
 He glittered to the western ray,
 Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
 Or Lapland idol carved in ice.

Then high the feather-bag displayed
 Is waved in triumph o'er his head,
 And spreads him o'er with feathers missive
 And down upon the tar adhesive :
 Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
 Such plumes around his visage wears ;
 Nor Milton's six-winged angel gathers
 Such superfluity of feathers.
 Till all complete appears our Squire
 Like Gorgon or Chimæra dire ;
 Nor more could boast, on Plato's plan,
 To rank amid the race of man,
 Or prove his claim to human nature
 As a two-legged, unfeathered creature.

—*McFingal, Canto III.*

THE RIDE THROUGH THE TOWN.

Then on the two-wheeled car of state
 They raised our grand Duumvirate,
 And as at Rome a like committee,
 That found an owl within the city,
 With solemn rites and sad processions,
 At every shrine performed lustrations ;

And lest infection should abound
From prodigy with face so round,
All Rome attends him through the street,
In triumph to his country seat ;
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our feathered Squire.
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage-bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels ;
Behind, the crowd in lengthened row,
With grave procession closed the show ;
And at fit periods every throat
Combined in universal shout,
And hailed great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawled "Confusion to the Tories !"
Thus having borne them round the town,
Last at the pole they set them down,
And toward the tavern take their way,
To end in mirth the festal day.

With Canto III. the poem originally closed. The Revolution had not yet broken into actual hostilities. Canto IV. was written after the war was brought to a virtual close by the surrender of Cornwallis. The poet goes back to the meeting of the Tories summoned by McFingal just after the tar-and-feathering, who in vision beholds all the great events which were to transpire. He ends his narrative with an unwilling prognostication of the future glory of America—like Balaam blessing, where he was intent upon cursing.

THE DUNCE'S REFUGE.

Our hero's wit and learning now may
Be proved by token of diploma,
Of that diploma, which with speed
He learns to construe and to read ;

And stalks abroad with conscious stride,
In all the airs of pedant pride,
With passport sign'd for wit and knowledge
And current under seal of college.

Few months now past, he sees with pain
His purse as empty as his brain ;
His father leaves him then to fate,
And throws him off, as useless weight ;
But gives him good advice, to teach
A school at first and then to preach.

Thou reasons't well ; it must be so ;
For nothing else thy son can do.
As thieves of old, t' avoid the halter,
Took refuge in the holy altar,
Oft dulness, flying from disgrace,
Finds safety in that sacred place ;
There boldly rears his head, or rests
Secure from ridicule or jests ;
Where dreaded satire may not dare
Offend his wig's extremest hair ;
Where Scripture sanctifies his strains,
And reverence hides the want of brains.

Next see our youth at school appear,
Procured for forty pounds a year ;
His ragged regiment round assemble,
Taught, not to read, but fear and tremble.
Before him rods prepare his way,
Those dreaded antidotes to play.
Then throned aloft in elbow chair,
With solemn face and awful air,
He tries, with ease and unconcern,
To teach what ne'er himself could learn ;
Gives law and punishment alone,
Judge, jury, bailiff, all in one ;
Holds all good learning must depend
Upon his rod's extremest end,
Whose great electric virtue's such,
Each genius brightens at the touch ;
With threats and blows, incitements pressing,
Drives on his lads to learn each lesson ;
Thinks flogging cures all moral ills,
And breaks their heads to break their wills.

The year is done ; he takes his leave ;
The children smile ; the parents grieve ;
And seek again, their school to keep,
One just as good and just as cheap.

Now to some priest, that's famed for teaching,
He goes to learn the art of preaching ;
And settles down with earnest zeal
Sermons to study, and to steal.
Six months from all the world retires
To kindle up his covered fires ;
Learns, with nice art, to make with ease
The Scriptures speak whate'er he please ;
With judgment, unperceived to quote
What Pool explain'd, or Henry wrote ;
To give the Gospel new editions,
Split doctrines into propositions,
Draw motives, uses, inferences,
And tortured words in thousand senses ;
Learn the grave style and goodly phrase,
Safe handed down from Cromwell's days,
And shun, with anxious care, the while,
The infection of a modern style ;
Or on the wings of folly fly
Aloft in metaphysic sky ;
The system of the world explain,
Till night and chaos come again ;
Deride what old divines can say,
Point out to heaven a nearer way ;
Explode, all known, establish'd rules,
Affirm our fathers all were fools,
The present age is growing wise,
But wisdom in her cradle lies ;
Late, like Minerva, born and bred,
Not from a Jove's, but scribbler's head,
While thousand youths their homage lend her,
And nursing fathers rock and tend her.
Round him much manuscript is spread,
Extracts from living works, and dead,
Themes, sermons, plans of controversy,
That hack and mangle without mercy,
And whence, to glad the reader's eyes,
The future dialogue shall rise.

At length, matured the grand design,
He stalks abroad a grave divine.

Meanwhile, from every distant seat,
At stated time the clergy meet.
Our hero comes, his sermon reads,
Explains the doctrines of his creeds,
A license gains to preach and pray,
And makes his bow and goes his way.

What though his wits could ne'er dispense
One page of grammar, or of sense ;
What though his learning be so slight
He scarcely knows to spell or write ;
What though his skull be cudgel-proof,
He's orthodox, and that's enough.

—*From The Progress of Dulness.*

A TIME-WORN BELLE.

Poor Harriet now hath had her day ;
No more the beaux confess her sway ;
New beauties push her from her stage ;
She trembles at th' approach of age,
And starts to view the alter'd face,
That wrinkles at her in her glass :
So Satan, in the monk's tradition,
Fear'd when he met his apparition.

At length her name each coxcomb cancels
From standing lists of toasts and angels ;
And, slighted where she shone before,
A grace and goddess now no more,
Despised by all, and doom'd to meet
Her lovers at her rival's feet,
She flies assemblies, shuns the ball,
And cries out, Vanity ! on all ;
Affects to scorn the tinsel-shows
Of glittering belles and gaudy beaux ;
Nor longer hopes to hide by dress
The tracks of age upon her face.
Now careless grown of airs polite,
Her noonday night-cap meets the sight ;
Her hair uncomb'd collects together,
With ornaments of many a feather :

Her stays for easiness thrown by,
Her rumpled handkerchief awry,
A careless figure half undress'd
(The reader's wits may guess the rest);
All points of dress and neatness carried
As though she'd been a twelve-month married;
She spends her breath, as years prevail,
At this sad, wicked world to rail,
To slander all her sex impromptu,
And wonder what the times will come to.

—*From The Progress of Dulness.*

PRECEPT OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

At the age of nine or ten a circumstance occurred which deserves to be written on adamant. In the wars of New England with the aborigines, the Mohegan tribe of Indians early became friends of the English. Their favorite ground was on the bank of the river (now the Thames) between New London and Norwich. A small remnant of the Mohegans still exists, and they are sacredly protected in the possession and enjoyment of their favorite domain on the banks of the Thames. The government of this tribe had become hereditary in the family of the celebrated chief Uncas. During the time of my father's mercantile prosperity, he had employed several Indians of this tribe in hunting animals, whose skins were valuable for their fur. Among these hunters was one named Zachary, of the royal race, an excellent hunter, but as drunken and worthless an Indian as ever lived. When he had somewhat passed the age of fifty, several members of the royal family who stood between Zachary and the throne of his tribe died, and he found himself with only one life between him and empire. In this moment his better genius resumed its sway, and he reflected seriously: "How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be the chief of this honorable race—what will my people say—and how will the shade of my noble ancestors look down, indignant, upon such a base successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink no more!" He solemnly resolved never again to taste any drink but water, and he kept his resolution.

I had heard this story, and did not entirely believe it; for, young as I was, I already partook in the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony was held at Hartford, the capital; my father attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated about midway in the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election, and dining with his brother governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family was seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief—"Zachary, this beer is excellent; will you taste it?" The old man dropped his knife and fork, leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression; his black eye, sparkling with indignation, was fixed on me. "John," said he, "you do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy. Do you not know that I am an Indian? I tell you that I am, and that, if I should but taste your beer, I could never stop until I got to rum, and become again the drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt any man to break a good resolution." Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept—Demosthenes could not have given it in more solemn tones of eloquence. I was thunder-struck. My parents were deeply affected; they looked at each other, at me, and at the venerable old Indian, with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterward frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. Zachary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal burial-place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on land now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and there repeated to myself his inestimable lesson.



TUCKERMAN, HENRY THEODORE, an American essayist, literary critic, and poet, born in Boston, Mass., April 20, 1813; died in New York, December 17, 1871. His health in youth was delicate, and he never entered upon any regular profession, but devoted himself to general culture in art and literature, spending several years in Italy. He contributed much in prose and verse to periodicals, many of his works having first appeared in that form. Among his works are *The Italian Sketch Book* (1835); *Isabel; or, Sicily, a Pilgrimage* (1839); *Thoughts on the Poets* (1846); *The Characteristics of Literature* (1849); *The Optimist* (1850); *The Spirit of Poetry* (1851); *Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer* (1853); *Essays, Biographical and Critical* (1857); *America and Her Commentators* (1864); *The Criterion* (1866); *Book of the Artists* (1868); *Life of John Pendleton Kennedy* (1871).

"At one time Tuckerman was considered the first of American essayists," says John S. Hart, in *A Manual of American Literature*. "He can scarcely be said to occupy that high position at present. Not that his style of writing has degenerated; it is pleasing as it ever was. But it has been surpassed in depth and originality of thought by Whipple, and still more by Lowell. Tuckerman's style is marked by ease and by delicate discrimination rather than by strength."

COMRADESHIP WITH AUTHORS.

Some of the fondest illusions of our student-life and companionship were based on literary fame. The only individuals of the male gender who then seemed to us worthy of admiration and sympathy were authors. . . .

We used continually to see, in fancy, Petrarch, beside a fountain, under a laurel, with the sweet *penseroso* look visible in his portraits—Dante, in the corridor of a monastery, his palm laid on a friar's breast, and his stern features softened as he craved the only blessing life retained for him—*peace*; rustic Burns, with his dark eye proudly meeting the curious stare of an Edinburgh coterie; Camöens breasting the waves, with the *Lusiad* between his teeth; Johnson, appalling Boswell, with his emphatic "Sir!"; Milton, his head like that of a saint encircled with rays, seated at the organ; Shakespeare, walking serenely and with a benign and majestic countenance, beside the Avon; Steele, jocosely presiding at table, with liveried bailiffs to pass the dishes; the bright face of Pope looming up from his deformed body in the cool twilight of a grotto; Voltaire's sneer withering an author through a cloud of snuff; Molière, reading his new comedy to the old woman; Landor, standing in the ilex-path of a Tuscan villa; Savage, asleep on a bench at midnight in one of the London parks; Dryden, seated in oracular dignity in his coffee-house arm-chair; Metastasio, comparing notes with a handsome *prima donna* at Vienna; Alfieri, with a magnificent steed in the midst of the Alps; Swift, stealing an interview with Miss Johnson, or chuckling over a chapter of *Gulliver*;—the funeral pyre of Shelley lighting up a solitary crag on the shores of the Mediterranean; Byron, with marble brow and rolling eye, guiding the helm of a storm-tossed boat on the Lake of Geneva. Such were only a few of the *tableaux* that haunted our imagination.

In our passion for native authors we revered the memory of Brockden Brown, and detected in his romantic studies the germs of the supernatural school

of fiction. We nearly suffocated ourselves in the crowded gallery of the old church at Cambridge, listening to Sprague's Phi Beta Kappa poem; and often watched the spiritual figure of the "Idle Man"; and gazed on the white locks of our venerable painter, with his "Monaldi" and "Paint King" vividly remembered. We wearied an old friend of Brainard's by making him repeat anecdotes of the poet; and have spent hours in the French coffee-house which Halleck once frequented, eliciting from him criticisms, anecdotes, or recitations of Campbell. New Haven people that came in our way were obliged to tell us all they could remember of the vagaries of Percival, and the elegant hospitalities of Hillhouse. We have followed Judge Hopkinson through the rectangular streets of his native metropolis, with the tune of "Hail Columbia" humming in our ears; and kept a curious eye on Howard Payne through a whole evening party, fondly cognizant of "Sweet Home."

Beaumont and Fletcher were our Damon and Pythias. The memorable occurrence of our childhood was the advent of a new *Waverley Novel*, and of our youth a fresh *Edinburgh Review*. We loved plum-color because poor Goldy was vain of his coat of that hue; and champagne partly because Schiller used to drink it when writing. We saved orange-peel because the author of *The Rambler* liked it; and put ourselves on a course of tar-water, in imitation of Berkeley. Roast-pig had a double relish for us after we had read Elia's dissertation thereon. We associated gold-fish and china-jars with Gray; skulls with Dr. Young; the leap of a sturgeon in the Hudson with Drake's *Culprit Fay*; pine-trees with Ossian; stained-glass windows with Keats, who set one in immortal verse; fortifications with Uncle Toby; literary breakfasts with Rogers; water-fowl with Bryant; foundlings with Rousseau; letter-writing with Madame de Sévigné; bread-and-butter with the author of *Werther*; daisies with Burns, and primroses with Wordsworth.

Mrs. Thrale's acceptance of Piozzi was a serious trouble to our minds; and whether "little Burney" would be happy with her noble *émigré* was a problem that made us really anxious until the second part of her

Diary was procurable, and relieved our solicitude. An unpatriotic antipathy to the Pilgrim Fathers was quelled by the melodious pæan of Mrs. Hemans; and we kept vigils before a portrait of Mrs. Norton, at an artist's studio, with a chivalric desire to avenge her wrongs.—
The Criterion.

MARY.

What though the name is old and oft repeated;
 What though a thousand beings bear it now;
 And true hearts oft the gentle word have greeted;
 What though 'tis hallowed by a poet's vow?
 We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming
 Is a familiar rapture to the eye;
 And yon bright star we hail, although its coming
 Age after age hath lit the northern sky.

As starry beams o'er troubled billows stealing,
 As garden odors to the desert blown,
 In bosoms faint a gladsome hope revealing,
 Like patriot music or affection's tone;—
 Thus, thus for aye, the name of Mary spoken
 By lips or text, with magic-like control,
 The course of present thought has quickly broken,
 And stirred the fountains of my inmost soul.

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
 The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
 To my fond fancy, Mary, seem to borrow
 Celestial halos from thy gentle name.
 The Grecian artist gleaned from many faces,
 And in a perfect whole the parts combined,
 So have I counted o'er dear woman's graces
 To form the Mary of my ardent mind.

And marvel not I thus call my ideal:
 We only paint as we would have things be;
 The fanciful springs ever from the real,
 As Aphrodite rose from out the sea.
 Who smiled upon me kindly, day by day,
 In a far land where I was sad and lone?
 Whose presence now is my delight alway?
 Both angels must the same blest title own.

What spirits round my weary way are flying,
What fortunes on my future life await,
Like the mysterious hymns the winds are sighing,
Are all unknown :—in trust I bide my fate.
But if one blessing I might crave from Heaven,
'Twould be that Mary should my being cheer,
Hang o'er me when the chord of life is riven,
Be my dear household word, and my last accent **here**.

NEWPORT BEACH.

Wave after wave successively rolls on
And dies along the shore, until more loud,
One billow with concentrate force is heard
To swell prophetic, and exultant rears
A lucent form above its pioneers,
And rushes past them to the farthest goal.
Thus our unuttered feelings rise and fall,
And thought will follow thought in equal waves,
Until reflection nerves design to will,
Or sentiment o'er chance emotion reigns,
And all its wayward undulations blend
In one o'erwhelming surge!

NEWSPAPER READING—ITS USE AND ABUSE.

There is a very large class whose reading is confined to newspapers, and they manifest the wisdom of Pope's maxim about the danger of a little learning. Adopting the cant and slang phrases of the hour, and satisfied with the hasty conjectures and partial glimpses of truth that diurnal journals usually contain, they are at once superficial and dogmatic, full of fragmentary ideas and oracular commonplace. If such is the natural effect upon an undisciplined mind of exclusive newspaper reading, even the scholar, the thinker, and the man of refined taste is exposed to mental dissipation from the same cause. A celebrated French philosopher, recently deceased, remarkable for severe and efficient mental labor, told an American friend that he had not read a newspaper for four years. It is incalculable what productiveness of mind and freshness of conception are lost to the cultivated intellect by the habit of beginning the

day with newspapers. The brain, refreshed by sleep, is prepared to act genially in the morning hours; and a statistical table, prepared by an able physiologist, shows that those authors who give this period to labor most frequently attain longevity. Scott is a memorable example of the healthfulness and efficiency attending the practice. If, therefore, the student, the man of science, or the author, dissipates his mental vigor, and the nervous energy induced by a night's repose, in skimming over the countless topics of a newspaper, he is too much in relation to things in general to concentrate easily his thoughts; his mind has been diverted, and his sympathies too variously excited, to readily gather round a special theme. Those intent upon self-culture, or intellectual results, should therefore make this kind of reading a pastime, and resort to it in the intervals of more consecutive thought. There is no element of civilization that debauches the mind of our age more than the indiscriminate and exclusive perusal of newspapers. Only by consulting history, by disciplining the reasoning powers in the study of philosophy, and cherishing a true sense of the beautiful by communion with the poets—in a word, only by habitual reference to standard literature, can we justly estimate the record of the hour. There must be great examples in the mind, great principles of judgment and taste, or the immediate appeal to these qualities is ignorantly answered; whereas, the thoughtful, intelligent comments of an educated reader of journals upon the questions they discuss, the precedents he brings in view, and the facts of the past to which he refers, place the immediate in relation with the universal, and enable us to seize upon essential truth. To depend for mental recreation upon newspapers is a desperate resource; not to consult them is to linger behind the age. De Tocqueville has shown that devotion to the immediate is characteristic of republics; and this tendency is manifest in the prevalence of newspapers in the United States. They, in a great measure, supersede the demand for a more permanent native literature; they foster a taste for ephemeral topics and modes of thought, and lamentably absorb, in casual efforts, gifts

and graces of mind which, under a different order of things, would have attained not only a higher, but a lasting development. The comparative importance of newspapers among us, as materials of history, is evidenced in the fact that the constant reference to their files has induced the historical societies to propose an elaborate index to facilitate the labors of inquirers, which has been felicitously called a diving-bell for the sea of print. A list of the various journals now in existence would be found to include not only every political party and religious sect in the country, but every theory of life, every science, profession, and taste, from phrenology to dietetics, and from medicine, war, and odd-fellowship, to literature, catholicism, and sporting. Tribunals and punsters, not less than fashion and chess-players, have their printed organ. What was a subordinate element has become an exclusive feature.

It is evident that more excitement than truth, more food for curiosity than aid to reflection, more vague knowledge than actual wisdom, is thus promulgated and preserved. The harvest of the immediate is comparatively barren; and life only proves the truth of Dr. Johnson's association of intellectual dignity with the past and future. The individual, to be true to himself, must take a firm stand against the encroachments of this restless, temporary, and absorbing life of the moment represented by the newspaper; he must cleave to Memory and Hope; he must look before and after, or his mind will be superficial in its activity, and fruitless in its growth.—*The Criterion*, 1866.





TULLOCH, JOHN, a Scottish theologian, born in Perthshire in 1823 ; died at Torquay, England, February 13, 1886. He studied at St. Andrew's ; was licensed as a preacher in the Church of Scotland, and in 1854 became principal of St. Mary's College, University of St. Andrew's. Among his works are an essay on *Theism*, which gained the second Burnett prize of £500 (1855) ; *Leaders of the Reformation* (1859) ; *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy* (1872) ; *Facts of Religious Life* (1877) ; *Pascal* (1878) ; *Modern Themes in Philosophy and Religion* (1884), and *Movements of Religious Thought in Britain During the Nineteenth Century* (1885).

"The doctrine which Dr. Tulloch defends as Christianity," says Edith Simcox, in the *Academy*, "reduces itself to the personality and fatherhood of God and the existence of an immortal spirit in form, which has a curious resemblance to the 'Deism' of Shaftesbury's *Characteristics* and Pope's *Universal Prayer*."

The *Athenæum* pronounces his *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century* "a work which must be regarded as an important contribution to our literary history. . . . It fills up a gap which had long been felt to be empty. It is rich in pregnant and suggestive thought."

VARIATIONS IN CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

As some men are said to be born Platonists and some Aristotelians, so some are born Augustinians, and some Pelagians, or Arminians. These names have been strangely identified with "true" or "false" views of Christianity. What they really denote is diverse modes of Christian thinking—diverse tendencies of the Christian intellect—which repeat themselves by a law of nature. It is no more possible to make men think alike in theology than in anything else where the facts are complicated and the conclusions necessarily fallible. The history of theology is a history of "Variations": not indeed, as some have maintained, without an inner principle of movement, but with a constant repetition of oppositions underlying its necessary development. The same contrasts continually appear throughout its course, and seem never to wear themselves out. From the beginning there has always been the broader and the narrower type of thought—a St. Paul and St. John, as well as a St. Peter and St. James; the doctrine which leans to the works and the doctrine which leans to grace; the milder and the severer interpretation of human nature and of the divine dealings with it; a Clement of Alexandria, an Origen and a Chrysostom, as well as a Tertullian, an Augustine, and a Cyril of Alexandria, an Erasmus no less than a Luther, a Castalio as well as a Calvin, a Frederick Robertson as well as a John Newton.

Look at these men, and many others equally significant, on the spiritual side, as they look to God or as they work for men, how much do they resemble one another! The same divine life stirs them all. Who will undertake to settle which is the truer Christian? But look at them on the intellectual side, and they are hopelessly disunited. They lead rival forces in the march of Christian thought—forces which may yet find a point of conciliation, and which may not be so widely diverse as they seem, but whose present attitude is one of obvious hostility. Men may meet in common worship and in common work; and find themselves at one.

The same faith may breathe in their prayers, and the same love fire their hearts. But men who think can never be at one in their thoughts on the great subject of Christian revelation. They may own the same Lord, and recognize and reverence the same types of Christian character ; but they will differ so soon as they begin to define their notions of the Divine, and draw conclusions from the researches either of ancient or of modern theology. Of all the false dreams that have ever haunted humanity, none is more false than the dream of Catholic unity in this sense. It vanishes in the very effort to grasp it, and the old fissures appear within the most carefully compacted structures of dogma.—*Religion and Theology.*





TUPPER, MARTIN FARQUHAR, an English poet, born in London, July 17, 1810; died November 29, 1889. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his Master's degree and that of Doctor of Civil Law; was entered as a student of law at Lincoln's Inn, and was formally called to the bar in 1835; but, inheriting a competence, he never entered upon practice, devoting himself to literature. He published anonymously a small volume of poems in 1832. In 1839 appeared his *Geraldine*, an attempt to continue Coleridge's unfinished *Christabel*. His subsequent works were very numerous, comprising poems, tales, dramas, and essays; but none of them were more than moderately successful except the *Proverbial Philosophy*, of which three series were put forth in 1838, 1844, and 1867. The first two series had an unprecedented temporary popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. *My Life as an Author* appeared in 1886.

"Almost from the first," says George Saintsbury, "the critics and the wits waged unceasing warfare against it [*Proverbial Philosophy*]; but the public, at least for many years, bought it with avidity, and perhaps read it, so that it went through forty editions and is said to have brought in twenty thousand pounds. Nor is it at all certain that any genuine conception of its pretentious triviality had

much to do with the decay which, after many years, it, like other human things, experienced. . . . Some of his innumerable minor copies of verse attain a very fair standard of minor poetry."

THE WORDS OF WISDOM.

Few and precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter :
 To what shall their rarity be likened ? what price shall count their worth ?
 Perfect and much to be desired, and giving joy with riches ;
 No lovely thing on earth can purchase all their beauty.
 They be chance pearls, flung among the rocks by the sullen waters of Oblivion,
 Which diligence loves to gather, and hang round the neck of Memory ;
 They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the Islands of the Blessed,
 Which Thought carefully tendeth in the kindly garden of the heart ;
 They be sproutings of an harvest for Eternity, bursting through the tilth of Time ;
 Green promise of the golden wheat, that yieldeth angels' food ;
 They be drops of crystal dew, which the wings of Seraphs scatter,
 When on some brighter Sabbath their plumes quiver most with delight :
 Such, and so precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

OF PRAYER.

A wicked man scorneth prayer ; in the shallow sophistry of Reason
 He derideth the silly hope that God can be moved by supplication :
 "Can the unchangeable be changed, or waver in his purpose ?

Can the weakness of pity affect Him? Should He turn
at the bidding of Man?
Methought He ruled all things, and ye called His decrees
immutable;
But if thus He listeneth to words, where is the firmness
of His will?"
So I heard the words of the wicked; and lo, it was
smoother than oil;
But I knew that his reasonings were false, for the promise
of the Scripture is true.
Yet in my soul was darkness; for his voice was too
hard for me
Till I turned to my God in prayer—for I know that He
heareth always.
Then I looked abroad on the earth; and behold the
Lord was in all things;
Yet saw I not his hand in aught, but perceived that He
worketh by means;
Yea, and the power of the man proveth the wisdom that
ordained it;
Yea, and no act is useless, to the hurling of a stone
through the air.
So I turned my thoughts to supplication, and beheld
the mercies of Jehovah;
And I saw sound Argument was still the faithful friend
of Goodness;
For as the rock of the Affections is the solid approval
of Reason,
Even so the temple of Religion is founded on the basis
of Philosophy.

OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Shame upon thee, savage monarch-man, proud monopolist
of reason;
Shame upon creation's lord, the fierce, ensanguined
despot:
What, man! are there not enough—hunger and diseases
and fatigue—
And yet must thy goad or thy thong add another sorrow
to existence?
What! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged down
suffering and death
Vol. XXIII.—13

On the poor dumb servants of thy comfort, and yet must
thou rack them with thy spite ?
The prodigal air of creation hath gambled away his
all—
Shall he add torment to the bondage that is galling his
forfeit serfs ?
The leader in nature's pæan himself hath marred her
psaltery,
Shall he multiply the din of discord by overstraining all
the strings ?
The rebel had forfeited his stronghold, shutting in his
vassals with him—
Shall he aggravate the woes of the besieged by oppres-
sion from within—
Thou twice deformed image of thy Maker, thou hateful
representative of Love,
For very shame be merciful, be kind unto the creatures
thou hast ruined ;
Earth and her million tribes are cursed for thy sake,
Earth and her million tribes still writhe beneath thy
cruelty :
Liveth there but one among the million that shall not
bear witness against thee,
A pensioner of land or air or sea that hath not whereof
it will accuse thee ?
From the elephant toiling at a launch to the shrew-
mouse in the harvest-field,
From the whale which the harpooner hath stricken, to
the minnow caught upon a pin,
From the albatross, wearied in its flight, to the wren in
her covered nest,
From the death-moth and lace-winged dragon-fly, to the
lady-bird and the gnat,
The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding their mas-
ter cruel :
The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend ;
The ass, thine uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn
to even ;
The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the laboring ox
at plough ;
The speckled trout basking in the shallow, and the par-
tridge gleaming in the stubble,

And the stag at bay, and the worm in thy path, and the
wild bird pining in captivity,
And all things that minister alike to thy life and thy
comfort and thy pride,
Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.
Verily, they are all thine : freely may'st thou serve thee
of them all :
They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all
gratitude and kindness ;
Gratitude to their God and thine—their Father and
thy Father,
Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee with
their all :
For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying ; for burden,
but with limits of humanity ;
For luxury, but not through torture ; for draught, but
according to their strength ;
For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a
reason for exemption.
Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the
undeserved lash ;
The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a mo-
ment's respite ;
The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out
his spirit at the goal ;
Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil,
If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them
to remembrance :
Behold, he is faint with hunger ; the big tear standeth
in his eye ;
His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath
his burden ;
His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their
vigor,
And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth
unequally with toil ;
Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the
crushing blow ;
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings—the
generous brute is dead !
Liveth there no advocate for him ? no judge to avenge
his wrongs ?

No voice that shall be heard in his defence ? no sentence to be passed on his oppressor ?
Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically for him ;
Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indignation at his woes ;
Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon the cruel ;
Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their own exceeding punishment.
The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth by on the other side,
And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is damned.





TURGENIEFF, IVAN SERGEYEVICH, a celebrated Russian novelist, born at Orel, November 9, 1818; died at Bougival, near Paris, September 3, 1883. He was educated at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. For a time he filled a clerkship in the Ministry of the Interior. Banished to the provinces on account of his progressive opinions, he was permitted to return, but after that resided for the most part in Paris. By him the term "Nihilist" was first used in its political sense. In 1843-44, he put forth several books of poetry. Among his other volumes are *Memoirs of a Sportsman* (2 vols., 1852); *Fathers and Sons* (1862); *Smoke* (1867); *Liza*, *On the Eve*, *Dimitri Rudin*, *Journal of a Useless Man*, *A Lear of the Steppe*, *Spring Floods*, *The Unfortunate One*, *Virgin Soil*, *First Love*, and *Assya*. His name is variously spelled—Turgenieff, Turgeneff, etc.

"In its way," says William Dean Howells, "Turgenieff's method is as far as art can go. That is to say, his fiction is to the last degree dramatic. The persons are sparsely described and briefly accounted for, and then they are left to transact their affair, whatever it is, with the least possible comment or explanation from the author. The effect flows naturally from their characters, and when they have done or said a thing, you conjecture why as unerringly as you would if they were people

whom you knew outside of a book. I had already conceived of the possibility of this from Björnson, who practises the same method, but I was still too sunken in the gross darkness of English fiction to rise to a full consciousness of its excellence. When I remembered the deliberate and impertinent moralizing of Thackeray, the clumsy exegesis of George Eliot, the knowing nods and winks of Charles Reade, the stage carpentering and lime-lighting of Dickens, even the fine and important analysis of Hawthorne, it was with a joyful astonishment that I realized the great art of Turgenieff."

RETURN TO FIRST LOVE.

I once entered the hut of a peasant-woman who had just lost her only son; to my great surprise, I found her calm, almost cheerful. "Do not wonder," said her husband, who doubtless noticed the impression made upon me; "she now is ossified." Litvinof was thus "ossified"—a perfect calm had taken possession of him during the first few hours of his journey. Entirely worn out, almost unconscious, he was yet alive, after all the pain and torture of the last week, after all the blows that had fallen, one after another, upon him. He was not one who could, with impunity, receive such blows.

He had now no plan before him; he tried to drive all thought from his mind; he was going to Russia because he must go somewhere; but he had no object in going thither. He had lost all sense of his own individuality; he took no notice of his own acts. It seemed to him sometimes as though he were carrying about with him his dead body; it was only a painful sense of hopeless grief that convinced him he was still alive. Sometimes it seemed impossible to him that a woman, that passion, could have so influenced him. . . .

"What shameful weakness!" he murmured, and throwing back his cloak, he settled himself more comfortably in his seat. He must now begin a new life. he

thought. A moment more, and he was smiling bitterly, astonished at himself. He looked out of the window. It was an unpleasant day; it did not rain, but the fog was dense and low clouds covered the sky. The train was moving against the wind; clouds of smoke, now light, now dark, rolled by the window. Litvinof watched these clouds. Ceaselessly they rose and fell, clinging to the grass and bushes, stretching themselves out, melting in the damp air, or whirling about in eddies, ever changing, yet ever the same. Sometimes the wind changed, or the road made a turn, then all this mass of vapor would suddenly disappear, only to be seen again immediately, on the other side, and, in an interminable cloud, hide from view the valley of the Rhine.

Litvinof continued to gaze in silence; an odd fancy had taken possession of him. He was alone in the carriage: there was no one to listen to him. "Smoke! smoke!" he kept repeating to himself, and suddenly all the past seemed like smoke to him: his whole life, his life in Russia; all that was human, but chiefly all that was Russian in his experience. "All was but smoke and vapor," he thought; "everything is constantly changing, one shape resolves itself into another, one event succeeds another, but in reality everything remains the same. There is much stir and confusion, but all these clouds vanish at last without leaving any trace, without having accomplished anything. The wind changes its direction, they pass to the other side and then continue their feverish and fruitless motion." He remembered what had taken place during the last few years, and how great had been the tumult and excitement. . . . "Smoke," he muttered; "smoke." He remembered the noisy and disorderly discussions in Goubaref's room, and the disputes which he had heard between other persons, of high and low degree, radical and conservative, old and young. . . .

"Smoke!" he repeated; "smoke and vapor!" He thought finally of the famous picnic, of the speeches and arguments of the statesmen there, and also of Potoughine's long disquisitions.

"Smoke! smoke!" he cried, "and nothing more." Then his own efforts, his desires, his trials, and his

dreams all came before his mind. The memory of these served only to provoke a gesture of discouragement.

Meanwhile the train was rushing on. Rastadt, Karlsruhe, and Bruchsal were already far behind him; on the right the mountains retreated in the distance, then approached again, but they were now less lofty and not covered with trees as before. The train made a short turn; they were at Heidelberg. The carriage glided into the station; the news-dealers began to cry all kinds of papers, even those of Russian origin. Many of the travellers stepped out upon the platform and walked about, but Litvinof did not leave his place; he was sitting there with his head bowed down. . . .

During the night he passed through Cassel. As the twilight deepened into darkness, an intolerable agony preyed like a vulture at his heart. He began to weep, with his head buried in one corner of the carriage. His tears flowed for a long time, without, however, affording him any relief.

During this time, in a hotel at Cassel, Tatiana was lying on a bed, burning with fever; Capitoline Markovna was standing near her.

"Tania," she said to her, "do let me send a telegram to Gregory Mikhailovitch; do let me, Tania."

"No, aunt," she answered, "you must not. Do not be frightened. Give me some water; I shall soon be better."

In fact, a week afterward, she had quite recovered, and the aunt and niece proceeded on their journey.

.

Without stopping either at St. Petersburg or Moscow, Litvinof returned to his humble home. He was startled when he first saw his father, he appeared so old and broken down. The old man, on seeing his son again, was as much delighted as one so near the close of life could be. He hastened to give him charge of his affairs, which were in great disorder, and, after a few weeks of sickness and pain, passed quietly away. Litvinof now was left alone in the old family home; he began to improve his lands, with an aching heart, with-

out any liking for his work, without hope, without money. The management of an estate in Russia is no pleasant task, as too many of us know. We will not therefore enter too minutely into the difficulties which Litvinof encountered. It was impossible for him to introduce improvements and reforms ; the application of that knowledge which he had acquired in foreign countries had to be indefinitely postponed ; necessity compelled him to live as he could from day to day, and to make all manner of concessions, both material and moral. The new order of things worked badly, the old forms had lost their strength ; inexperience had to struggle with dishonesty and fraud. The old institutions had no sustaining power, they were breaking asunder like our vast, mossy marshes : only that noble word, " Liberty ! " pronounced by the Czar, floated over them, as the spirit of God once moved upon the face of the waters. It was necessary, above all else, to have patience, not passive, but diligent, persistent, and indomitable patience. This was doubly painful to Litvinof, in the state of mind in which he found himself. Life had few attractions for him . . . could labor, then, present him any ?

A year passed by, a second followed it, the third had already begun its course. The grand thought of emancipation was commencing to produce its fruits, to influence the customs of the people. The seed that had been sown had sprouted and appeared above the ground and could now no more be trampled on by either an open or a secret enemy. Although Litvinof finally rented to the peasants the greater portion of his land on shares, and although this land was all cultivated in the primitive manner, yet he met with some success. He started his manufactory, worked a small farm with five free laborers whom he had finally selected after trying forty, and paid off his heaviest debts. His natural powers returned to him ; he began to look like himself again.

During all this time a feeling of deep sadness remained with him : he was leading a life which ill accorded with his years ; he had shut himself up within a narrow circle, but he no longer exhibited his former indifference to everything about him ; he walked among

men like a living man. The last traces of the charm under whose influence he had fallen had also disappeared ; and all that had taken place at Baden now seemed to him like a dream. And Irene . . . her image, too, had paled away and vanished ; only something vaguely dangerous was dimly outlined through the mist which concealed it. He rarely had news of Tatiana ; he only knew that she was with her aunt at her home, which was some distance from her own family estates ; that she lived there quietly, going out but little and receiving few visitors ; also that she was enjoying excellent health.

One fine May morning he was seated in his study, carelessly glancing over the last number of a paper from St. Petersburg, when his servant announced the arrival of his uncle. This uncle, a cousin of Capitoline Markovna, had just been making her a visit. He had bought an estate in Litvinof's neighborhood and was about taking possession of it. He remained several days with his nephew, and talked much with him concerning Tatiana.

On the day after his departure, Litvinof wrote to his cousin, for the first time since their separation. He asked permission to open a correspondence with her, and also stated that he hoped some time to meet her again. He waited her answer with great anxiety. . . . It came at last. Tatiana replied in a friendly manner. " If you are thinking of making us a visit," she said in closing, " we shall be very happy to see you at any time." Capitoline Markovna also sent him her regards. Litvinof evinced an almost childish joy ; it was a long, long time since his heart had before beaten so gayly. Everything seemed bright and cheerful to him. When the sun rises and drives away the darkness of the night, a light breeze passes over the earth's bosom, reviving all nature with its cooling breath. Litvinof felt thus strengthened and rejoiced, by some mysterious influence. He was all smiles that day, even when overseeing his laborers and giving them their orders. He immediately began to prepare for the journey, and two weeks later was on his way to visit Tatiana. . . .

While the postilion was thus talking, Litvinof could

not take his eyes from the little house. A lady dressed in white appeared on the piazza, looked out as though watching for someone, then disappeared again.

"Was it not Tatiana?"

His heart was beating violently.

"Faster! faster!" he cried to the postilion.

The postilion whipped up his horses. A few minutes more. . . . and the carriage passed through an open gate. On the piazza he saw Capitoline Markovna running to meet him. Out of breath, her face red with excitement, she cried out, "I knew you, I knew you first! It was you! it was you! I knew you!"

Litvinof leaped to the ground lightly, without giving the little Cossack time to open the door for him, and hurriedly kissing Capitoline Markovna, rushed into the house, ran through the hall and dining-room . . . and found himself face to face with Tatiana. She was looking on him with a kind and gentle glance (she had grown a little thinner, which did not at all detract from her appearance), and holding out to him her hand. He did not take it, but fell on his knees before her. She had not expected this and knew not what to say or do. Tears came to her eyes; she was frightened, but at the same time, there was an expression of joy upon her face.

"What is this, Gregory Mikhailovitch?" she said at last.

He was kissing the hem of her dress, recalling with a happy, contrite heart, how before at Baden he had thus fallen at her feet. But then and now!

"Tania," he cried, "Tania, can you forgive me?"

"Aunt, aunt, what does this mean?" she cried, turning toward Capitoline Markovna, who had just entered the room.

"Leave him alone, Tatiana," answered the good old lady; "do you not see he has repented?"





TURNER, CHARLES TENNYSON, an English poet and divine, born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, July 4, 1808; died at Cheltenham, April 25, 1879. He was an elder brother of the poet-laureate Tennyson, and third son of George Clayton Tennyson, rector of Somersby and other Lincolnshire parishes. He was educated at the Louth Grammar School and at Trinity College, Oxford, where he was noted for his classical attainments. In 1835 he became vicar of Grasby; and here he spent the greater part of his life, beloved and esteemed for his faithfulness as a clergyman and as a neighbor. In 1836 he married Louisa Sellwood, the youngest daughter of Henry Sellwood, of Peasmore, in Berkshire, afterward a solicitor of Horncastle, Lincolnshire. This lady's mother was a sister of Sir John Franklin; and her eldest sister was the wife of the poet-laureate. In 1835 Charles Tennyson inherited of his great-uncle, Rev. Samuel Turner, the Grasby living and Cais-tor House; and thereupon, by royal license, he assumed the name of Turner. He was joint author, with his brother Alfred, of a volume of juvenile poems published in 1827 under the title *Poems by Two Brothers*. His other works include *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* (1830); *Sonnets* (1864); *Small Tableaux* (1868); *Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations*

(1873); *Collected Sonnets, Old and New* (1880). An article from his pen, entitled *My Timepiece*, was published in *Good Words* in 1870; and several of his poetical pieces first appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Leigh Hunt, in the *Tatler* (though not personally acquainted with either of the brothers) welcomed the *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* with the liveliest delight, as superior to anything he had seen "since the last volume of Keats;" as a book which entitled its writer to "take his stand at once among the first poets of the day;" a book in which the readers of Spenser and Chaucer would at once find themselves "in a new district of their old territory, and feel, in turning the first leaf, as if they closed the portal behind them, and were left alone with nature and a new friend." And the margins of Coleridge's copy overflowed with applausive comments in his own handwriting.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S DREAM.

'Twas the half-year's last day, a festal one ;
Light tasks and feast and sport, hoop, cricket, kite,
Employed us fully, till the summer night
Stole o'er the roofs of happy Alderton.
Homer in-doors, and field games out of school,
Made medley of my dreams ; for, when I slept,
The quaintest vision o'er my fancy swept,
That ever served the lordship of misrule :
Our hoops through gods and heroes ran a-muck ;
Our kites o'erhung the fleets, a public gaze !
And one wild ball the great Achilles struck—
Oh ! how he towered and lightened at the stroke !
But, tho' his formal pardon I bespoke,
I told him plainly 'twas our holidays

JOY.

Joy came from heaven, for men were mad with pain,
And sought a mansion on this earth below ;
He could not settle on the wrinkled brow,
Close-gathered to repel him, and again
Upon the cheek he sought repose in vain,
He found that pillow all too chill and cold,
Where sorrow's streams might float him from his hold,
Caught sleeping in their channel ; the eye would fain
Receive the stranger on its slippery sphere,
Where life had purer effluence than elsewhere,
But where no barrier might forbid the tear
To sweep it when it listed ; so that there
He stayed, nor could the lips his couch prepare,
Shifting untenably from smile to sneer.

A DREAM.

I dreamed—methought I stood upon a strand
Unblest with day for ages ; and despair
Had seized me, but for cooling airs that fanned
My forehead, and a voice that said " Prepare ! "
Anon I felt that dawning was at hand ;
A planet rose, whose light no cloud could mar,
And made through all the landscape, near and far,
A wild half-morning for that dreary land ;
I saw her seas come washing to the shore
In sheets of gleaming ripples, wide and fair ;
I saw her goodly rivers brimming o'er,
And from their fruitful shallows looked the star ;
And all seemed kissed with starlight ; till the beam
Of sunrise broke, and yet fulfilled my dream.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE ILIAD.

Nor, could I bring within my visual scope
The great localities old stories boast.
Would I forget thee, Troas ; whose first hope /
Of travel pointed to thy lonely coast ;
How would my quickened fancy reproduce
The incessant brazen flash of Homer's war,

And heroes moving quick their ground to choose
With spear-tops burning like the autumn star,
Along that sullen seaboard, till at length
Mine ear should thrill, my startled pulses bound,
When from the trench those two grand voices rose,
And, each involved in other, swept their foes
Before them like a storm, the wrath and strength
Of God and man conspiring to the sound.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

As on my bed I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade.
“Thanks be to Heaven!” in happy mood I said;
“What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! We are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms;
And at prime hours, behold, he follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms.”

LETTY'S GLOBE.

When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colored sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know
By tint and outline all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peeped
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers; how she leaped
And laughed and prattled in her pride of bliss!
But when we turned her sweet, unlearned eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry—
“Oh, yes! I see it; Letty's home is there!”
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

THE OCEAN.

The ocean at the bidding of the moon
Forever changes with his restless tide ;
Flung shoreward now, to be regathered soon
With kingly pauses of reluctant pride,
And semblance of return. Anon from home
He issues forth anew, high-ridged and free—
The gentlest murmur of his seething foam
Like armies whispering where great echoes be.
Oh, leave me here upon this beach to rove,
Mute listener to that sound so grand and lone !
A glorious sound, deep drawn and strongly thrown,
And reaching those on mountain heights above,
To British ears (as who shall scorn to own ?)
A tutelar fond voice, a savior tone of love.





TYLER, MOSES COIT, an American literary critic, born at Griswold, Conn., August 2, 1835. He was graduated at Yale in 1857; in 1867 he was made Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of Michigan, and in 1881 Professor of American History in Cornell University. In 1881 he took orders in the Episcopal Church. His principal works are *The Braunville Papers* (1868); *History of American Literature* (Vols. I., II., 1878); *Manual of English Literature* (1879); *Life of Patrick Henry* (1888); *History of American Literature During the Colonial Time* (1897); *The Literary History of the American Revolution* (1897).

Of his *History of American Literature*, the *Nation* says: "It is a book truly admirable both in design and in general execution; the learning is great, the treatment wise, the style fresh and vigorous. . . . Professor Tyler may almost be said to have created not only his volumes, but his theme. . . . At any rate, he has taken a whole department of human history, rescued it from oblivion, and made it henceforward a matter of deep interest to every thinking mind."

THE EARLIEST AMERICAN BOOK.

Captain John Smith became a somewhat prolific author; but while nearly all of his books have a leading reference to America, only three of them were written during the period of his residence as a colonist in

America. Only these three, therefore, can be claimed by us as belonging to the literature of our country. The first of these books, *A True Relation of Virginia*, is of deep interest to us, not only on account of its graphic style, and the strong light it throws upon the very beginning of our national history, but as being unquestionably the earliest book in American literature. It was written during the first thirteen months of the first American colony, and gives a simple and picturesque account of the stirring events which took place there during that time, under his own eye. It was probably carried to London by Captain Nelson of the good ship *Phoenix*, which sailed from Jamestown on June 2, 1608; and it was published in London and sold "at the Grayhound in Paul's Church-Yard," in the latter part of the same year. . . .

Barely hinting at the length and tediousness of the sea-voyage, the author plunges with epic promptitude into the midst of the action, by describing their arrival in Virginia, their first ungentle passages with the Indians, their selection of a place of settlement, their first civil organization, their first expedition for discovery toward the upper waters of the James River, the first formidable Indian attack upon their village, and the first return for England, two months after their arrival, of the ships that had brought them to Virginia.

Upon the departure of these ships, bitter quarrels broke out among the colonists. "Things were neither carried on with that discretion nor any business effected in such good sort as wisdom would; . . . through which disorder, God being angry with us, plagued us with such famine and sickness that the living were scarce able to bury the dead. . . . As yet we had no houses to cover us; our tents were rotten, and our cabins worse than nought. . . . The president and Captain Marten's sickness compelled me to be capemerchant, and yet to spare no pains in making houses for the company, who, notwithstanding our misery, little ceased their malice, grudging and muttering . . . being in such despair as they would rather starve and rot with idleness than be persuaded to do anything for their own relief without constraint."

But the energetic Captain had an eager passion for making tours of exploration along the coast and up the rivers ; and after telling how he procured corn from the Indians, and thus supplied the instant necessities of the starving colonists, he proceeds to relate the history of a tour of discovery made by him up the Chickahominy, on which tour happened the famous incident of his falling into captivity among the Indians. The reader will not fail to notice that in this earliest book of his, written before Powhatan's daughter, the Princess Pocahontas, had become celebrated in England, and before Captain Smith had that enticing motive for representing himself as specially favored by her, he speaks of Powhatan as full of friendliness to him ; he expressly states that his own life was in no danger at the hands of that Indian potentate ; and of course he has no situation on which to hang the romantic incident of his rescue by Pocahontas from impending death. This pretty story has now lost historical credit, and is generally given up by critical students of our early history.

Having ascended the Chickahominy about sixty miles, he took with him a single Indian guide, and pushed into the woods. Within a quarter of an hour he "heard a loud cry and a hallooing of Indians," and almost immediately he was assaulted by two hundred of them, led by Opechancanough, an under-king to the Emperor Powhatan. The valiant Captain, in a contest so unequal, certainly was entitled to a shield ; and this he rather ungenerously extemporized by seizing his Indian guide, and with his garters binding the Indian's arm to his own hand ; thus, as he coolly expresses it, "making my hind my barricado."

As the Indians still pressed toward him, Captain Smith discharged his pistol, which wounded some of his assailants, and taught them all a wholesome respect by the terror of its sound ; then, after much parley he surrendered to them, and was carried off prisoner to a place about six miles distant. There he expected to be at once put to death, but was agreeably surprised by being treated with the utmost kindness. . . .

After many days spent in travelling hither and yon with his captors, he was at last, by his own request, de-

livered up to Powhatan, the over-lord of that region. He gives a picturesque description of the barbaric state in which he was received by that potent chieftain, whom he found "proudly lying upon a bedstead a foot high, upon ten or twelve mats," the emperor himself being "richly hung with many chains of great pearls about his neck, and covered with a great covering of raccoon-skins. At his head sat a woman, at his feet another; on each side, sitting upon a mat upon the ground, were ranged his chief men on each side of the fire, ten in a rank; and behind them as many young women, each with a great chain of white beads over her shoulders, their heads painted in red; and with such a grave and majestic countenance as drove me into admiration to see such state in a naked savage. He kindly welcomed me with good words and great platters of sundry victuals, assuring me his friendship and my liberty within four days."

Thus day by day passed in pleasant discourse with his imperial host, who asked him about "the manner of our ships and sailing the seas, the earth and skies, and of our God," and who feasted him not only with continual "platters of sundry victuals," but with glowing descriptions of his own vast dominions stretching away beyond the rivers and the mountains to the land of the setting sun. . . .

"Thus having with all the kindness he could devise sought to content me, he sent me home with four men, one that usually carried my gown and knapsack after me, two others loaded with bread, and one to accompany me."

The author then gives a description of his journey back to Jamestown, where "each man with truest signs of joy" welcomed him; of his second visit to Powhatan; of various encounters with hostile and thievish Indians; and of the arrival from England of Captain Nelson in the *Phoenix*, April 20, 1608—an event which "did ravish them with exceeding joy." Late in the narrative he makes his first reference to Pocahontas, whom he speaks of as "a child of ten years old, which not only for feature, countenance, and proportion much exceedeth any of the rest of his people, but for wit and spirit the only nonpareil of his country."

After mentioning some further dealings with the Indians, he concludes the book with an account of the preparations for the return to England of Captain Nelson and his ship ; and describes those as remaining as "being in good health, all our men well contented, free from mutinies, in love one with another, and as we hope in a continual peace with the Indians, where we doubt not but by God's gracious assistance and the Adventurers' willing minds and speedy furtherance to so honorable an action, in after times to see our nation to enjoy a country not only exceeding pleasant for habitation, but also very profitable for commerce in general, no doubt pleasing to Almighty God, honorable to our gracious sovereign, and commodious generally to the whole kingdom."

Thus, with words of happy omen, ends the first book of American literature. It was not composed as a literary effort. It was meant to be merely a budget of information for the public at home, and especially for the London stockholders of the Virginia Company. Hastily, apparently without revision, it was wrought vehemently by the rough hand of a soldier and an explorer, in the pauses of a toil that was both fatiguing and dangerous, and while the incidents which he records were fresh and clinging in his memory. Probably he thought little of any rules of literary art as he wrote this book ; probably he did not think of writing a book at all. Out of the abundance of his materials, glowing with pride over what he had done in the great enterprise, eager to inspire the home-keeping patrons of the colony with his own resolute cheer, and accustomed for years to portray in pithy English the adventures of which his life was fated to be full, the bluff Captain just stabbed his paper with inken words ; he composed not a book but a big letter ; he folded it up, and tossed it upon the deck of Captain Nelson's departing ship.

But though he may have had no expectation of doing such a thing, he wrote a book that is not unworthy to be the beginning of English literature in America. It has faults enough, without doubt. Had it not these, it would have been too good for the place it occupies. The composition was extemporaneous ; there appears

in it some chronic misunderstanding between the nominatives and their verbs; now and then the words and clauses of a sentence are jumbled together in blinding heaps; but in spite of all its crudities, here is racy English, pure English, the sinewy, picturesque, and throbbing diction of the navigators and soldiers of the Elizabethan time. And although the materials of this book are not moulded in nice proportion, the story is well told. The man has an eye and a hand for that thing. He sees the essential facts of a situation, and throws the rest away; and the business moves straight forward. —*History of American Literature.*

THE NEW ENGLAND WRITERS.

Did the people of New England in their earliest age begin to produce a literature? Who can doubt it? With their incessant activity of brain, with so much both of common and of uncommon culture among them, with intellectual interests so lofty and strong, with so many outward occasions to stir their deepest passions into the same great currents, it would be hard to explain it had they indeed produced no literature. Moreover, contrary to what is commonly asserted of them, they were not without a literary class. In as large a proportion to the whole population as was then the case in the mother-country, there were in New England many men trained to the use of books, accustomed to express themselves fluently by voice and pen, and not so immersed in the physical tasks of life as to be deprived of the leisure for whatever writing they were prompted to undertake. It was a literary class made up of men of affairs, country-gentlemen, teachers, above all of clergymen; men of letters who did not depend upon letters for their bread, and who thus did their work under conditions of intellectual independence. Nor is it true that all the environments of their lives were unfriendly to literary action; indeed, for a certain class of minds those environments were extremely wholesome and stimulating. There were about them many of the tokens of the picturesque, romantic, and impressive life: the infinite solitudes of the wilderness, its mystery,

its peace; the near presence of nature, vast, potent, unassailed; the strange problems presented to them by savage character and savage life; their own escape from great cities, from crowds, from mean competitions; the luxury of having room enough; the delight of being free; the urgent interest of all the Protestant world in their undertaking; the hopes of humanity already looking thither; the coming to them of scholars, saints, statesmen, philosophers. Many of these factors in the early colonial times are such as cannot be reached by statistics, and are apt to be lost by those who merely grope on the surface of history. If our antiquarians have generally missed this view, it may reassure us to know that our greatest literary artists have not failed to see it. "New England," as Hawthorne believed, "was then in a state incomparably more picturesque than at present, or than it had been within the memory of man." That, indeed, was the beginning of "the old colonial day" which Longfellow has pictured to us,

"When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality."

For the study of literature, they turned with eagerness to the ancient classics; read them freely; quoted them with apt facility. Though their new home was but a province, their minds were not provincial; they had so stalwart and chaste a faith in the ideas which brought them to America as to think that wherever those ideas were put into practice, there was the metropolis. In the public expression of thought they limited themselves by restraints which, though then prevalent in all parts of the civilized world, now seem shameful and intolerable: the printing-press in New England during the seventeenth century was in chains. The first instrument of the craft and mystery of printing was set up at Cambridge in 1639, under the auspices of Harvard College; and for the subsequent twenty-three years the president of that college was in effect responsible for the good behavior of the terrible machine. His control of it did not prove sufficiently vigilant. The fears of the clergy were excited by the lenity that had permitted the escape into the world of certain books which tend-

ed "to open the door of heresy;" therefore, in 1662, two official licensers were appointed, without whose consent nothing was to be printed. Even this did not make the world seem safe; and two years afterward the law was made more stringent. Other licensers were appointed; excepting the one at Cambridge no printing-press was to be allowed in the colony; and if from the printing-press that was allowed anything should be printed without the permission of the licensers, the peccant engine was to be forfeited to the government and the printer himself was to be forbidden the exercise of his profession "within this jurisdiction for the time to come." But even the new licensers were not severe enough. In 1667, having learned that these officers had given their consent to the publication of "The Imitation of Christ," a book written "by a Popish minister, wherein is contained some things that are less safe to be infused amongst the people of this place," the authorities directed that the book should be returned to the licensers for "a more full revisal," and that in the meantime the printing-press should stand still. In the leading colony of New England legal restraints upon printing were not entirely removed until about twenty-one years before the Declaration of Independence.

The chief literary disadvantages of New England were that her writers lived far from the great repositories of books, and far from the central currents of the world's best thinking; that the lines of their own literary activity were few; and that, though they nourished their minds upon the Hebrew Scriptures and upon the classics of the Roman and Greek literatures, they stood aloof, with a sort of horror, from the richest and most exhilarating types of classic writing in their own tongue. In many ways their literary development was stunted and stiffened by the narrowness of Puritanism. Nevertheless, what they lacked in symmetry of culture and in range of literary movement was something which the very integrity of their natures was sure to compel them, either in themselves or in their posterity, to acquire. For the people of New England it must be said that in stock, spiritual and physical, they were well

started ; and that of such a race, under such opportunities, almost anything great and bright may be predicted. Within their souls at that time the æsthetic sense was crushed down and almost trampled out by the fell tyranny of their creed. But the æsthetic sense was still within them ; and in pure and wholesome natures such as theirs its emergence was only a matter of normal growth. They who have their eyes fixed in adoration upon the beauty of holiness are not far from the sight of all beauty. It is not permitted to us to doubt that in music, in painting, architecture, sculpture, poetry, prose, the highest art will be reached, in some epoch of its growth, by the robust and versatile race sprung from those practical idealists of the seventeenth century—those impassioned seekers after the invisible truth and beauty and goodness. Even in their times, as we shall presently see, some sparkles and prophecies of the destined splendor could not help breaking forth.—*A History of American Literature.*





TYLER, ROYALL, dramatist, poet, journalist, jurist, novelist, wit, born (probably) 1758, in Boston, Mass., in the neighborhood of Faneuil Hall; died in Brattleboro, Vt., August 16, 1826. Tyler was a graduate of Harvard College and a law-student in John Adams's office. He was of good family and his social environment was such as to bring him into contact with all the prominent figures of the war for independence; he served for a time on General Benjamin Lincoln's staff during that war, and again, in 1786, in the brief campaign that led to the suppression of Shays's rebellion, in central and western Massachusetts. The same year he visited New York City, in connection with negotiations in that affair, and while there procured the production of his comedy, *The Contrast*, April 16, 1786, at the John Street Theatre, managed by Hallam & Henry. The play was an instant success, and its author, encouraged, produced several other comedies of considerable merit; but *The Contrast* is the rock upon which Tyler's reputation as a dramatist rests with his countrymen. Perhaps this is not so much the case because of its merits as because the comedy was the first written by an American citizen and produced by an American company upon the boards of an American theatre. For, while its ruling idea was the foundation of all

"Yankee" comedy from its day, *The Contrast* was deficient in construction and hesitant in action; and neither the genuine, broad humor of its "Yankee" character nor the "smartness" of the dialogue of the conventional figures of the play (a dialogue in careful imitation of Sheridan and Goldsmith) could atone for these weaknesses.

In 1797 his *Algerine Captive; or the Life and Adventures of Dr. Updike Underhill, Six Years a Prisoner Among the Algerines*, was published. This clever book was a fictitious memoir, under cover of which the author launched his humor, satire, wisdom, and manly indignation at the foibles of American society, the horrors of the slave-trade, etc. It was marked by spirit and neatness of style, fine descriptive power, and ingenuity of thought. It had a large sale and established the author's reputation in England as well as in America.

In 1799 Tyler removed to Vermont, where he rose to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court (1800-1806), afterward practising law and compiling the *Reports of Cases in the Supreme Court of Vermont*.

About the end of the last century, Isaiah Thomas established the *Farmer's Repository*—the first American journal of belles-lettres and affairs—and Tyler was for years one of the brilliant band of literary men who made this little sheet famous. He wrote incessantly upon every imaginable topic—essays, poems, satires, political squibs, attacks on French democracy, the Della Cruscan literary cult, fashionable frivolities, religious hy-

pocrisy—and always to the unceasing entertainment of his readers.

Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel") speaks of him as an "early and coarse Dr. Holmes." That is high praise, and yet not quite just, for it is not a full judgment upon the many-sided qualities of the man. Tyler was a scholar, a wit, a gentleman, a "man of the world" in the best sense of the term; a good citizen, friend, and neighbor. He combined all that was best of the polish and brilliancy of the last century with the manly virtues and love of humanity that were to be the heritage of Americans of the nineteenth century. A single extract (a mock advertisement from the *Farmer's Repository*) must suffice to show his erudition and the playfulness of his humor:

VARIETY STORE.

TO THE LITERATI.

MESS. COLON & SPONDEE

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

VERSE, PROSE, AND MUSIC,

BEG LEAVE TO INFORM THE PUBLIC
AND THE LEARNED IN PARTICULAR THAT
PREVIOUS TO THE ENSUING

COMMENCEMENT

They purpose to open a fresh Assortment of
Lexographic, Burgursdician, and Parnassian

GOODS

suitable for the season,

At the Room on the PLAIN,* lately occupied
by Mr. FREDERIC WISER, *Tonsor*,

if it can be procured—

—*Where they will expose to Sale*

SALUTATORY and Valedictory Orations, Syllogistic and Forensic Disputations and Dialogues among the living and the dead—Hebrew roots and other simples—Dead Languages for living Drones—Oriental Languages with or without points, prefixes or suffixes—Attic, Doric, Ionic, and Æolic Dialects, with the Wabash, Onondaga, and Mohawk Gutturals—v's added and dove-tailed to their vowels, with a small assortment of the genuine Peloponnessian Nasal Twangs—Monologues, Dialogues, Trialogues, Tetralogues, and so on from *one to twenty* logues.

Anagrams, Acrostics, Anacreontics, Chronograms, Epigrams, Hudibrastics, and Panegyrics; Rebusses, Charades, Puns, and Conundrums, by the *gross* or *single dozen*.

Ether, Mist, Sleet, Rain, Snow, Lightning, and Thunder, prepared and personified, after the manner of Della Crusca, with a quantity of Brown Humor, Blue Fear and *Child Begetting Love*, from the same Manufactory; with a Pleasing variety of high-colored, compound Epithets, well assorted—Love Letters by the Ream—Summary Arguments, both *Merry* and *Serious*—Sermons, moral, occasional, or polemical—Sermons for Texts, and Texts for Sermons—Old Orations Scoured, Forensics furbished, Blunt Epigrams newly pointed, and cold Conferences hashed; with *Extemporaneous* Prayers *corrected and amended*—Alliterations artfully allied—and periods polished to perfection.

Airs, Canons, Catches, and Cantatas—Fugues, Overtures, and Symphonies for any number of Instruments—Serenades for Nocturnal Lovers—Amens and Hallelujahs, trilled, quavered, and slurred—with Couplets, Syncopations, Minims and Crochet Rests, for female voices—and *Solos*, with *three* parts, for hand-organs.

* At Hanover, N. H.

Accidental Deaths, Battles, Bloody Murders, Premature News, Tempests, Thunder and Lightning, and Hail-Stones, of all dimensions, adapted to the Season.

Circles squared, and Mathematical points divided into quarters and half shares.

Serious Cautions against Drunkenness, &c., and other coarse Wrapping Paper, *gratis*, to those who buy the smallest article.

☞ *On hand a few Tierces of Attic Salt—Also, Cash, and the highest price given for RAW WIT, for use of the Manufactory, or taken in exchange for the above Articles.*





TYNDALL, JOHN, a celebrated Irish scientist and lecturer, born at Leighton Bridge, near Carlow, August 21, 1820; died at Haslemere, Surrey, England, December 4, 1893. At the age of nineteen he was assistant in the ordnance survey, afterward a railway engineer. In 1847 he became a teacher in Queenwood College, Hampshire, and began original investigations with Dr. Frankland. In 1848 he studied in Germany under Bunsen and Magnus, and, from 1853 until his death, was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. He lectured in the United States in 1872, and gave the proceeds to aid students pursuing scientific research in this country. His published books are: *The Glaciers of the Alps* (1860); *Mountaineering* (1861); *A Vacation Tour* (1862); *Heat a Mode of Motion* (1863); *On Radiation* (1865); *Faraday as a Discoverer* (1868); *Diamagnetism and Magne-Crystallic Action*, and *Lectures on Electrical Phenomena* (1870), *Notes on Light*, and *Hours of Exercise in the Alps* (1871); *The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers*, and *Fragments of Science* (1871); enlarged ed. 1876); *Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat* (1872); *On Sound* (3d ed.), and *Six Lectures on Light* (2d ed., 1875); *Lessons on Electricity*, delivered in 1875-76 (Amer. ed., 1889); *Essays on the Floating Matter in the Air, in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection* (1881); *New Fragments* (1892).

LIMIT OF MATERIALISM.

In affirming that the growth of the body is mechanical, and that thought, as exercised by us, has its correlative in the physics of the brain, I think the position of the "materialist" is stated, as far as that position is a tenable one. I think the materialist will be able finally to maintain this position against all attacks; but I do not think, in the present condition of the human mind, that he can pass beyond this position. I do not think he is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and his molecular motions *explain* everything. In reality they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the prescientific ages. Phosphorus is known to enter into the composition of the human brain, and a trenchant German writer has exclaimed, "Ohne Phosphor, kein Gedanke." That may or may not be the case; but even if we knew it to be the case, the knowledge would not lighten our darkness. On both sides of the zone here assigned to the materialist he is equally hopeless. If you ask him whence is this "Matter" of which we have been discoursing, who or what divided it into molecules, who or what impressed upon them this necessity of running into organic forms, he has no answer. Science is mute in reply to these questions. But if the materialist is confounded and science rendered dumb, who else is prepared with a solution? To whom has this arm of the Lord been revealed? Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, priest and philosopher, one and all.—*Fragments of Science.*

SCIENTIFIC IMAGINATION.

How, then, are those hidden things to be revealed? How, for example, are we to lay hold of the physical basis of light, since, like that of life itself, it lies entirely without the domain of the senses? Philosophers may be right in affirming that we cannot transcend ex-

perience ; but we can, at all events, carry it a long way from its origin. We can also magnify, diminish, qualify, and combine experiences, so as to render them fit for purposes entirely new. We are gifted with the power of imagination—combining what the Germans call Anschauungsgabe and Einbildungskraft—and by this power we can lighten the darkness which surrounds the world of the senses. There are Tories even in science who regard imagination as a faculty to be feared and avoided rather than employed. They had observed its action in weak vessels, and were duly impressed by its disasters. But they might with equal justice point to exploded boilers as an argument against the use of steam. Bounded and conditioned by coöperant Reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical observer. Newton's passage from the falling apple to the falling moon was at the outset a leap of the imagination. When William Thompson tries to place the ultimate particles of matter between his compass points, and to apply them to a scale of millimetres, he is powerfully aided by this faculty. And in much that has been recently said about protoplasm and life, we have the outgoings of the imagination guided and controlled by the known analogies of science. We should still believe in the succession of day and night, of summer and winter ; but the soul of Force would be dislodged from the universe ; causal relations would disappear, and with them that science which is now binding the parts of nature to an organic whole.—*Fragments of Science.*

THE COLORS OF THE SKY.

The cloud takes no note of the size on the part of the waves of æther, but reflects them all alike. It exercises no selective action. Now the cause of this may be that the cloud particles are so large in comparison with the size of the waves of æther as to reflect them all indifferently. A broad cliff reflects an Atlantic roller as easily as a ripple produced by a sea-bird's wing ; and in the presence of large reflecting surfaces the existing differences of magnitude disappear. But supposing the

reflecting particles, instead of being very large, to be very small, in comparison with the size of the waves. In this case, instead of the whole wave being fronted and in great part thrown back, a small portion only is shivered off. The great mass of the wave passes over such a particle without reflection. Scatter, then, a handful of such foreign particles in our atmosphere, and set imagination to watch their action upon the solar waves. . . . An undue fraction of the smaller waves is scattered by the particles, and, as a consequence, in the scattered light, blue will be the predominant color. . . .

We have here a case presented to the imagination, and, assuming the undulatory theory to be a reality, we have, I think, fairly reasoned our way to the conclusion that were the particles, small in comparison to the size of the æther waves, sown in our atmosphere, the light scattered by those particles would be exactly such as we observe in our azure skies. . . .

Let us now turn our attention to the light which passes unscattered among the particles. How must it be finally affected? By its successive collisions with the particles the white light is more and more robbed of its shorter waves; it therefore loses more and more of its due proportion of blue. The result may be anticipated. The transmitted light, where short distances are involved, will appear yellowish. But as the sun sinks toward the horizon the atmospheric distances increase, and consequently the number of scattering particles. They abstract in succession the violet, the indigo, the blue, and even disturb the proportions of green. The transmitted light under such circumstances must pass from yellow through orange to red. This is exactly what we find in nature. Thus, while the reflected light gives us at noon the deep azure of the Alpine skies, the transmitted light gives us at sunset the warm crimson of the Alpine snows.—*Fragments of Science.*



TYRTÆUS, a Greek poet, born in the earlier part of the seventh century B.C. He was the second in order of time of the Greek elegiac poets, and is perhaps the most renowned martial poet of all times. The information which has come down to us respecting this remarkable man is for the most part legendary and unreliable. It is related that the Spartans, disheartened at the success of their enemies at the beginning of the second Messenian war, consulted the Delphian oracle, and were directed to ask a leader from Athens; that the Athenians, fearing lest the Lacedæmonians should extend their dominion in the Peloponnesus, sent them Tyrtæus, a lame schoolmaster, a native of Aphidnæ, in Attica; but that this man whom they had sent, as it were in mockery, so roused and maintained the courage of the Spartans by his warlike songs that in the end they obtained a complete victory over their dangerous foes. It is, of course, impossible to say what amount of truth may be contained in the above legend; but it is probable that Tyrtæus was by birth a stranger, that he became a Spartan by the subsequent recompense of citizenship conferred upon him, that he was an impressive and efficacious minstrel, and that he was moreover something of a wise and influential statesman, being able not only to animate the courage of the

warrior on the field of battle, but also to soothe those discontents and troubles which usually prevail among the citizens in time of war. Grote calls him an inestimable ally of the Lacedæmonians during their second struggles with the Messenians; and the few indisputable facts respecting both the first and the second war have been gathered from the extant fragments of his poems. The story of his lameness is discredited by all the modern critics; and as to his being called a school-master, it must be borne in mind that minstrels who composed and sung poems at that time were the only persons from whom the youth received any mental training. The sway which he exercised over the minds of the Spartans must be received as a fact, nor is it in the least inconsistent with the character either of the age or of the people. The musician and the minstrel were the only persons who ever addressed themselves to the feelings of a Lacedæmonian assembly, and we know from other sources that the Spartan mind was particularly susceptible to the influence of music and poetry. The poems of Tyrtæus were of two kinds; the first were elegies, in which the warrior was exhorted to bravery against the foe, and inspirited with descriptions of the glory of fighting for one's native land; the other sort were composed in more rapid measures, and intended as marching-songs, to be accompanied with the flute. The influence of these poems on the minds of the Spartan youth continued to be very powerful long after the poet himself had passed away, and it is probable that the power of his ex-

at least (for of the poems only some fragments remain) will be felt for ages yet to come. The fragments which we possess of these famous songs and elegies will be found in Gaisford's *Poetæ Minores Græci*. They have also been edited separately by Klotz (1764) and by Stock (1819). Another good edition of the text of Tyrtæus is that of Bergk in his *Poetæ Lyrici Græci*.

"The fragments of these poems," writes Professor Gildersleeve, "keep their primal fire; and the name of Tyrtæus has become typical for the warrior poet everywhere."

MARTIAL ELEGY.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But O, what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam,
His little ones shall, weeping, with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe;
While, scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonoring manhood's form!
All ills shall cleave to him; affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children like himself inured to shame.

But we will combat for our father's land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
To save our children. Fight ye, side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride!
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
 Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might !
 Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
 Permit the man of age (a sight unblessed !)
 To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
 His hoary head dishevelled in the dust,
 And venerable bosom bleeding bare !
 But youth's fair form, though fall'n, is ever fair ;
 And beautiful in death the boy appears,
 The hero boy that dies in blooming years !
 In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears :
 More sacred than in life, and lovelier far
 For having perished in the front of war.

—*Translated by* THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE HERO.

When falling in the van he life must yield,
 An honor to his sire, his town, his state—
 His breast oft mangled through his circling shield,
 And gashed in front through all his armor's plate—

Him young and old together mourn : and then
 His city swells his funeral's sad array ;
 His tomb, his offspring, are renowned 'mongst men—
 His children's children, to the latest day.

His glory or his name shall never die,
 Though 'neath the ground, he deathless shall remain,
 Whom fighting steadfastly, with courage high,
 For country and for children, Mars hath slain.

—*Translated for Fraser's Magazine.*





TYTLER, ALEXANDER FRASER, a Scottish jurist, historian, and essayist, born at Edinburgh, October 15, 1747; died there, January 5, 1813. He was the son of William Tytler of Woodhouselee, author of an *Inquiry*, in vindication of Mary Queen of Scots from charges brought against her by historians, and father of Patrick Fraser Tytler, hereafter mentioned. From 1780 to 1800 he was Professor of Civil History in the University of Edinburgh; in 1790 became Judge Advocate of Scotland; in 1802 was raised to the Bench as Lord Woodhouselee, and was made Lord Justiciary in 1811. He was the author of several legal treatises; of *Lectures on History*, of *Memoirs of Henry Home of Kames*, and of the *Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern*. He also published an *Essay on the Life and Writings of Petrarch*, with translations of some of his sonnets, and an *Essay on the Principles of Translation*. To periodicals he contributed several papers after the manner of the *Spectator*.

"There is a singular contrast between the biographer and his hero," says Sir James Mackintosh, referring to the *Memoirs of Lord Kames*; "the latter was a metaphysician without literature; the former is a man of letters without philosophy, and hostile to it."

AN OVER-ECONOMICAL WIFE.

I am a middle-aged man, possessed of a moderate income arising chiefly from the profits of an office of which the emolument is more than sufficient to compensate the degree of labor with which the discharge of its duties is attended. About my forty-fifth year I became tired of the bachelor state ; and taking the hint from some little twinges of the gout, I began to think it was full time for me to look out for an agreeable help-mate. The last of the juvenile tastes which forsakes a man is his admiration of youth and beauty ; and I own I was so far from being insensible to these attractions that I felt myself sometimes tempted to play the fool, and marry for love. I had sense enough, however, to resist this inclination, and in my choice of a wife to sacrifice rapture and romance to the prospect of ease and comfort.

I wedded the daughter of a country gentleman of small fortune ; a lady much about my own time of life, who bore the character of a discreet, prudent woman, who was a stranger to fashionable folly and dissipation of every kind, and whose highest merit was that of an excellent housewife. I was not deceived in the idea I had formed of my wife's character. She is a perfect paragon of prudence and discretion. Her moderation is exemplary in the highest degree ; and as to economy, she is all that I expected—and a great deal more, too.

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Alas ! how little do we know what is for our good ! Like the poor gentleman who killed himself by taking physic when he was in health, I wanted to be happier than I was, and I have made myself miserable.

My wife's ruling passion is the care of futurity. She had not been married above a month before she found my system—which was to enjoy the present—was totally inconsistent with those provident plans she had formed in the view of a variety of future contingencies which, if but barely possible, she looks upon as absolutely certain. . . .

In accomplishing this economical reformation my wife

displayed no small address. She began by giving me frequent hints of the necessity there was of cutting off all superfluous expenses ; and frequently admonished me that it was better to save while our family was small than to retrench when it grew larger. When she perceived that this argument had very little force (as it grew every day weaker), and that there was nothing to be done by general admonition, she found it necessary to come to particulars. She endeavored to convince me that I was cheated in every article of my family expenditure. . . .

This I found was but a prelude to a more serious attack ; and the battery was levelled at a point where I was but too vulnerable. I never went out to ride but I found my poor spouse in tears at my return. She had an uncle, it seems, who broke a collar-bone by a fall from his horse. My pointers, stretched upon the hearth, were never beheld by her without uneasiness. They brought to mind a third cousin who lost a finger by the bursting of a fowling-piece ; and she had a sad presentiment that my passion for sport might make her one day the most miserable of women. "Sure, my dear," she would say, "you would not for the sake of a trifling gratification to yourself render your wife constantly unhappy ! Yet I must be so while you keep those vicious horses and nasty curs." What could I do ? A man would not choose to pass for a barbarian.

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Good claret—which I have long been accustomed to consider as a panacea for all disorders—my wife looks upon as little better than a slow poison. She is convinced of its pernicious effects both on my purse and constitution, and recommends to me, for the sake of both, some brewed stuff of her own, which she dignifies with the name of wine, but which to me seems nothing but ill-fermented vinegar. She tells me with much apparent satisfaction how she has passed her currant-wine for Cape, and her gooseberry for champagne ; but for my part I never taste them without feeling very disagreeable effects ; and I once drank half a bottle of her champagne, which gave me a colic for a week.

In the matter of victuals I am doomed to still greater mortification. Here my wife's frugality is displayed in a most remarkable manner. As everything is bought when at the lowest price, she lays in during the summer all her stores for the winter. For six months we live upon salt provisions, and the rest of the year on fly-blown lamb and stale mutton. If a joint is roasted one day, it is served cold the next, and hashed on the day following. All poultry is contraband. Fish, unless salt herrings and dried ling, when got at a bargain—I am never allowed to taste.—*The Lounger, April 15, 1786.*





TYTLER, PATRICK FRASER, son of the preceding, a Scottish biographer and historian, born at Edinburgh, August 30, 1791; died at Malvern, England, December 24, 1849. He was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1813, practised for several years, but ultimately devoted himself to authorship. His principal works are: *Life of James Crichton of Cluny*, commonly called the *Admirable Crichton* (1819); *Life of John Wycliffe* (1826); *History of Scotland* (9 vols., 1828-42); *Lives of Scottish Worthies* (1831); *Historical View of the Progress of Discovery on the More Northern Coasts of America* (1832); *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh* (1833); *Life of Henry VIII.* (1837); *England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary* (1839). In 1844 a pension of £200 a year was awarded to him for eminent literary services.

"The younger Tytler," says the author of *A Manual of English Literature*, "was an historian of great independence of view and perseverance in research. His works all bear testimony to the care with which he consulted contemporary documents, although it may be regretted at times that he has not worked up his materials more carefully."

His sister, **CATHERINE FRASER TYTLER**, was the author of *Miss Judith*, *Jonathan*, and other novels.

THE BETRAYAL AND EXECUTION OF WILLIAM WALLACE.

The only man in Scotland who had steadily refused submission was Wallace ; and the King [Edward I.], with that inveterate cruelty and unbroken perseverance which marked his conduct to his enemies, now used every possible means to hunt him down, and become master of his person. He had already set a large sum upon his head ; he gave strict orders to his captains and governors in Scotland to be constantly on the alert ; and he now carefully sought out those Scotsmen who were enemies to Wallace, and bribed them to discover and betray him. For this purpose he commanded Sir John de Mowbray, a Scottish knight at his court, and who seems at this time to have risen in great favor and trust with Edward, to carry with him into Scotland Ralph de Haliburton, one of the prisoners lately taken at Stirling. Haliburton was ordered to co-operate with the other Scotsmen who were then engaged in the attempt to seize Wallace, and Mowbray was to watch how this base person conducted himself.

What were the particular measures adopted by Haliburton, or with whom he co-operated, it is now impossible to determine ; but it is certain that soon after this Wallace was taken and betrayed by Sir John Menteith, a Scottish baron of high rank. Perhaps we are to trace this infamous transaction to a family feud. At the battle of Falkirk, Wallace, who on account of his overbearing conduct had never been popular with the Scottish nobility, opposed the pretensions of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, when this baron contended for the chief command. In that disastrous defeat, Sir John Stewart, with the flower of his followers, was surrounded and slain ; and it is said that Sir John Menteith, his uncle, never forgave Wallace for making good his own retreat, without attempting a rescue. By whatever motive he was actuated, Menteith succeeded in discovering the retreat of Wallace, through the treacherous information of a servant who waited on him, and having invaded the house by night, seized Wallace in his bed, and instantly delivered him to Edward. His fate, as was to be expected, was soon decided : but the circumstances

of refined cruelty and torment which attended his execution reflect an indelible stain upon the character of Edward ; and were they not stated by English historians themselves, could scarcely be believed.

Having been carried to London, he was brought with much pomp to Westminster Hall, and there arraigned for treason. A crown of laurel was placed in mockery upon his head, because he had been heard to boast that he deserved to wear a crown in that Hall. Sir Peter Mallone, the King's Justice, then impeached him as a traitor to the King of England, as having burned the villages and abbeys, stormed the castle, slain and tortured the liege subjects of his master, the King. Wallace indignantly and truly repelled the charge of treason, as he had never sworn fealty to Edward ; but to the other articles of accusation he pleaded no defence. They were notorious, and he was condemned to death.

The sentence was executed on August 23, 1305. Discrowned and chained, he was now dragged at the tails of horses through the streets to the foot of a high gallows placed at the elms of Smithfield. After being hanged, but not to death—he was cut down, yet breathing ; his bowels were taken out and burned before his face. His head was then stricken off, and his body divided into four quarters. The head was placed on a pole on London Bridge ; his right arm above the bridge at Newcastle ; his left arm was sent to Berwick ; his right foot and limb to Perth ; and his left quarter to Aberdeen. "These," says an old English historian, "were the trophies of their favorite hero which the Scots had now to contemplate, instead of his banners and gonfalons which they had once proudly followed."

But he might have added that they were trophies more glorious than the richest banner that had ever been borne before him ; and if Wallace had already been, for his day and romantic character, the idol of his people—if they had long regarded him as the only man who had asserted, throughout every change of circumstance, the independence of his country—now that the mutilated limbs of the martyr to liberty were brought among them, it may well be conceived how deep and inextinguishable were their feelings of pity and revenge.—*History of Scotland.*



UDALL, NICHOLAS, an English dramatist, born at Hampshire in 1504; died at Westminster in 1556. He was educated at Oxford. From 1534 to 1543 he was master at Eton. In 1555 he became master of Westminster School. He was known as a severe schoolmaster; but he wrote several plays for his pupils, one of which, *Ralph Roister Doister*, is the earliest specimen of English comedy. It was written before 1551, and it marks the transition from the mysteries and interludes of the Middle Ages to the comedies of modern times. The play is divided into five acts, and the plot is amusing and well constructed. The characters are of the middle class.

"When it occurred to him to write for his boys an English comedy," says Henry Morley, "wherein, as its prologue says,

All scurrility we utterly refuse,
Avoiding such mirth wherein is abuse,

he produced what is, as far as we know, the first English comedy. Its name is *Ralph Roister Doister*, and it was a wholesome jest against vain-glory. . . . The play, in lively rhyming couplets, interspersed with a few merry songs, was written with so good a sense of the reverence due to boys that it may be read by boys of the present day. The incidents provided good matter for merry acting, with occasional bursts of active fun."

FROM "ROISTER DOISTER."

MATHEW MERYGREKE. CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. TRIST
TRUSTY.

M. Mery.—Custance and Trustie both, I doe you here
well finde.

C. Custance.—Ah, Mathew Merygreke, ye haue vsed
me well.

M. Mery.—Nowe for altogether ye must your answere
tell.

Will ye have this man, woman? or else will ye not?
Else will he come neuer bore so brymme nor tost so
hot.

Trist and Cu.—But why joyn ye with him?

T. Trusty.—For mirth.

C. Custance.— Or else in sadnesse.

M. Mery.—The more fond of you both hardly yat
mater gesse.

Tristram.—Lo, how say ye dame?

M. Mery.— Why do ye think dame Custance
That in this wowyng I haue ment ought but pastance?

C. Custance.—Much things ye spake, I wote, to main-
taine his dotage.

M. Mery.—But well might ye iudge I spake it all in
mockage!

For why? Is Roister Doister a fitte husband for you?

T. Trusty.—I dare say ye neuer thought it.

M. Mery.— No, to God I vow.

And dyd not I knowe afore of the infurance
Betweene Gawyn Goodlucke, and Christian Custance?
And dyd not I for the nonce, by my conueyance,
Reade his letter in a wrong sense for daliance?
That if you coulde haue take it vp at the first bounde,
We should thereat such a sporte and pastime haue
founde,

That all the whole towne should haue ben the merrier.

C. Custance.—I'll ake your heades both, I was neuer
werier,

Nor neuer more vexte since the first day I was borne.

T. Trusty.—But very well I wist he here did all in
scorne.

C. Custance.—But I feared thereof to take dishonestie.

M. Mery.—This should both haue made sport, and shewed your honestie,

And Goodlucke I dare sweare, your witte therein would low.

T. Trusty.—Yea, being no worse than we know it to be now.

M. Mery.—And nothing yet to late, for when I come to him,

Hither will he repair with a sheepes looke full grim.

By plaine force and violence to drive you to yelde.

C. Custance.—If ye two bidde me, we will with him pitch a fiede,

I and my maids together.

M. Mery.—

Let vs see, be bolde.

C. Custance.—Ye shall see womens warre.

T. Trusty.—

That fight wil I behold.

M. Mery.—If occasion ferue, takyng his parte full brim

I will strike at you, but the rappe shall light on him

When we first appeare.

C. Custance.—

Then will I runne away.

As though I were afearde.

T. Trusty.—

Do you that part wel play

And I will sue for peace.

M. Mery.—

And I will set him on.

Then wil he looke as fierce as a Cotssold lyon.

T. Trusty.—But when gost thou for him?

M. Mery.—

That do I very nowe

C. Custance.—Ye shal find vs here.

M. Mery.—Wel God haue mercy on you. [Exit.

T. Trusty.—There is no cause of feare, the least boy in the streete.

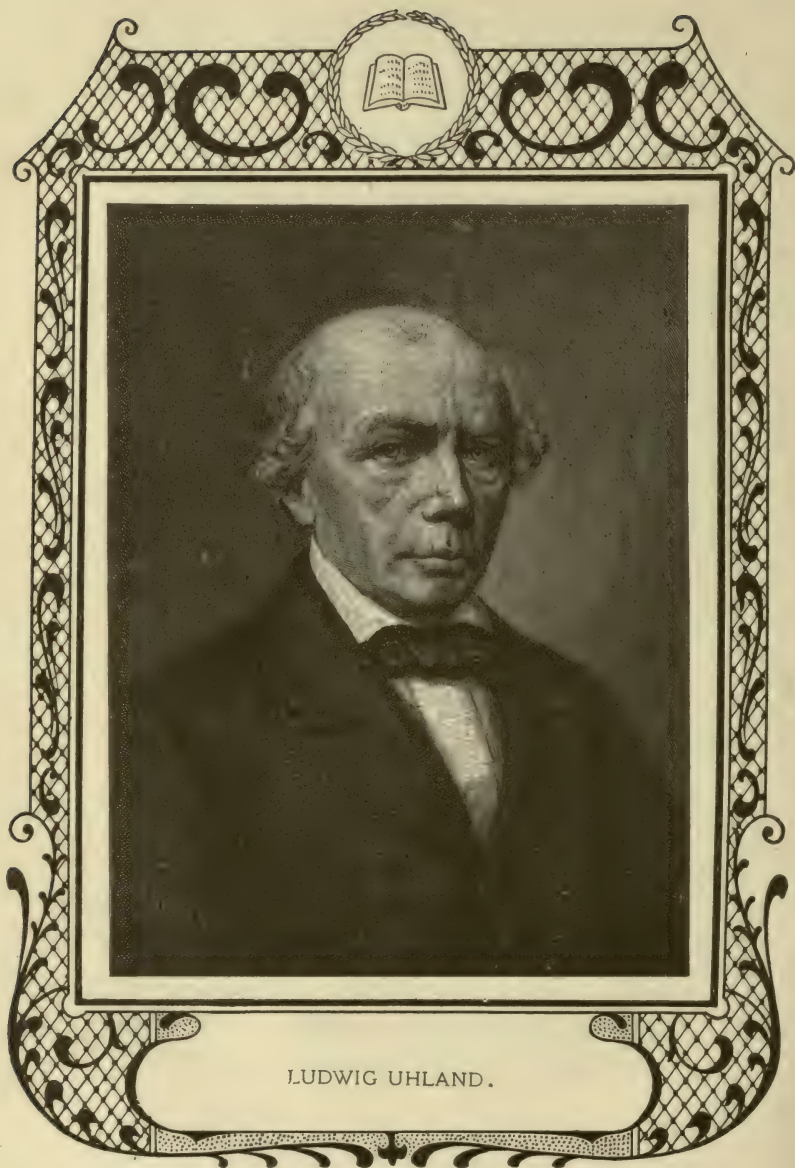
C. Custance.—Nay, the least girle I haue will make him take his feete.

But hearke, me thinke they make preparation.

T. Trusty.—No force it will be a good recreation.

C. Custance.—I will stand within, and steppe forth speedily.

And so make as though I ranne away dreadfully.



LUDWIG UHLAND.



UHLAND, JOHANN LUDWIG, a German poet, born at Tübingen, April 26, 1787; died there, November 13, 1862. He was educated in his native town, studied law, and practised in Stuttgart, where he was connected with the Ministry of Justice. In 1819 he became a member of the Würtemberg Assembly. He was Professor of German Language and Literature at Tübingen from 1830 to 1833. He resigned the professorship to take more active part in the Diet as a liberal leader, but withdrew in 1839. In 1848 he became a member of the Frankfort Assembly. He wrote poetry which appeared in periodicals as early as 1806. His works include: *Gedichte* (1815); the dramas *Ernst von Schwaben* and *Ludwig der Bayer* (1817-19; 3d ed., 1863); *Alte hoch und nieder deutsche Volkslieder* (1844-45); and *Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung und Sage* (8 vols., 1865-73). His poems have been translated by Longfellow, by Alexander Platt (1844), and his *Songs and Ballads* by W. W. Skeat (1864).

"The charming life of nature," says Theodore Mundt, in his *History of the Literature of the Present*, "which is unfolded in Uhland's poems is always at the same time the expression of the noblest, the freest, the most vigorous tone of thought, which seeks to mould itself harmoniously into the form of art. . . . We have in Uhland the poet

in whom romanticism and freedom do not stand apart, as two absolute opposites, but blend in the unity of a full and vigorous life, and that through the medium of a genuine nationality, which even in the Middle Ages pervades with the spirit of freedom the romantic principle of life. . . . In him all was harmony and unity. In this sound and thorough culture we must attach much weight to the influence upon him of Goethe."

A CASTLE BY THE SEA.

Hast thou the castle seen,
That towers near the sea?
In golden, rosy sheen
The clouds above it flee.

Methinks it fain would bend
Down o'er the crystal main,
Methinks it fain would rend
The golden clouds in twain.

"Yes, I have seen it oft,
That castle on the strand,
The silver moon aloft,
And fogs upon the land."

Did wind and Ocean's wave
Breathe forth refreshing sound?
And in those halls above,
Did harp and song resound?

"The winds, the billows all
In deepest stillness slept,
I heard within that hall
A song of wail, and wept."

And sawest thou up there
The monarch and his queen?
The waving mantles' glare?
The crown and jewels' sheen?

With rapture led they none ?
No gentle maiden fair,
In beauty like the sun,
Beaming with golden hair ?

"I saw them pacing slow,
No crown its pomp displayed,
They wept in weeds of woe ;
I saw no lovely maid."

—*Translation of* ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall !"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall ;
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord : "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal !"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys,
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light :
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-sprite ;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall !

"'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall !
Deep draughts drink we right willingly ;
And, willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling ! klang ! to the Luck of Edenhall !"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale ;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild,
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;
It has lasted longer than is right,
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try thy luck at Edenhall !"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;
And through the rift, the wild flames start,
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall !

In storms the foe, with fire and sword ;
He in the night has scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hands the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall !

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall ;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall !"

—*Translation of* LONGFELLOW.

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave ;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in the same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.
—*Translation of* LONGFELLOW.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

A grave, oh, Mother, has been dug for thee
Within a still, to thee, a well-known place.
A shadow, all its own, above shall be,
And flowers, its threshold, too, shall ever grace.

And, even, as thou died'st, so in thy urn
Thou'lt lie unconscious of both joy and smart;
And, daily, to my thoughts shalt thou return,
I dig, for thee, this grave within my heart.
—*Translation of* FREDERICK W. RICORD.

GIANTS AND DWARFS.

From her father's lofty castle upon the mountain side,
One day into the valley the giant's daughter hied.

A plough and yoke of oxen she happened there to find,
And a peasant who contentedly was trudging on behind.
Giants and dwarfs!

The oxen, plough and peasant to her seemed very small,
So she took them in her apron to the castle, one and all.
"What have you there, my daughter?" said the giant,
turning pale.

"Some pretty playthings, papa, that I found down in
the vale."
Giants and dwarfs!

"Pick up your pretty playthings, my dear, and take
them back,
Or else some day our larder its stock of food may lack!
The dwarfs must plough the valleys, or the valleys grow
no wheat;
And the giants of the mountains would have then no
bread to eat."

Giants and dwarfs!

—*Translated by L. F. STARRETT.*

THE LOST CHURCH.

A muffled tolling in the air
Is heard far down the wood's recesses;
None knows when first it sounded there,
Its cause tradition dimly guesses.
Of the Lost Church the chimes, 'tis said,
Swell on the breeze through these lone places;
Here once a crowded footpath led,
But no man now can find its traces.

As late that woodland's depths I trod,
Where now no beaten track extended,
And from this troublous time to God
My yearning soul in prayer ascended,
When all the wilderness was stilled,
I heard again that airy tolling;
The higher my devotion swelled
More near and clear the waves came rolling.

My spirit was so snatched away,
Inward so far the sound upbore me,
That to this hour I cannot say
What strange, unearthly spell was o'er me.
More than a hundred years had fled,
Methought, while I had thus been dreaming,
When through the clouds above my head
Broke a free space, like noontide gleaming.

The heavens looked down so darkly blue,
So full and bright the sun was beaming,
And a proud minster, full in view,
Stood in the golden lustre gleaming.
Methought bright clouds, like wings, upbore
The stately pile, while ever higher
Seemed through the blessed heavens to soar,
Till lost to sight, the sparkling spire.

I heard the bell with rapturous clang
Thrill down through all the trembling tower ;
Swayed by no human hand it rang,
But by a holy tempest's power.
The storm and stream my spirit swept
Aloft as on a billowy ocean,
Till 'neath that lofty dome I stopt,
With trembling tread and glad emotion.

How in those halls to me it seemed
Can never in my words be painted ;
How darkly clear the windows gleamed
With forms of all the martyrs sainted.
Then saw I, filled with wondrous light,
Glow into life these pictured splendors ;
A world was opened to my sight
Of holy women—Faith's defenders.

As, thrilled with holy love and awe,
I fell before the altar kneeling,
Behold ! high over me I saw
Heaven's glory painted on the ceiling.
But when I raised my eyes once more,
The arch had burst with silent thunder ;

Wide open flung was heaven's high door,
And every veil was rent asunder.

What majesty I now beheld,
In still, adoring wonder bending,
Upon my ear what music swelled,
Both trump and organ notes transcending;
No word of man hath power to tell;
Who yearns to know and vainly guesses,
Give heed to that mysterious bell
That toils far down the wood's recesses.
—*Translated by C. T. BROOKS.*

THE BEGGAR.

A Beggar through the world so wide,
I wander all alone;
Yet once a brighter fate was mine,
In days that long have flown.

Within my father's home I grew,
A happy child and free;
But ah! the heritage of want
Is all he left to me.

The gardens of the rich I view,
The fields with bounty spread;
My path is through the fruitless way,
Where toil and sorrow tread.

And yet amidst the joyous throng,
The joys of all I share,
With willing heart I wait, and hide
My secret load of care.

O blessed God! I am not left
An exile from thy love;
On all the world thy smiles descend
In mercy from above.

In every valley still I find
The temples of thy grace,
Where organ notes and choral songs
With music fill the place.

For me the sun, the moon, the stars,
Reveal their holy rays,
And when the vespers call to prayer,
My heart ascends in praise.

Some time, I know, the gates of bliss
Will open to the blest,
And I, in marriage garments clad,
Shall rise a welcome guest.

—*Translated by* WILLIAM A. BUTLER.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

O break not, bridge that trembles so !
O fall not, rock that threat'nest woe !
Earth, sink not down ; thou, heav'n, abide
Until I reach my loved one's side !

—*Translated by* W. W. SKEAT.

THE VENGEANCE.

The squire hath murdered his knight for gold :
The squire would fain be a warrior bold.

He slew him by night upon a drear field,
And in the deep Rhine his body concealed.

He braced on the armor, so heavy and bright,
And mounted the steed of his master, the knight.

And as he rode over a bridge 'cross the Rhine
The charger 'gan fiercely to rear and to whine.

As the golden spurs in the flanks did go,
The squire was cast in the stream's wild flow.

With foot and with hand he struggles in vain,
By the armor drawn down, he ne'er rises again.

—*Translation by* HENRY PHILLIPS, JR.

THE HOSTESS'S DAUGHTER.

Three students had cross'd o'er the Rhine's dark tide,
At the door of a hostel they turned aside.

"Hast thou, Dame Hostess, good ale and wine?
And where is thy daughter so sweet and fine?"

"My ale and wine are cool and clear;
On her death-bed lieth my daughter dear."

And when to the chamber they made their way,
In a sable coffin the damsel lay.

The first—the veil from her face he took,
And gazed upon her with mournful look.

"Alas! fair maiden—didst thou still live,
To thee my love would I henceforth give!"

The second—he lightly replaced the shroud,
Then round he turned him, and wept aloud:

"Thou liest, alas! on thy death-bed here,
I loved thee fondly for many a year!

The third—he lifted again the veil,
And gently he kissed those lips so pale;

"I love thee *now*, as I loved *of yore*,
And thus will I love thee *for evermore*!"

—*Translation by W. W. SKEAT.*

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

There stood in olden times a castle, tall and grand,
Far shone it o'er the plain, e'en to the blue sea's
strand,
And round its garden wove a wreath of fragrant
flowers,
In rainbow radiance played cool fountains 'mid the
bowers.

There sat a haughty king, in victories rich and lands,
He sat enthroned so pale, and issued stern commands;
For what he broods is terror, rage his eyeballs lights,
And scourge is what he speaks, and blood is what he
writes.

Once to this castle went a noble minstrel pair,
The one with golden locks, and gray the other's hair ;
The old man, with his harp, a noble charger rode
And gayly at his side his blooming comrade strode.

The old man to the stripling spake : " Prepare, my
son !

Bethink our deepest songs, awake the fullest tone,
Nerve all thy strength, and sing of grief as well as love !
Our task is the proud monarch's stony heart to move."

Now in the pillared hall the minstrels stand serene,
And on the throne there sit the monarch and his
queen ;

The king, in awful pomp, like the red north-light's
sheen,

So mild and gentle, like the full moon, sat the queen.

The old man struck the chords, he struck them wondrous well—

Upon the ear the tones e'er rich and richer swell ;
Then streamed with heavenly tones the stripling's voice
of fire,

The old man's voice replied, like spirits' hollow choir.

They sing of spring and love, the golden time they
bless

Of freedom, and of honor, faith, and holiness.

They sing of all the joys that in the bosom thrill,
With heart-exalting strains the gilded halls they fill.

The crowd of courtiers round forget their scoffing now,
The king's bold warriors to God in meekness bow,
The queen dissolved in raptures, and in sadness sweet
The rose upon her breast casts at the minstrels' feet.

" My people led astray, and now you tempt my queen !"
The monarch, trembling, cried, and rage flashed in his
mien.

He hurled his sword, it pierced the stripling as it
gleamed,

Instead of golden songs a purple torrent streamed.

Then was the host of hearers scattered as by storm.
The minstrel's outspread arms received the lifeless
form;
He wraps his mantle round him, sets him on his steed,
He binds him upright, fast, and leaves the hall with
speed.

But at the portal's arch the aged minstrel stands,
His harp of matchless fame he seized with both his hands,
And 'gainst a marble pillar dashing it, he cries,
Resounding through the hall the trembling echo flies :

"Woe be to thee, proud pile, may ne'er sweet music's
strain
Amid thy halls resound, nor song, nor harp again !
No ! sighs alone, and sobs, and slaves that bow their
head,
Till thee to dust and ashes the God of vengeance tread !

"Ye perfumed gardens, too, in May-day's golden light,
Gaze here upon the corpse with horror and affright,
That ye may parch and fade, your every source be
sealed,
That you in time to come may lie a barren field.

"Woe, murderer, to thee ! let minstrels curse thy name !
In vain shall be thy wish for bloody wreaths of fame;
And be thy name forgot, in deep oblivion veiled,
Be like a dying breath, in empty air exhaled !"

The old man cried aloud, and Heaven heard the sound :
The walls a heap of stones, the pile bestrews the ground;
One pillar stands alone, a wreck of vanished might,
And that, too, rent in twain, may fall e'er dawn of night.

Around, where gardens smiled, a barren desert land,
No tree spreads there its shade, no fountains pierce the
sand,
Nor of this monarch's name speaks song or epic verse ;
Extinguish'd and forgot ! such is the Minstrel's Curse.

—Translated by A. BASKERVILLE.



ULBACH, LOUIS, a French poet, novelist and political writer, born at Troyes in 1822; died April 16, 1889. For many years he was connected with *L'Indépendance Belge*; in 1852 he became editor of the *Revue de Paris*, and in 1876 of the *Ralliement*. In 1877 he was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Among his works are *Gloriana*, a volume of poems (1844); *Lettres d'une Honnête Femme* (1873); *Le Marteau d'Acier* (1873); *Le Sacrifice d'Aurélié* (1873); *La Ronde de Nuit* (1874); *Le Livre d'une Mère* (1875); *Aventures de Trois Grandes Dames de la Cour de Vienne* (1876); *Le Baron Americain* (1876); *Le Comte Orphée* (1878); *Mme. Gosselin* (1878). Several of his works have been translated into English, among which is *The Steel Hammer*, translated in 1888.

"The story is not only a splendid bit of fiction," says the *Critic*, of the *Steel Hammer*, "finely conceived and finely wrought out, but it has the rare merit of appealing to the two classes that go so far toward making up the general reading public—those who, on the one hand, are attracted by the narrative, the mere outward presentation of a series of events; and those, on the other, to whom mere externals are as nothing, whose interest is aroused only when the marks of the dissecting-knife are plainly visible, and the mysterious work-

ings of some beating heart or throbbing brain, of which these extrinsic actions are but the expression, are set forth. It is this happy combination of objective and subjective treatment which makes *The Steel Hammer* a story worthy of Gaboriau, while at the same time it is a study of the human conscience which might have evolved itself from the mind of Balzac."

THE VERDICT.

Emilienne listened to it all. Her ears caught the dreadful words. People near her lowered their voices a little; but she heard them through the hum; and the pale Christ over the seat of judgment, smitten afresh by the dreadful talk around Him, seemed to her to sweat drops of blood in His oaken frame.

She had remained leaning on the balustrade, her elbows resting on the wood, silent, motionless, savage, and embittered, thinking how she could visit her anger on all mankind, and on the law itself, if the blow she apprehended should fall on her innocent husband.

The platform, now quitted by the judges, left full in her view Madame de Monterey; and now the two wives looked at each other.

Gabrielle knew nothing of what was being said around Emilienne, but she observed upon her face the reflection of each horrible word. She saw her petrified by a horror that froze all her limbs, and she herself quivered with anxiety.

Gaston, nailed as it were upon his seat, for he had not dared to leave the court-room, was biting his nails furiously. He looked every minute or two at his watch, or cast suspicious glances to right and left of him, as if he were afraid that somebody would feel astonished at his keeping his seat, now that he had no more part in the trial, but carefully avoiding looking straight before him in the direction of the platform. A judge sat there for him, and him alone, and that judge was Gabrielle.

He thought the court-room suffocating. Drops stood

upon his forehead. He did not wipe them off; so that he might have been said to weep at every pore.

At the end of three-quarters of an hour, the ringing of a bell made everybody start. Gaston folded his arms, Gabrielle clasped her hands tighter, and Emilienne clutched more firmly the balustrade.

The jurors came back.

They did not look so very terrible. None of them was pale. That, at least, was a good sign.

The foreman of the jury held with dignity before his breast a large sheet of paper, on which the verdict was written. If the paper had been bloodstained, surely so good a man (a worker in bronze, he was in the Marais) could not have pressed it, as he was doing, to his heart.

The judges came in.

All these details, which I have not invented, and which form part of the every-day proceedings in a law-court, seem to me indispensable to the atmosphere of the drama.

There was a deep silence—a silence as if everything held its breath, and the presiding judge requested the foreman of the jury to read the verdict.

Jean, who had been brought in at the same time as the judges entered, stood up, with his eyes fixed on his wife, and pale as death.

The foreman of the jury placed his hand upon his heart, which seemed to have an escutcheon or placard over it, for the pocket-book in his pocket made a square outline on the left side of his coat, and, in an official voice he read :

“On my honor and my conscience, before God and before men, the verdict of the jury is—Yes; the majority decide that the prisoner is guilty!”

As a murmur rose, the artisan in bronze, who was not of bronze himself, hastened to add :

“The majority of us consider that there are extenuating circumstances in favor of the prisoner.”

Jean fell back in his seat, utterly overcome.

Emilienne had been about to utter a cry, but she restrained herself with all her strength. What was the use of giving those spectators who had come there to look on grief the pleasure of seeing her despair? . . .

The imperial prosecutor demanded sentence. The presiding judge then asked the prisoner's counsel if he had anything more to say.

"I recommend Jean Mortier to the indulgence of the court," said the lawyer, gathering up his papers, and in the commonplace tone in which a priest, accustomed to death-beds, says a requiem over a dead body as he is about to go away.

The judges had no need to retire to their chamber to consult together. They rose, drew somewhat apart, and talked in whispers. The chief judge, like the officiating priest when he says the confession in the beginning of the mass, bowed right and left to those around him, and they, like the lesser clergy in the service, bent toward him and bowed to him.

After that Jean Mortier's affair was ended.

The judge went back to his place, put on his cap (the cap adds to his infallibility), and after reading the articles of the code sufficiently abridged for the purpose, gave sentence, condemning Jean Mortier to fifteen years' hard labor at the galleys.

This was not a severe sentence for so great a crime.

"Prisoner, you have three days left to make your appeal for a new trial to the *cour de cassation*," said the chief judge, mildly.

Jean remained standing, not stupefied, but thunder-struck, and trying to care nothing for the thunderbolt. He remembered the words of the verdict; it had hit him like an arrow in his face, and imitating, unconsciously, the formula of the foreman of the jury, he laid his hand upon his heart and said, loudly:

"On my honor and my conscience, before God and before men, I swear that I am innocent. I refuse any extenuating circumstances, I refuse to appeal, I refuse the galleys. I commit my cause to God, Who will judge you all, and will some day make manifest the real murderer, when it is too late."

Some newspapers blamed this speech, saying it was too theatrical; not to be the utterance of a hypocrite.

Jean turned toward his wife.

"Farewell, my Emilienne!"

That possessive pronoun uttered at the moment when

wife and child and property and all things else ceased to be his, appeared also a bravado.

Jean quickly left the court-room, dragged out by the gendarmes, not hearing or not listening to his wife, who cried after him :

"Au revoir ! Au revoir !"

The crowd heard her, and were differently impressed by this supreme protest.

People stood aside to let Emilienne pass. She had come there alone, and alone she went away. All her limbs trembled, but she did not faint, and without supporting herself by the wall she went down the staircase of the *cour d'assizes*, and hastened with a quick step toward the *concièrgérie*.—*The Steel Hammer*; translation of E. W. LATIMER.





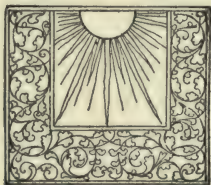
ULFILAS, OR WULFILA (Little Wolf), a celebrated Gothic bishop and translator of the Bible, born in 311 A.D.; died at Constantinople in 381. His parents were Christians from Cappadocia. At the Synod of Antioch in 341, he was consecrated Bishop of the Arian Goths, who lived north of the lower Danube. Ulfilas preached in Latin, Greek, and Gothic, translating the Scriptures into the latter tongue, for which it became necessary to supplement the Greek alphabet with Gothic runes. The manuscript of the translation was lost for a time, but part of it was found during the sixteenth century. The Book of Kings, however, is missing and may never have been translated. There are extant the greater portion of the Gospels, a large portion of the Epistles, and fragments of the Old Testament. The original work shows evidences of having been done by various hands, but doubtless all under the supervision of Ulfilas. This translation is highly prized by philologists, the Gothic grammar being of priceless value in the history of human speech. It is three centuries earlier than any other specimen of Teutonic language in existence. The principal portion is the Codex Argenteus, in the university library at Upsala, Sweden, which is written in silver characters on a purple ground. Other fragments are preserved at Wolfenbüttel, Germany, and at Milan

and Turin. In these old manuscripts are many inflections which have since been lost, and words which give us the clew to relationships otherwise untraceable, and with phrases which cast a strong light on the joyous youth of the Teutonic people.

ULFILAS'S CREED.

(Included in His Will.)

I, Ulfila, bishop and confessor, have ever thus believed, and in this alone true faith make my testament to my Lord: I believe that there is one God the Father, alone unbegotten and invisible; and I believe in His only begotten Son, our Lord and our God, Artificer and Maker of the whole creation, having none like Himself. Therefore, there is one God of all [the Father], who is also God of our God [the Son]. And I believe in one Holy Spirit, an enlightening and sanctifying power, even as Christ said to His Apostles, "Behold, I send the promise of My Father in you; but tarry ye at Jerusalem till ye shall be endued with power from on high," and again, "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Spirit is come upon you;" and this Holy Spirit is neither God nor Lord, but the servant of Christ, subject and obedient in all things to the Father—[The conclusion of the sentence is wanting].





UPTON, GEORGE PUTNAM, an American journalist, critic, and translator, born in Roxbury, Mass., October 25, 1834. He was educated in the schools of Roxbury and at Brown University, from which he graduated in 1854. In October, 1855, he went to Chicago and became connected with the *Chicago National Citizen*, later with the *Chicago Evening Journal*, and from 1862 to 1871 was literary, art, musical, and dramatic critic on the *Chicago Tribune*. Since 1871 he has been an editorial writer on that paper. Among his earlier publications are *Letters of Peregrine Pickle* (1869), and *History of the Chicago Fire* (1872). His later works include *Woman in Music* (1880); translation of Max Müller's *Deutsche Liebe* (1880); translations of Ludwig Nohl's *Lives of Beethoven, Haydn, Liszt, and Wagner* (1884); *Standard Operas* (1885); *Standard Oratorios* (1886); *Standard Cantatas* (1887); *Standard Symphonies* (1888). Mr. Upton has also been a frequent contributor to periodical literature.

Of *The Standard Oratorios* and *Standard Operas*, the *Nation* says that they are "two books which deserve to be placed on the same shelf with Grove's and Riemann's musical dictionaries."

WOMAN NOT A COMPOSER.

Why is it, then, that woman, who possesses all these attributes in a more marked degree than man, who is

the inspiration of love, who has a more powerful and at the same time more delicate emotional force than man, who is artistic by temperament, whose whole organism is sensitively strung, and who is religious by nature—why is it that woman, with all these musical elements in her nature, is receptive rather than creative? Why is it that music only comes to her as a balm, a rest, or a solace of happiness among her pleasures and her sorrows, her commonplaces and her conventionalities, and that it does not find its highest sources *in* her? In other fields of art woman has been creative. Rosa Bonheur is man's equal upon canvas. Harriet Hosmer has made the marble live with a man's truth and force and skill. Mrs. Browning in poetry, Mary Somerville and Caroline Herschel in science, George Sand, Charlotte Brontë and Madame de Staël in fiction, have successfully rivalled man in their fields of labor; while George Eliot, with almost more than masculine force, has grappled with the most abstruse problems of human life, and though an agnostic has courageously sifted the doubts of science and latter-day cultured unbelief, and plucked many a rose of blessing for suffering humanity from amid its storms of sorrow and pain. . . .

There is another phase of the feminine character which may bear upon the solution of this problem; and that is the inability of woman to endure the discouragements of the composer, and to battle with the prejudice and indifference, and sometimes with the malicious opposition of the world, that obstruct his progress. The lives of the great composers, with scarcely an exception, were spent in constant struggle, and saddened with discouragements, disappointments, the pinching of poverty, the jealousies of rivals, or the contemptuous indifference of contemporaries. Beethoven struggled all his life with adverse fate. Schubert's music was hardly known in his lifetime, and his best works were not fairly recognized until after his death. Schumann is hardly yet known. There is scarcely a more pitiable picture than that of the great Handel struggling against the malicious cabals of petty and insignificant rivals for popular favor who now are

scarcely known even by name. Mozart's life was a constant warfare ; and when this wonderful child of genius went to his grave in the paupers' quarter of the church-yard of St. Marx, he went alone—not one friend accompanied him, and no one knows to this day where he sleeps. Berlioz's music is just beginning to be played in his native country. Wagner fought the world all his life with indomitable courage and persistence, and died before he had established a permanent place for his music. There is scarcely a composer known to fame, and whose works are destined to endure, who lived long enough to see his music appreciated and accepted by the world for what it was really worth. Such fierce struggles and overwhelming discouragements, such pitiless storms of fate and cruel assaults of poverty, in the pursuit of art, woman is not calculated to endure. If her triumph could be instant ; if work after work were not to be assailed, scoffed at, and rejected ; if she were not liable to personal abuse, to the indifference of her sex on the one hand and masculine injustice on the other — there would be more hope for her success in composition ; but instant triumphs are not the rewards of great composers. The laurels of success may decorate their graves, placed there by the applauding hands of admiring posterity, but rarely crown their brows.—*Woman in Music.*

BEETHOVEN.

A general sketch of the life and musical accomplishments of Beethoven has already appeared in the companion to this work, *The Standard Operas*. In this connection, however, it seems eminently fitting that some attention should be paid to the religious sentiments of the great composer and the sacred works which he produced. He was a formal member of the Roman Church, but at the same time an ardent admirer of some of the Protestant doctrines. His religious observances, however, were peculiarly his own. His creed had little in common with any of the ordinary forms of Christianity. A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* some years ago very clearly defined his religious

position in the statement that his faith rested on a pantheistic abstraction which he called "Love." He interpreted everything by the light of this sentiment, which took the form of an endless longing, sometimes deeply sad, at others rising to the highest exaltation. An illustration of this in its widest sense may be found in the choral part of the Ninth Symphony. He at times attempted to give verbal expression to this ecstatic faith which filled him, and at such times he reminds us of the Mystics. The following passages, which he took from the inscription on the temple of the Egyptian goddess Neith at Sais, and called his creed, explain this: "I am that which is. I am all that is, that was, and that shall be. No mortal man hath lifted my veil. He is alone by Himself, and to Him alone do all things owe their being." With all this mysticism his theology was practical, as is shown by his criticism of the words which Moscheles appended to his arrangement of "Fidelio." The latter wrote at the close of his work: "*Fine*, with God's help." Beethoven added: "O man! help thyself." That he was deeply religious by nature, however, is constantly shown in his letters. Wandering alone at evening among the mountains, he sketched a hymn to the words, "God alone is our Lord." In the extraordinary letter which he wrote to his brothers, Carl and Johann, he says: "God looks into my heart. He searches it, and knows that love for man and feelings of benevolence have their abode there." In a letter to Bettina von Arnim, he writes: "If I am spared for some years to come, I will thank the Omnipotent for the boon, as I do for all other weal and woe."—*The Standard Oratorios*.





URQUHART, DAVID, a Scottish politician and publicist, born in Bracklanwell, county of Cromarty, in 1805; died at Naples, Italy, May 16, 1877. He was educated at Oxford, travelled in the East, and was appointed Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, returning to England in 1836. In 1847 he was elected to Parliament from Stafford, but was not re-elected in 1852. Among his works are: *Observations on European Turkey* (1831); *Turkey and its Resources* (1833); *Spirit of the East* (1838); *The Pillars of Hercules, a Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco* (1850); *The Progress of Russia* (1853), and *The Lebanon* (1860).

"He was a man of original mind," says *The Westminster Review*, summarizing *The Progress of Russia*, "who has diligently amassed and systematized information which slips through the fingers of other men. Though we find him to be full of paradox, always obscure, often illogical, sometimes unjust even to extravagance, yet he sees things which most of us entirely overlook, and he may be an aid toward truth to all who will wisely use him. . . . He can write with remarkable beauty, and is certainly a man of genius. So much the more do we regret that he often mars his own work by inordinate conciseness, which is neither forcible nor elegant when it becomes incoherent."



THE CEDARS OF GOD.
From a photograph.

THE CEDARS OF GOD.

How accurate the Prophet's description: "A cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, with a shadowy shroud and of high stature, and his *top* was among the *thick boughs*."

In presence of our ancient British oaks, I have felt awestruck with the thought that the tread of Roman legions had echoed from their boughs. What then must one feel beneath tabernacles of verdure planted at the beginning of time, and standing now ; in vigor equal to attempting a race with futurity as long as that which they have already run. Then, too, insects of human spawn, hatched and harvested in a day, may snatch an hour from their scanty reckoning amidst their noisy fellows, to wander in the shade or shadows of 12,000 years, and wonder at the story of four hundred generations which they have seen and will see.

I have spoken as yet but of one cedar. What, then, was the grove ? It was of trees of the same species indeed, but of ordinary dimensions, and these shot straight up as we see in the so-called cedars brought to Europe : there was no block and no parting off of branches ; this peculiarity belonged only to the antediluvian breed. The Titans only had the arms of Briareus. Elsewhere I found more of these vast vegetable polypi : they are chiefly on the top of the hill, perhaps ten in all. Of these two approach their fall ; one by being burnt at the root, the other breached by the storm. Three more are unsound ; two only are in their prime, and to them it belongs to convey to future times an idea of the giant brood ; if indeed they be not soon killed while the miscreant habit obtains of stripping off the bark for fools to write their names.

A French writer, in 1725, whose work I saw at the Jesuit convent at Gazir, estimates then the old trees at twenty. Thus one-half have been used up in a century by tourists for an album. There are perhaps thirty more which would take four men to girth, and which may be two or three thousand years old. The remainder, which may amount to five thousand, are of smaller dimensions, though none seems to be younger

than a couple of centuries : These are the character of the old species. The trunk divides at from ten to twenty feet from the ground ; the branches contorted and snake-like, spread out as from a centre, and give to the tree the figure of a dome. The leaf-bearing boughs spread horizontally ; the leaves are spiculæ, point upward, growing from the bough like grass from the earth. These spiculæ are thick and short, about an inch in length. The cones stand up in like manner, and are seen in rows above the straight boughs. The cones contain seeds like the cone of the snow-bar. The timber is in color like the red pine, with a shade of brown. It is close-grained and extremely hard. No worm touches it, and the centre of the largest trees seems solid. It is considered the most durable of woods. In the destruction of Antioch, Tyre, and other places, in the time of the Crusaders, the beams of cedar are enumerated and mourned over, as are the vessels of gold and silver and the glass of Tyre. Many of these must have been from the time of Hiram and Solomon. They burn without smoke, and emit the perfume of frankincense.

I made a fire of cedar-wood, but with the fragments around, and half-burned trunks. I lighted a flame amid the snow, which filled the wood with its own perfume. The light smoke hung in the boughs, as vapor of amber and opal, and then from the clear flame a perpendicular mirage arose, through which danced snow, foliage, and sky, as if seen through an atmosphere of boiling glass. Their name in Arabic is *Arz*. They are called *Arz Lebnan*, *Arz Allah*, *Arz Mobarik* ; the *Arz of Lebanon*, the *Arz of God*, the blessed *Arz*. The sacred character is, however, not solely derived from their form and position : it must be attributed also to their solitariness. At present to visit them constitutes a pilgrimage. There is, besides, the mystery. A plant that stands alive before you and yearly produces its seed, and which yet cannot be reproduced by means of that seed, is something out of the order of nature. That in the time of the Prophets they were confined to this district, the Old Testament informs us ; that to-day they are to be found nowhere else, any traveller's eyes may tell him.—*The Lebanon*.



USHER, JAMES, Archbishop of Armagh, born in Dublin, January 4, 1580; died at Reigate, Surrey, March 20, 1656. He gave up his succession to his father's estate to his brother, in order to devote himself to study, especially theology. From 1607 to 1620, he was Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin. A charge of Puritanism was brought against him in view of his Calvinism, and his opinion that bishops were not a distinct order from presbyters in kind; but he convinced the King, to whom he had been accused, of his innocence, and so completely that he was appointed Bishop of Meath, and, in 1624, Archbishop of Armagh. In a treatise on *The Power of the Prince, and Obedience of the Subject*, he condemned all resort to arms against the Crown. The Irish Rebellion drove him to Oxford. The most of his writings relate to ecclesiastical history, and were aimed at the Roman Catholics. His name is chiefly associated with Biblical chronology, his system having been generally adopted; it gives much shorter time than the Septuagint, and was set forth in his universal history entitled *Annals*, and explained in his *Chronologica Sacra*. He published anonymously a treatise, *Clio, or a Discourse on Taste*, which exhibits well his philosophical and literary accomplishments.

TASTE UNIVERSAL.

It is easily conceived, that the arguments which conclude against intrinsic worth and excellency in objects of taste are equally conclusive against a fixed, determined taste; and that if beauty depends on mode or custom, then the taste is as variable and unsettled as the mode, and has no fixed rules in nature.

All the confusion this ingenious and subtle author [Mandeville] has shown within the boundaries of beauty may be taken away, by distinguishing between real beauty, that is forever engaging, and the adjuncts, or habitual associates of beauty. If we can show this difference in the objects that please us, the confusion he has found will clear up. An elderly lady likes the dress she wore in her youth, not because it is really more becoming than the present fashion, but because that dress bears an intimate relation to her days of joy, and brings them back to her imagination in all the gay colors of that happy season of her life. In this instance you will find the nature of those immutable charms revealed that depend upon fancy and the mode. Youth is ever beautiful, and casts a glossy light over all the images of that season, and the dress only pleases by its association. There is, in fact, no arbitrary beauty; and what are called agreeable of this kind are only the adjuncts or companions that happen accidentally to be joined to real beauty; and by appearing constantly together, to be united to it in idea, and to please merely by association. The mind places in one connected, complex idea, different things that happen to come to it together; memory recollects them together; and a circumstance that has constantly attended on pleasure or pain will in some degree renew those sensations. . . .

As there are no limits to the adjuncts or circumstances of real beauty, there is an inexhaustible variety in arbitrary beauty or fashion. It is the admission of those casual adjuncts, amongst which are comprehended dress, ceremonies, and furniture, into the same class with things permanently agreeable, and the confusion

of them, that have given foundation to objections, and furnished examples against the absolute nature of beauty and universal, unchangeable taste. When these adjuncts are seen alone they appear indifferent, and when joined to disagreeable ideas they become disgusting.

When it is said that good judges have admired blemishes in works of art, and that nothing is more inconsistent than fancy, they say right; but those truths will not bear the conclusions drawn from them: good judges never admired the blemishes separately, but on account of association with some superior beauty, in which they lay so united and blended that the imagination took all together as they appeared in the sum, and passed a verdict upon the whole in gross, which if divided would have been distinguished. I have seen a mole that has looked very pretty in a fine face, because it was unable to cast the least dimness over the blaze that surrounded it, or to make any manner of resistance to the united force of beauty that altogether surprised and overpowered the judgment. The admirers of Homer have idolized his faults, not because they were destitute of real taste, but because Homer is on the whole so amazingly fine, and his faults are incorporated with such infinite and superior beauties. If these blemishes were in works that had no excellences, or but a few of a low style, then they would not impose thus on the judgments of men. The same train of reasoning will help to end the old and great dispute, about the stability of moral virtue, and a moral sense. When it is alleged that actions called immoral are in some nations approved of, and even make part of religious worship in another, it may be answered that no nation ever approved of the crimes that are generally reckoned so, for their own sakes, and taken alone, but on account of an association with something of transcendent worth and excellency.

Immoralities have mixed with religion, and were revered on account of the union. Human sacrifices were offered at Carthage; the rites of Venus admitted lasciviousness, of Bacchus drunkenness; and idiots, however vicious, are accounted saints by Mahometans; but all

history testifies that murder, prostitution, and drunkenness, taken alone, were vices amongst the heathen, and are looked upon as crimes by the Turks; that they bore the same individual characters amongst them as with us; and that even the sanction of religion did not alter the landmarks of nature. If you desire to see what kept guilty deeds in repute in heathen worship, you must take into view the sublime majesty and reverence of religion with which they were incorporated.

From what I have said it appears that the arguments alleged do not prove against the unalterable sense of virtue and beauty; since when you separate ideas that have been casually associated, the judgments of men, of beauty and virtue, are steadfast and uniform throughout all nations and ages. . . .

There is a supposition that runs through Mandeville, and several other writers on this subject, who undoubtedly copy one from the other, that beauty is of one kind, and differs only in degree; and therefore if there be such a thing as real beauty in objects, we can compare it, and always discover the most excellent, as men are able to determine the longest cane, or the highest steeple: thence they proceed to conclude, from the confusion of men, and from the variety of their choice and judgment, that there is no real beauty, whereas, in fact, beauty is an exceeding general term, that comprehends very distinct and various kinds that have no common measure; and consequently, cannot be compared. . . . I do not call taste a species of judgment, although it is actually that part of judgment whose objects are the sublime, beautiful, and affecting; because this kind of judgment is not the issue of reason and comparison, like a mathematical inference, but is perceived instantaneously, and obtruded upon the mind, like sweet and bitter upon the sense, from which analogy it has borrowed the name of *taste*. Good taste is the inward light or intelligence of universal beauty. True taste discovers with delight the image of nature, and pursues it with a faithful passion. — *Clio, or a Discourse on Taste*.



VALAORITIS, ARISTOTELES, a modern Greek poet and patriot, born at Santa Maura, the ancient Leucadia, Ionian Isles, September 13, 1824 ; died on the island of Madouri, near Santa Maura, in September, 1879. He was educated first in the Ionian Isles, and subsequently at a school in Geneva. Later he went to Paris, but the Northern climate was too severe for his constitution, and he completed his studies at the university of Pisa. In 1850 he returned to Santa Maura to settle down, and married shortly afterward the daughter of Emilio Tipaldo, of Venice. His fortune was sufficiently considerable to make him independent of worldly considerations, and he devoted his time to literature and the public service of his country. In person he was a tall and athletic figure, the very countertype of those mountaineers whose poet he elected to become. An ardent and active Helene, he was among those deputies in the Ionian chamber who never ceased to combat the British protectorate. It was he who drew up and presented, in 1862, to the Lord High Commissioner the declaration in which the representatives of the Ionian Islands petitioned for their union with Greece ; and he was shortly afterward elected a representative in the National Chamber at Athens. Eight years earlier his identification with a rising in Epirus had brought upon him a temporary exile

from the Ionian Islands; and there was no movement in which the Hellenistic idea came to the fore in which he did not actively co-operate and contribute material assistance. During the Cretan revolution of 1867, he despatched volunteers at his own expense, and maintained on his estate many exiles and victims of this bloody struggle. After taking part in the deliberations of the Greek chamber for several years, he finally quitted political life in 1869, and settled down on the little island which formed part of his property, and where he died, too soon to have seen realized one of the dearest wishes of his life—the emancipation of Thessaly.

Valaoritis wrote a number of poems in early youth; but a published collection, which indicated certain promise, was not followed by any further volume until he had reached the age of thirty-two. After a long period of silence the grief occasioned by the death of a child roused him to take up the pen once more. Then appeared the famous volume known as the *Mnemosyna* (1857). Even after this he allowed long intervals to pass without committing anything to paper. He left a considerable quantity of unpublished work in the hands of his son. His later poems approach even more closely than his early ones those popular songs which were his chief inspiration. It is not easy to find an exact English equivalent for the title *Mnemosyna*, as the commemorative services for the dead which it is used to indicate in Greek are unknown among us; the nearest translation would perhaps be “Memorial Poems,” and as such the collection

includes elegies recording personal losses and odes commemorating the heroes and forerunners of Greek independence.

Of the following extracts—translated by Rennell Rodd—the former is from a poem which tells of the heroic self-immolation of the priest Samuel, known as “the prophet of Kiapha,” who, in 1803, refusing to leave the abandoned fortress of Kounghi, remained with five wounded pallikars to await the advance of the enemy. They gathered all the remaining powder together in the chapel, and as the soldiers advanced, Samuel administered the communion to his five comrades; then, as the strokes of the invaders fell upon the door, he fired the magazine and was buried with the foe in the ruins of Kounghi.

THE VICTORY OF GOD.

The first has partaken, the second has partaken,
He has given it to the third ; the fourth has received it,
He stands before the last one, and offers it to him ;
And as the priest's melodious voice intoned the

“Of Thy mysterious banquet
To-day, O Son of God——”

Voices broke in, blows on the door, loud tumult ;
The infidels press round : “Now, mark, what dost thou
here ?”

Samuel lifted his eyes up at the sound,
And from the spoon poised high above the barrel
Let fall thereon an awful drop of consecrated blood :
Then broke the lightning shock, the great world thundered,

The church showed one red flash upon the clouds, one
red flash, dusky Kounghi !

Ah, what a funeral fire on this her day of doom
Had ill-starred Suli, what smoke of what frankincense !

Then seemed to mount up skyward the monk's dark
 cassock,
 And spread and ever spread like an awful cloud of
 gloom,
 Like a great, black cloud it spread and blotted out the
 sun ;
 And as the smoke kept rising that bore it in its train
 The robe went sailing on and swept by like the shadow
 of death ;
 And wherever its terrible shadow passed on its way,
 Like a mysterious fire it set the woods aflame.
 Yet with the first few thunderstorms, and after the new
 rains,
 A green grass sprang again there, laurel and olive and
 myrtle,
 Hopes, victories and battles, and liberty and joy.
 —*From Mnemosyna ; translated for the*
"Nineteenth Century."

THE VISION OF THANÁSE THE MARTYR.

The eye of God that never shuts kept vigil also ;
 And suddenly there came in their thousands round
 Thanáse
 The mighty spirits from another world,
 With the symbols of their ancient martyrdom, their
 manliness of old,
 And they kissed him on the forehead and breathed new
 vigor through him ;
 And o'er his gloomy prison they, in their azure stoles,
 Spread wide their wings abroad, and opened round
 above him
 The deeps of heaven infinite, and starred them o'er
 With memories immortal and sweet perfumes from the
 grave.
 —*From the Fourth Canto of Thandse Diakos,*
in Mnemosyna.



VALDES, ARMANDO PALACIO, a Spanish novelist and critic of to-day, is very popular among his countrymen, and several of his best works have been translated into English. A good representative, though not in all respects the highest, of the new school of Spanish fiction, he is natural, graphic, full of life and color, and might be called an idealizing realist. His novels are *El Senorito Octavio*, *Marta y Maria* (translated with the title *Marquis of Peñalta* in 1886), *El Idilio de un Enfermo* (Invalid), *Aguas Fuertas* (Strong Waters—stories and sketches), *José, Riverita, Maximina* (translated in 1888—a sequel to *Riverita*, and commended as a book that makes goodness interesting), *El Cuarto Poder* (The Fourth Estate), *La Hermana San Sulpicio* (Sister St. Sulpice—translated in 1890), and *Espuma* (Froth). The translations here noted are well done by Nathan Haskell Dole, of Boston. In explanation of the following extract, it should be stated that Sister St. Sulpice, her own name Gloria, had taken but a temporary vow of two years in the convent. The critical works of Valdes are *Los Oradores del Ateneo*, *Los Novelistas Españoles*, *Neuve Viaje al Parnaso*, and *La Literatura en 1881* (in collaboration).

“A novelist who delights me beyond words,” says William Dean Howells, “by his friendly and abundant humor, his feeling for character, and his

subtle insight. I like every one of his books that I have read, and I believe that I have read nearly every one that he has written. . . . I think the *Marta y Maria* one of the most truthful and profound fictions I have read, and *Maximina* one of the most pathetic, and *La Hermana San Sulpicio* one of the most amusing."

SEVILLE.

Walking through the streets of Seville at that time of the evening was like visiting at the houses. Families and their callers gathered in the patios, and there was an excellent view of the patios from the streets through the screen doors. I saw young ladies in thin dresses, rocking back and forth in their American chairs, their black hair braided and decorated with some bright-colored flower, while their beaux, lolling unceremoniously in easy-chairs, chatted with them in low tones or fanned them. I heard their cries, their laughter, their piquant phrases.

In some of the court-yards they were playing the guitar and singing merry malagueñas or melancholy peteneras, with prolonged, mournful notes, interrupted by the *oles!* and clapping of hands among the hearers.

In others, two or three young girls would be dancing seguidillas; the castanets clacked merrily; the silhouettes of the dancers floated back and forth across the screen door in attitudes now haughty, now languid and languishing, always provocative, full of voluptuous promises.

Those were the patios which might be called traditional.

There were others, also, in modern style or modernized, where fashionable waltzes were played on the pianoforte or the more popular pieces from the zarzuelas or operettas recently performed in Madrid, unless, indeed, they sang the *Vorrei Morir*, or the *La Stella Confidente*, or some other of the pieces composed by the Italians for the enjoyment of sympathetic families of the middle classes.

There were, finally, also those of mysterious character, where the light was always soberly reduced to a minimum, silent and sad in appearance ; by close attention one might see by the half-light that reigned amid the leaves of the plants the form of some loving couple, and if the passer-by walked softly or paused, perhaps his ear might catch the soft, tender sound of a kiss, though I would not vouch for it.

Everywhere the strong floods of light that poured out from the patios, the noise and uproar that came from out the grated doors, filled the street with animation, and spread through the city an atmosphere of cordiality and gayety.

It was the life of the south, free, gushing, expansive, unafraid of the curious gaze of the passer-by, rather desirous of it, and proud of satisfying it, where still is spread abroad, although so many centuries have passed, the sentiment of hospitality, the religion of the Arabs.

At such a time Seville presents a magic spectacle ; an enchantment disturbing to the mind and conducive to visions. It seemed as if one were present in a strange, transparent city, an immense cosmorama such as disturbs our fancy when we are children, and awakens in the heart irresistible desires to fly to other mysterious and poetic regions.

I breathed intoxicating odors ; not the slightest stir cooled the brow. My steps grew shorter and slower as I wandered dizzy through the confused labyrinth of streets, all lighted up with gushing floods of light, echoing gayly with sounds of music, vibrating with shouts and the merry laughter of women.

When it was eleven o'clock my feet would turn swiftly toward the Calle de Argote de Molina, till I reached Gloria's house. Mystery gave our interviews an infinite enchantment. With my forehead leaning against the iron bars of the grating, feeling my mistress's gentle breath on my cheek and the touch of her perfumed hair, I let hours pass uncounted, which will perhaps be the happiest of my existence.

Gloria talked, talked an endless stream : dazzled by the light of her eyes, which, like two electric accumulators, were slowly and gently magnetizing me, I lis-

tened to her without moving an eyelash, delighted by her sweet and piquant Andalusian accent, the remembrance of which makes more than one Englishman sigh amid the fogs of Britain.

What did she talk about ?

I hardly know :—about the insignificant happenings of the day, of the trifles of life ; sometimes of the future, inventing a thousand contradictory plans which made me laugh ; sometimes again of the events that had taken place in the convent. I enjoyed immensely hearing her tell about the tricks which she had performed during her school-days, the thousand and one comic or melancholy incidents that had taken place while she was at the college.

As a girl she had been full of the mischief, she frankly confessed. Scarcely a day passed without her playing some trick on the Sisters. The sad and monotonous life of the convent was not for her. They arose very early and spent half an hour in prayer in the classroom ; they then heard mass. On going out they were allowed to speak to each other, but simply to exchange the greetings of the day. At recess, or the hour of recreation, as they called it, they were also allowed to talk. Outside of these hours they were forbidden to communicate, but she never had obeyed this order, either when she was a student, or after she became a Sister.

"I could not, my son, I could not ; the words would crowd upon my tongue, and would have to be spoken, or I should burst."

On one occasion, for having made fun of the Sister San Onofre, they had shut her up in the garret ; from there she could look down into the barracks, and hearing the sentinel cry : " Sentinel on guard," she replied at the top of her voice, " On guard ! (*alerta está*)."

This caused a genuine scandal, and brought upon her condign punishment. But she laughed at punishments, just as she did at the Sisters. Many times she had been obliged to do penance by entering all the classes, dropping on her knees in the middle of the room, and making crosses on the floor with her tongue. She had done so, but she made the other girls laugh with her grimaces.

I wanted to know something about Mother Florentina, for what the French nun told me about her had aroused my curiosity.

"Ah! the Mother Florentina was very kind; she always called us *filletas*, and let us do what we pleased, except when we were set to work. . . . Oh, then there was nothing else to do but to put in with all our might; she would not allow the least particle of dust in our rooms; she kept us sweeping until the floors shone like a mirror. You know, don't you, that she had to pay dearly for that little dance at Marmolejo? She was retrograded and obliged to ask pardon on her knees of the whole Sisterhood. Poor Mother! for our fault, I should say—for yours!"

"I knew that she was no longer Mother Superior; the nun who came to open the door for me told me so; a smart nun, certainly, with very stern eyes and a foreign accent."

"Oh, yes, Sister Desirée."

"She must be a hard one to get along with."

"Most trying! We are no friends. When I was an interne she left me no peace; till one day came the thunder-clap, you know; I mean I almost broke her head. From that time she became as pliable as a glove." . . .

The hours swiftly sped, but we heard them not, nor wished to hear the strokes of the clock solemnly sounding in the silence and loneliness of the night. Still, the ill-mannered stroke of one would startle us, and fill us with anxiety. We still remain for some little time talking. Half-past one sounds.

"Go, go!"

"Only just five minutes more."

The five minutes pass, and then five more, and still I do not move. Then Gloria suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, springs us, vexed with her own sweet self, and says abruptly:

"Adios! hasta mañana—till to-morrow!"—*Sister Saint Sulpice.*



VÁMBÉRY, ARMINIUS, a noted Hungarian traveller and historian, born at Szerdahely, an island in the Danube, March 19, 1833. He was a soldier in the revolution of 1848, was seriously wounded in the battle of Comorn, and after the war had to escape to Turkey, whence he travelled over a large portion of Central Asia. He lived many years in Constantinople and in 1863-64 visited Persia, Khiva, Bokhara, Samarkand, and Herat. On his return to Hungary he became Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature at Buda Pesth. Among his principal works are *Travels in Central Asia* (1865); *Wanderings and Adventures in Persia* (1867); *Sketches in Central Asia* (1868); *History of Bokhara* (1873); *Central Asia and the Anglo-Russian Boundary Question*, and *Islam in the Nineteenth Century* (1875); *Manners in Oriental Countries* (1876); *Primitive Civilization of the Turko-Tartar People* (1879); *Origin of the Magyars* (1882); *The Turkish People* (1885); *The Future Contest for India* (1886), and various philological treatises, including a *German-Turkish Dictionary*. His works are very popular in England, though their accuracy has been seriously questioned.

ST. STEPHEN, THE FIRST KING OF HUNGARY.

Reigned 997-1038.

King Stephen led the Hungarian nation from the darkness of paganism into the light of Christianity, and

from the disorders of barbarism into the safer path of western civilization. He induced his people to abandon the fierce independence of nomadic life, and assigned to them a place in the disciplined ranks of European society and of organized states. Under him, and through his exertions, the Hungarian people became a western nation. Never was a change of such magnitude, and we may add such a providential change, accomplished in so short a time, with so little bloodshed, and with such signal success as this remarkable transformation of the Hungarian people. The contemporaries of this great and noble man, those who assisted him in guiding the destinies of the Hungarian nation, gave him already full credit for the wise and patriotic course pursued by him, and the Hungarian nation of the present day still piously and gratefully cherishes his memory. To the Hungarians of to-day, although eight and a half centuries removed from St. Stephen, his fame continues to be a living one, and they still fondly refer to his exalted example, his acts, his opinions, and admirations, as worthy to inspire and admonish the young generations in their country.

This need be no matter for surprise, for at no period of Hungary's history has her political continuity been interrupted in such a way as to make her lose sight of the noble source from which its greatness sprang. No doubt a complete change has taken place in the political and social order, in the course of so many centuries, but the state structure, however modified, still rests upon the deep and sure foundations laid by the wisdom of her first king. One day in the year, the 20th of August—called St. Stephen's day—is still hallowed to his memory. On that day his embalmed right hand is carried about with great pomp and solemnity, in a brilliant procession, accompanied by religious ceremonies, through Ancient Buda, and shown to her populace. The kingdom of Hungary is called the realm of St. Stephen to this day, the Hungarian kings are still crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, and the nation acknowledges only him to be its king whose temples have been touched by the sacred crown. The Catholic Church in Hungary, although it no more occupies its

former pre-eminent position in the state, still retains enough of power, wealth, and splendor to bear ample testimony to the lavish liberality of St. Stephen. Thus the historian meets everywhere with traces of his benignant activity, and whilst the fame and saintliness of the great king have surrounded his name with a luminous halo in the annals of his nation, that very brilliancy has prevented from coming down to posterity such mere terrestrial and every-day details as would assist in drawing his portrait. The grand outlines of his form detach themselves vividly and sharply from the dark background of his age—but there is a lack of contemporary accounts which would help to fill up these outlines, and the legends of the succeeding generations which make mention of him can but ill supply this want, for they regard in him the saint only, and not the man. His deeds alone remain to guide us in the task of furnishing a truthful picture of the founder of his country, and well may we apply to him the words of Scripture, that the tree shall be known by its fruit.—*The Story of the Nations : Hungary.*





VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN, an English dramatist, supposed to have been born in London in 1666; died there, March 26, 1726. He was of Flemish ancestry, and was educated in France. He entered the army and became captain, but resigned and devoted himself to architecture. He designed Castle Howard, in Yorkshire, and built Blenheim, the residence of the Duke of Marlborough. He was knighted in 1714 and made Comptroller of the Royal Works, and in 1716 became Surveyor of the Works at Greenwich Hospital. His plays are well written and give amusing pictures of contemporary life, but their coarseness has caused them to be banished from the stage. Their titles are: *The Relapse* (1697); *The Provoked Wife* (1697); *Æsop* (1698); an adaptation of Fletcher's *Pilgrim* (1700); *Confederacy* (1705), adaptations from Molière's comedies, and an unfinished comedy, *The Journey to London*, completed by Colley Cibber.

"Sir John Vanbrugh," says Dr. Blair, "has spirit, wit, and ease; but he is to the last degree gross and indelicate. He is one of the most immoral of all our comedians. His *Provoked Wife* is full of such indecent sentiments and allusions as ought to explode it out of all reputable society. His *Relapse* is equally censurable; and these are his only two considerable pieces."

"To speak of Vanbrugh in the language of a
(285).

painter," says Sir John Reynolds, "he had originality of intention; he understood light and shadow, and had great skill in composition. . . . Vanbrugh's fate was that of the great Perrault. Both were the objects of the petulant sarcasms of factious men of letters, and both have left some of the fairest monuments which, to this day, decorate their several countries."

LOVELESS AND AMANDA.

Love.—How true is that philosophy, which says
Our heaven is seated in our minds!
Through all the roving pleasures of my youth
(Where nights and days seem all consumed in joy,
Where the false face of luxury
Display'd such charms,
As might have shaken the most holy hermit,
And made him totter at his altar),
I never knew one moment's peace like this.
Here, in this little, soft retreat,
My thoughts unbent from all the cares of life,
Content with fortune,
Eased from the grating duties of dependence,
From envy free, ambition under foot,
My life glides on, and all is well within,

Enter AMANDA.

How does the happy cause of my content,
My dear Amanda? [*Meeting her kindly.*]
You find me musing on my happy state
And full of grateful thoughts to Heaven and you.

Aman.—Those grateful offerings Heaven can't receive
With more delight than I do,
Would I could share with it as well
The dispensations of its bliss!
That I might search its choicest favors out,
And shower 'em on your head forever.

Love.—The largest boons that Heaven thinks fit to grant,

To things it has decreed shall crawl on earth,
Are in the gift of woman form'd like you.
Perhaps when time shall be no more,
When the aspiring soul shall take its flight
And drop this ponderous lump of clay behind it,
It may have appetites we know not of,
And pleasures as refined as its desires—
But till that day of knowledge shall instruct me,
The utmost blessing that my thought can reach

[*Taking her in his arms.*

Is folded in my arms, and rooted in my heart.

Aman.—There let it grow forever !

Love.—Well said, Amanda—let it be forever—
Would Heaven grant that——

Aman.— 'Twere all the heaven I'd ask.

But we are clad in black mortality,
And the dark curtain of eternal night
At last must drop between us.

Love.— It must.

That mournful separation we must see,
A bitter pill it is to all ; but doubles its ungrateful taste,
When lovers are to swallow it.

Aman.—Perhaps that pain may only be my lot.

—*The Relapse.*





VAN DYKE, HENRY JACKSON, an American divine, poet, and theological writer, born at Germantown, Pa., November 10, 1852. He studied at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and afterward at Princeton College. He then entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and having graduated there in 1877, he went to Germany and studied at the University of Berlin. Before leaving Princeton, he edited for a time the *Princeton Book*, and was corresponding editor of the *Presbyterian*, published in Philadelphia. He returned to America in 1879 and took charge of a Congregational church at Newport; and since 1882 he has been pastor of the Brick Church (Presbyterian) in New York. He was preacher at Harvard University in 1891 and 1892; and in 1895 he became Lyman Beecher Lecturer at Yale. His literary works, besides many contributions to periodicals, included *The Reality of Religion* (1884); *The Story of the Psalms* (1887); *The National Sin of Literary Piracy* (1888); *The Poetry of Tennyson* (1889); *God and Little Children* (1890); *Straight Sermons to Young Men and Other Human Beings* (1893); *The Bible as It Is* (1893); *The Christ Child in Art: a Study of Interpretation* (1894); *The People Responsible for the Character of Their Rulers* (1895), and *Responsive Readings* (1895). Other works are *Historic Presbyterianism*, *Little Rivers*, *That Monster*,

the Higher Critic, The Gospel for an Age of Doubt, and The Builders, and Other Poems.

The feeling among literary people was voiced by a writer in the *Critic*, when, in 1896, it was thought that Van Dyke might be allowed to resign his pastorate over the Brick Church: "The acceptance of Dr. Van Dyke's resignation, if it should imply nothing but a change from one New York pulpit to another, would be a loss only to the congregation to which he has ministered for the past fourteen years; if it should imply his removal to another city, the whole town would be a loser; if, perchance, it should involve his retirement from the ministry, the Presbyterian Church in America would be much the poorer. But this last contingency is the one, I confess, that would cause me the least regret; for the fine qualities of heart and mind that Dr. Van Dyke puts into his preaching and writing would be turned more freely into literary channels if he were relieved of pastoral cares; and this would be a substantial gain to American literature."

THE BREATH OF TIME.

The monuments of mortals
Are as the flower of the grass :
Through Time's dim portals
A voiceless, viewless wind doth pass ;
And where it breathes, the brightest blooms decay,
The forests bend to earth more deeply day by day,
And man's great buildings slowly fade away.
One after one
They pay to that dumb breath
The tribute of their death :
And are undone.

The towers incline to dust,
The massive girders rust,
The domes dissolve in air,
The pillars that upbear
The lofty arches crumble, stone by stone,
While man the builder looks about him in despair,
For all his works of pride are overthrown.
—*From The Builders.*

ARMENIA.

Stand back, ye messengers of mercy ! Stand
Far off, for I will save my troubled folk
In my own way. So the false Sultan spoke ;
And Europe, hearkening to his base command,
Stood still to see him heal his wounded land.
Through blinding snows of winter and through smoke
Of burning towns, she saw him deal the stroke
Of cruel mercy that his hate had planned.
Unto the prisoners and the sick he gave
New tortures, horrible, without a name ;
Unto the thirsty, blood to drink ; a sword
Unto the hungry ; with a robe of shame
He clad the naked, making life abhorred.
He saved by slaughter, but denied a grave.
—*Published in the Independent, March 5, 1896.*





VAUGHAN, HENRY, a Welsh poet and mystic, born at Skethiog-on-Usk in 1621; died there, April 23, 1693. He was known as "the Silurist," from his being born in South Wales, the country of the Silures. He was sprung from one of the most ancient families of the principality. Two of his ancestors, Sir Roger Vaughan and Sir David Gam, fell at Agincourt. Shakespeare visited Skethiog, the family castle in Brecknockshire; and there he is supposed to have fallen in with the word "Puck," from Cwm-Pooky, the Goblin's Valley, which belonged to the Vaughans. Henry had a twin brother Thomas, known as "the Rosicrucian," with whom he entered Jesus College, Oxford, in 1638; having been privately educated since 1632 by the rector of Llangattock. It was early in the great rebellion that the brothers went to Oxford; King Charles kept his court there, and the young Vaughans were hot Royalists. Thomas bore arms, and Henry was imprisoned. Thomas, after many trials, returned to Oxford, devoted his life to alchemy, and wrote books on such subjects as the state of man after death, "grounded on proto-chemistry;" the discovery of the true "*cælum terræ*," and the like. At what time Henry left the university is not known; but it was evidently after he had studied some time in London and had been introduced into the

society of men of letters that he published his first volume, *Poems, with the Tenth Satire of Juvenal Englished* (1646). After taking the degree of M.D. in London, he settled at his birthplace, where he lived and died the doctor of the district. From this place he set forth his collection of sacred poems, *Silex Scintillans*, in 1650. His *Olor Iscanus, the Swan of Usk*, a collection of secular verses, was published by his brother without his consent in 1651. A mystical treatise in prose, *The Mount of Olives*, followed in 1652; and then two prose translations, *Flores Solitudinis*, in 1654, and *Hermetical Physick*, in 1655. In 1678 an Oxford friend collected the poems of Vaughan's middle life in a volume entitled *Thalia Rediviva*. One of the best of his single poems is entitled *The Retreat*.

Vaughan is placed as the latest in the "metaphysical" school of the seventeenth century. He analyzes his own experiences with excessive ingenuity; and through his extreme intensity of feeling and his close observation of nature he often strikes out lines and phrase of marvellous felicity. His imagination is lively, and he is at his best when he abandons himself entirely to his vision.

NIGHT AND NICODEMUS.

Most blessed believer he !
 Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
 Thy long expected healing wings could see,
 When thou didst rise ;
 And, what can never more be done,
 Did at midnight speak with the Sun !

O who will tell me where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour ?
What hallow'd, solitary ground did bear
 So rare a flower ;
 Within whose sacred leaves did lie
 The fulness of the Deity ?

No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty Cherub, nor carved stone,
But his own living works, did my Lord hold
 And lodge alone ;
 Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
 And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear night ! this world's defeat ;
The stop to busie fools ; care's check and curb ;
The day of Spirits ; my soul's calm retreat
 Which none disturb !
 Christ's progress and his prayer-time ;
 The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight :
When my Lord's head is filled with dew ; and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;
 His still, soft call ;
 His knocking time ; the soul's dumb watch,
 When Spirits their Fair Kindred catch.

Were my loud, evil days,
Calm and undaunted as is Thy dark Tent,
Whose peace but by some Angel's wing or voice
 Is seldom rent ;
 Then I in Heaven all the long year
 Would keep, and never wander here.

—*From Silix Scintillans.*

DEATH.

Though since thy first sad entrance
 By just Abel's blood,
'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
And still thy sovereignty holds good ;
Yet by none art thou understood,

We talk and name thee with much ease,
 As a tryed thing,
 And every one can slight his lease,
 As if it ended in a Spring,
 Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go.
 But there was One
 Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
 And then, returning like the Sun,
 Discover'd all that there is done.

And since his death we throughly see
 All thy dark way ;
 Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
 Which his first looks will quickly fray ;
 Mists make but triumphs for the day.

—*From Sillex Scintillans.*

EARLY INNOCENCE.

Happy those early days, when I
 Shin'd in my Angell-infancy !
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy ought
 But a white, Celestiall thought ;
 When yet I had not walkt above
 A mile or two from my first love,
 And looking back, at that short space,
 Could see a glimpse of his bright face ;
 When on some gilded Cloud or flowre
 My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity ;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My Conscience with a sinfule sound,
 Or had the black art to dispence
 A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
 But felt through all this fleshly dresse
 Bright shootes of everlastingness.
 O, how I long to travell back,
 And tread again that ancient track !

That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine ;
From whence th' Inlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palme trees.

—*From The Retreat.*

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here !
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear ;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove—
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days ;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility !
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death—the jewel of the just—
Shining nowhere but in the dark !
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn there,
 But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under thee !
 Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still as they pass ;
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill
 Where I shall need no glass.

THE MORNING WATCH.

O Joyes ! Infinite Sweetness ! with what flowers
 And shoots of glory my soul breakes and buds !
 All the long houres
 Of night and rest,
 Through the still shrouds
 Of sleep and clouds,
 This dew fell on my breast ;
 O how it *Blouds*,
 And *Spirits* all my Earth ! Hearn ! In what Rings
 And *Hymning Circulations* the quick world
 Awakes and sings !
 The rising winds,
 And falling springs,
 Birds, beasts, all things
 Adore him in their kinds.
 Thus all is hurled
 In sacred Hymnes and Order the great *Chime*
 And Symphony of nature. Prayer is
 The world in tune,
 A spirit-voyce,
 And vocall joyes,
 Whose *Eccho* is heaven's blisse.
 O let me climbe
 When I lye down. The pious soul by night
 Is like a clouded starre, whose beames though said
 To shed their light
 Under some cloud,

Yet are above,
 And shine and move
 Beyond that mystic shroud.
 So in my Bed,
 That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
 My lamp and life, both shall in thee abide.
 —*Silex Scintillans.*

PEACE.

My Soul, there is a Countrie
 Afar beyond the stars,
 Where stands a wingèd Sentries
 All skilful in the wars.
 There, above noise and danger,
 Sweet peace sits, crowned with smiles,
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.
 He is thy gracious friend
 And (O my Soul, awake !)
 Did in pure love descend,
 To die here for thy sake.
 If thou canst get but thither,
 There growes the flowre of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress and thy ease.
 Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
 For none can thee secure,
 But One, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

Blessings as rich and fragrant crown your heads,
 As the mild heaven on roses sheds,
 When at their cheeks (like pearls) they weare
 The clouds that court them in a teare.
 Fresh as the houres may all your pleasures be,
 And healthfull as Eternitie !
 Sweet as the flowre's first breath, and close
 As th' unseen spreadings of the Rose
 When she unfolds her curtained head,
 And makes her bosome the Sun's bed.
 —*From Olor Iscanus, the Swan of Usk.*



VAUQUELIN, JEAN DE LA FRESNAYE, a French poet, was born at the château of La Fresnaye, near Falaise, in 1535; died at Caen in 1607. He followed for a time the profession of arms; then was Advocate Royal and Lieutenant-General under Henry III., and finally President of the *Présidial* bench at Caen under Henry IV. His son Nicholas was also somewhat of a versifier, and was appointed in 1609 preceptor to the Dauphin; but his licentious life made him obnoxious, and he had to quit the Court and retire to his estate, where, after a series of the most scandalous and extravagant adventures, he died in 1649. The *Œuvres Poétiques* of the elder Vauquelin contain many sportive songs and other light pieces which are read with pleasure. He was the first writer of idyls in French verse, and is considered as the real founder of French satire, which he redeemed from the grossness that had hitherto characterized the productions that went under that name. His *Foresteries*, which he began to publish at the age of twenty, shows the same qualities which are found more fully developed in his *Idillies*—qualities which are summed up by the author himself in the descriptive phrase, "*la Nature en chemise*." Some of his sonnets, political and religious, are of an elevated sentiment. His *Art Poétique* is rude in style, but interesting for the blunt novelty of its ideas.

MIDSUMMER.

Shady valleys, tumbling floods,
Crystal fountains, lofty woods,
Where Philanon hath oft presst
Lovely Phillis to his breast,
Blest be ye, and never air
Strip your winter branches bare ;
Lovely valleys, parching heat
Never soil your green retreat ;
Never hoof of herd uncouth,
Fountains, break your margins smooth ;
Streams, your windings never lie
By the dog-star scorched and dry ;
Never woodman's axe intrude,
Forests, on your solitude ;
Nor the wolf be ever here
To scare your flocks with nightly fear ;
Still the Nymphs, a holy choir,
To your haunts for peace retire ;
Pan himself, with you to dwell,
Bid his Mænalus farewell.

—*From Les Idillies ; translated for the London Magazine.*

TITYRUS'S HARP.

The harp that whilom on the reedy shore
Of Mincius, to the listening shepherds sung
Such strains as never, haply, or before
Or sithence, 'mid the mountain cliffs have rung
Of Mænalus, or on Lycæus hoar ;
And sounded next, to bolder music strung,
The gifts of Pales, and what perils bore,
What toils achiev'd, that Phrygian goddess-sprung,—
Now on an aged oak, making the gloom
More awful, hangs ; where, if the wind have stirr'd,
Seems as a proud and angry voice were heard :
“ Let none with universe hardiment presume
To touch me ; for, once vocal at command
Of Tityrus, I brook no meaner hand.”

—*Free Translation from Vauquelin's Imitation of Costanzo.*



VAUX, LORD THOMAS, an English poet, born, probably at the ancestral estate of Harrowden, in Northamptonshire, in 1510; died in 1562. He was the son of Nicholas Vaux, a distinguished statesman and warrior who was created a baron by Henry VIII., and from whom is descended the present Baron Vaux. Lord Thomas was only twelve years old upon his father's death; and upon the attainment of his majority he took his seat in Parliament as a baron in the twenty-second year of the reign of Henry VIII. He had been already with Wolsey in his embassy to the Emperor Charles V.; and in 1532 he accompanied the King to France—having previously, it is said, had the custody of Queen Catherine. In 1533 he was made a Knight of the Bath, and afterward Captain of the Island of Jersey; which office he surrendered in 1536. His poems, which were for some time attributed to his father, are chiefly to be found in the *Paradyse of Daintye Devyces*, which was reprinted long after in *The Bibliographer*. *The Assault of Cupid*, and the *Dyttie, or Sonnet Made by the Lord Vaux in Tyme of the Noble Queene Marye*, were reprinted by Dr. Percy and Mr. Ellis. Among the best known of his pieces are *The Aged Louer Renounceth Loue*; *No Pleasure Without some Paine*; *Of the Instabilitie of Youth*; *Of a Contented Minde*; *Of Beyng Asked the Occasion of his White Heade*.

Drake, in his *Shakespeare and his Times*, says that "the poems of Lord Vaux are uniformly of a moral and pensive cast, and breathe a spirit of religion and resignation often truly touching, and sometimes bordering on the sublime."

THE TORPOR OF OLD AGE.

My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Gray hairs upon my head.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before ;
My hand and pen are not in plight
As they have been of yore.

For reason me denies
This youthly, idle rhyme ;
And day by day to me she cries,
Leave of these toys in time.

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say limping age will lodge him now
Where youth must give him place.

Thus must I youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear ;
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it bear.
—*From the Aged Louer Renounceth Love.*

OF A CONTENTED MINDE.

When all is done and said,
In th' end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss,
That hath a quiet mind ;
And clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content,

The sweetest time in all his life
On thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour ;
And death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay,
Whereas the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech,
Through thinking, few or none ;
Fear oft restraineth words,
But makes not thought to cease,
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
Our kinsmen at the grave.
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have ;
Wherefore for virtue's sake
I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

—*Taken from The Paradyse of Daintye Devyces.*





VAZOFF, IVAN, a Bulgarian novelist and poet, was born at Sopot, in what is now Eastern Roumelia, in August, 1850. Sopot is not marked in the maps of the peninsula; it is a large village at the foot of the Balkans, about forty miles north of Philippopolis, and is supposed to be the picturesque "Bela-Chervka" so lovingly pictured by Vazoff as the centre of his *Pod Igoto*. He was educated first at the school of his native town; and was then sent by his father, a small trader, to Kalofer and to Philippopolis. Bulgarian literature could offer him only a few school-books and political pamphlets; so he set himself to study Russian and then French. When the budding spirit of Bulgaria put forth the *Periodic Review* at Braila, over the frontiers of friendly Roumania, he was one of the first to contribute to it of his earlier poems. From 1870 to 1872 he resided in Roumania; and then returned to Sopot and entered his father's business. But in 1876, having become more and more an object of suspicion to the Turkish authorities, he had to fly for his life north across the Balkan; and reaching Bucharest he joined the Bulgarian Revolutionary Committee. The three stormy years that followed saw the development of his genius and the publication of three famous volumes of patriotic lyrical poetry, *The Banner and the Guzla*, *The Sorrows of Bul-*

garia, and *The Deliverance*. He returned in 1878 to find Sopot destroyed; and he then accepted a judicial appointment from the Russians. In the following year he was elected a member of the permanent committee of the provincial assembly of Eastern Roumelia; and having settled at Philippopolis, the new capital, he there published his earliest prose works, *Not Long Ago*, *Mitrofan*, *Hadji Akhil*, and *The Outcast*. He also issued here his comedy entitled *Mikhalaki*, and two new collections of poetry: *Fields and Woods* and *Italy*, the latter published in 1884, after he had been travelling in that country. During the war of 1885 he visited the battle-fields and published his *Slivnitza*; and in 1886 he left for Russia and settled in Odessa. Here he wrote his masterpiece, *Pod Igoto*—"Under the Yoke"—which first appeared in serial form in *Sbornik*, a review published by the Bulgarian Minister of Public Instruction. In 1889 he returned and settled in Sofia. In 1892 he published *The Great Desert of Rilo* and *In the Heart of the Rhodope*, and undertook the editorial management of the monthly periodical, *Dennitsa*—the *Morning Star*.

Vazoff is, without a rival, the leading writer of Bulgaria. His poems enjoy a great popularity in his own country, and selections from them have been translated into Russian, Czech, Slavonic, Servian, and Bohemian. Like Chaucer, having no native models to follow, he has had to invent the very forms of versification he uses. Of his prose, *Pod Igoto* has been translated into English under the editorial supervision of Edmund Gosse,

who says: "If there is a certain gratification in presenting to the English public the first specimen of the literature of a new people, that gratification is lifted above triviality, and grounded upon a serious critical basis, when the book so presented is in itself a masterpiece. The story is the chronicle of one of those abortive attempts which were made throughout Bulgaria and Roumelia to throw off the intolerable yoke of Turkish tyranny. The tale ends tragically, with the failure of the insurrection and the martyrdom of the leading patriots who took part in it. The strenuous political fervor of this romance is relieved by a multitude of delicate, touching, and humorous episodes; and all are but the embroidery of a noble piece of imaginative texture, unquestionably one of the finest romances that Eastern Europe has sent into the West."

THE MARTYR OF THE MILL.

Suddenly a storm of bullets burst upon the mill. As the volley grew louder, the Turks approached still nearer. From the continued silence, they came to the conclusion that the concealed rebel was unarmed. Bullets rained upon the walls.

The Turks were now quite close. The time was at hand. Ognianoff stood upright at a window, the doctor in the doorway.

They looked at each other; then each discharged his revolver into the surging mass of the enemy. The unexpected rejoinder brought three Turks to the ground, and revealed the force of the mill. The Turks saw that there was more than one rebel there. This confused them, but only for a moment. The victors of Klassoura rushed with a shout at the building. Some aimed from the banks at the openings in the walls, so as to prevent the defenders from appearing there and

firing at the attacking party. The struggle could not last.

"We're done for, Doctor," said Ognianoff; "farewell for ever, my brother!"

"Farewell, brother!"

"But neither of us, Doctor, must fall into their hands alive."

"No, neither of us. I've four cartridges left; and I'm keeping one for myself."

"I'm keeping two, Doctor," and Ognianoff involuntarily turned toward Rada. She lay there still, but her face had become deathlike in its pallor; from her left breast a thin stream of blood was quietly trickling down over her dress. A bullet had glanced off the wall and struck her; and she had passed from unconsciousness into eternal slumber.

Then Ognianoff left his post and drew near to her; he knelt down, took her cold hands in his, and imprinted one long kiss on her icy lips; he kissed her forehead, her wondrous, loving eyes, her hair, and her wound where the blood was flowing. If he uttered any sound, murmured a last farewell in that last kiss, whispered a "Good-by, till we meet again, Rada," it could not be heard in the roar of the guns outside and the pattering of the bullets within. He wrapped her in his cloak. When he arose, tears were flowing down his cheeks.

A whole ocean of sorrow was in those tears.

Perhaps—who knows?—there was mingled also a warm feeling of gratitude to Providence!

During this last mute farewell, which lasted only half a minute, Sokoloff was facing alone the hundred assailants. Suddenly he turned round and saw Rada. Then his hair stood on end, his eyes flashed like a tiger's, and, heedless of the danger, he drew himself up at full length in the door-way, as though mocking at the bullets, and cried, in the purest Turkish:

"You cursed dogs! you shall pay dearly for every drop of Bulgarian blood!" and he discharged his revolver into the thick of the crowd.

With redoubled frenzy the horde now rushed at the impregnable fortress—for such the ruined mill seemed

to have become. A wild shout, followed by a fresh volley, cleft the air.

"Ah!" groaned the doctor, flinging away his revolver. A bullet had pierced his right hand. Inexpressible horror and despair were depicted on his face. Ognianoff, still firing at the crowd, and also covered with blood, asked:

"Are you in pain, brother?"

"No, but I've fired off my last cartridge—I forgot."

"Here; there are two left in my revolver; take it," said Ognianoff, handing the weapon to Sokoloff. "Now they shall see how a Bulgarian apostle dies!" And drawing the long yataghan from the doctor's belt, he rushed from the door into the crowd, dealing frightful blows left and right.

Half an hour later the whole horde, triumphant and ferocious, was marching with demoniacal glee from the valley with Ognianoff's head on a pole. The doctor's head, slashed to pieces by their knives—it had first been shattered by the doctor himself with a bullet—could not serve as a trophy. So also Rada's head was left behind for reasons of policy.

A cart behind conveyed the killed and wounded.

With savage shouts of triumph the band reached the town. It was more silent and deserted than a graveyard. They set up the trophy in the market-place.—*From Pod Igoto; anonymous translation published in London, 1894.*





VEDAS, the sacred books of Brahmanism, of the earliest or Vedic period, supposed by Max Müller to have extended from 1200 to 200 B.C. Excluding the Brâmanas and Sûtras, which are of the nature of commentaries, and are referred to 1000 to 200 B.C., the Vedas, or sacred hymns, assumed to date 1200 to 1000 B.C., exist in four collections: the Rig-Veda, Sâma-Veda, Yajur-Veda, and Atharva-Veda—the first, which is the most prized, containing 1,028 hymns and 10,580 verses. Many translations of portions of these have been made in German and English, *e.g.*, accompanying Muir's *Original Sanskrit Texts* (5 vols., 1863–70). Max Müller has published 6 volumes of text and translation of *Rig-Veda-Sanhita*, beginning 1869—Sanhita meaning text; and gives an account of the sacred writings in his *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature* (1859). The word Veda means “knowledge.” Müller speaks of the Vedas as the oldest of human writings.

HYMN TO AGNI (THE GOD OF FIRE) AND THE MARUTS
(THE STORM-GODS).

1. Thou art called forth to this fair sacrifice for a draught of milk ; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni !
2. No god indeed, no mortal, is beyond the might of thee, the mighty one ; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni !
3. They who know the great sky, the Visve Devas

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without guile ; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni !

4. The wild ones who sing their song, unconquerable by force ; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni !

5. They who are brilliant, of awful shape, powerful, and devourers of foes ; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni !

6. They who in heaven are enthroned as gods, in the light of the firmament ; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni !

7. They who toss the clouds across the surging sea ; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni !

8. They who shoot with their darts across the sea with might ; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni !

9. I pour out to thee for the early draught the sweet (juice) of Soma ; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni !

HYMN TO THE MARUTS (THE STORM-GODS).

1. Sing forth, O Kanvas, to the sportive host of your Maruts, brilliant on their chariots, and unscathed—

2. They who were born together, self-luminous, with the spotted deer (the clouds), the spears, the daggers, the glittering ornaments.

3. I hear their whips, almost close by, as they crack them in their hands ; they gain splendor on their way.

4. Sing forth your god-given prayer to the exultant host of your Maruts, the furiously vigorous, the powerful.

5. Celebrate the bull among the cows (the storm among the clouds), for it is the sportive host of the Maruts ; he grew as he tasted the rain.

6. Who, O ye men, is the oldest among you here, ye shakers of heaven and earth, when you shake them like the hem of a garment ?

7. At your approach the son of man holds himself down ; the gnarled cloud fled at your fierce anger.

8. They at whose racings the earth, like a hoary king, trembles for fear on their ways.

9. Their birth is strong indeed ; there is strength to come forth from their mother, nay, there is vigor twice enough for it.

10. And these sons, the singers, enlarged the fences in their coursings ; the cows had to walk knee-deep.

11. They cause this long and broad unceasing rain to fall on their ways.

12. O Maruts, with such strength as yours, you have caused men to fall, you have caused the mountains to fall.

13. As the Maruts pass along, they talk together on the way ; does anyone hear them ?

14. Come fast on your quick steeds ! there are worshippers for you among the canvas : may you well rejoice among them.

HYMN TO THE MARUTS AND INDRA.

The Prologue.

The sacrificer speaks :

1. With what splendor are the Maruts all equally endowed, they who are of the same age, and dwell in the same house ? With what thoughts ? From whence are they come ? Do these heroes sing forth their (own) strength because they wish for wealth ?

2. Whose prayers have the youths accepted ? Who has turned the Maruts to his own sacrifice ? By what strong devotion may we delight them, they who float through the air like hawks ?

The Dialogue.

The Maruts speak :

3. From whence, O Indra, dost thou come alone, thou who art mighty ? O Lord of men, what has thus happened to thee ? Thou greetest (us), when thou comest together with (us) the bright (Maruts). Tell us, then, thou with thy bay horses, what thou hast against us !

Indra speaks :

4. The sacred songs are mine (mine are), the prayers ; sweet are the libations ! My strength rises, my thunderbolt is hurled forth. They call for me, the prayers yearn for me. Here are my horses, they carry me toward them.

The Maruts speak :

5. Therefore, in company with our strong friends, having adorned our bodies, we now harness our fallow deer with all our might ; for, Indra, according to thy custom, thou hast been with us.

Indra speaks :

6. Where, O Maruts, was that custom of yours, that you should join me who am alone in killing Ahi? I indeed am terrible, strong, powerful—I escaped from the blows of every enemy.

The Maruts speak :

7. Thou hast achieved much with us as companions. With the same valor, O hero ! let us achieve, then, many things, O thou most powerful, O Indra ! whatever we, O Maruts, wish with our heart.

Indra speaks :

8. I slew Vritra, O Maruts, with might, having grown strong through my own vigor ; I, who hold the thunderbolt in my arms, I have made these all-brilliant waters to flow freely for man.

The Maruts speak :

9. Nothing, O powerful lord, is strong before thee ; no one is known among the gods like unto thee. No one who is now born will come near, no one who has been born. Do what has to be done, thou who art grown so strong.

Indra speaks :

10. Almighty power be mine alone, whatever I may do, daring in my heart ; for I indeed, O Maruts, am known as terrible : of all that I threw down, I, Indra, am the lord.

Indra speaks :

11. O Maruts, now your praise has pleased me, the glorious hymn which you have made for me, ye men !—for me, for Indra, for the powerful hero, as friends, for your own sake and by your own efforts.

Indra speaks :

12. Truly, there they are, shining toward me, assuming blameless glory, assuming vigor. O Maruts, wherever I have looked for you, you have appeared to me in bright splendor · appear to me also now !

The Epilogue.

The sacrificer speaks :

13. Who has magnified you here, O Maruts ? Come hither, O friends, toward your friends ! Ye brilliant Maruts, cherish these prayers, and be mindful of these rites.

14. The wisdom of Manya has brought us to this, that he should help as the poet helps the performer of a sacrifice : bring (them) hither quickly ! Maruts, on to the sage ! these prayers the singer has recited for you.

15. This your praise, O Maruts, this your song comes from Mandarya, the son of Mana, the poet. Come hither with rain ! May we find ourselves, offspring, food, and a camp with running water.—MULLER'S *Rig-Veda-Sanhita*, Book I., *Hymns to the Maruts*.

PRAYER FROM THE RIG-VEDA.

This new and excellent praise of thee, O splendid, playful sun, is offered by us to thee. Be gratified by this my speech. Approach this craving mind as a fond man seeks a woman. May that sun who contemplates and looks into all worlds be our protection. Let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine ruler ; may it guide our intellects. Desirous of food, we solicit the gift of the splendid sun, who should be studiously worshipped. Venerable men, guided by understanding, salute the divine sun with oblations and praise.—*Handbook of Sanskrit Literature*.





VEDDER, DAVID, a Scotch lyric poet, born in the parish of Burness, Orkney, in 1790; died at Newington, near Edinburgh, February 11, 1854. He was the son of a small proprietor near Kirkwall. Deprived of his parents early in life, he entered the merchant marine, and afterward the customs service. In 1852 he was placed on the retired list; when he took up his residence in Edinburgh, near which town he died. Vedder began to rhyme very early in life, but he did not venture on publishing till 1826, when *The Covenanter's Communion, and Other Poems* appeared. Then followed *Arcadian Sketches, Legendary and Lyrical Pieces* in 1832, and in the same year a *Memoir of Sir Walter Scott, with Critical Notices of His Writings*. Ten years later he reappeared as the author of a volume of *Poems, Legendary, Lyrical, and Descriptive*. In 1848 Vedder and his son-in-law, Frederick Schenck, a lithographer, issued jointly an illustrated book entitled *The Pictorial Gift-Book of Lays and Lithography*. His last work was a new English version of the German story of *Reynard the Fox*, published in 1852, with fine letter-press pictures by Canton, of Munich, and inset lithographs by Schenck and MacFarlane.

Gilfillan, writing for the *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, says of Vedder: "As a poet and prose-writer his powers were of no ordinary

kind. He added to strong, unrestrained sense much fancy and humor. He had unquestionably a true natural vein."

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

Talk not of temples—there is one
 Built without hands, to mankind given ;
 Its lamps are the meridian sun,
 And all the stars of heaven ;
 Its walls are the cerulean sky ;
 Its floors the earth so green and fair ;
 The dome is vast immensity—
 All Nature worships there !

The Alps, arrayed in stainless snow,
 The Andean ranges yet untrod,
 At sunrise and at sunset glow
 Like altar-fires to God.
 A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
 As if with hallowed victims rare ;
 And thunder lifts its voice in praise—
 All Nature worships there !

The Ocean heaves resistlessly,
 And pours its glittering treasures forth ;
 His waves—the priesthood of the sea—
 Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth,
 And there emit a hollow sound,
 As if they murmured praise and prayer
 On every side 'tis holy ground—
 All Nature worships there !

The cedar and the mountain pine,
 The willow on the fountain brim,
 The tulip and the eglantine,
 In reverence bend to Him ;
 The song-birds pour their sweetest lays
 From tower and tree and middle air ;
 The rushing river murmurs praise—
 All Nature worships there !



VEGA CARPIO, LOPE FELIX DE, a celebrated Spanish poet and dramatist, born in Madrid, November 25, 1562 ; died there, August 27, 1635. He wrote poetry in his childhood, and before he was twelve years old some dramatic pieces, having become at so early an age a master of his own language and the Latin. The Bishop of Avila was interested in his education ; and, at seventeen, he entered the University of Alcalá de Henares, where he distinguished himself. After many vicissitudes and domestic afflictions, and after service as a soldier in the Invincible Armada, he became a Franciscan priest. His fame was so unbounded that a brilliant diamond was called a Lope diamond ; a fine day, a Lope day, etc. He is said to have been the most prolific author who ever lived, having written eighteen hundred dramas. Lord Holland gave a list of four hundred and ninety-seven still extant. Besides these, were long poems, *Arcadia*, *La Hermosura de Angelica*, etc. His miscellaneous writings were published in twenty-one volumes (Madrid, 1776).

“ All these violations of the truth of fact,” says George Ticknor, in his *History of Spanish Literature*, “ and of the commonest rules of Christian morals, of which nobody was more aware than their perpetrator, were overlooked by Lope himself, and by his audiences, in the general interest of the

plot. A dramatized novel was the form he chose to give to his plays, and he succeeded in settling it as the main principle of the Spanish stage. . . . No doubt, indeed, much of his power over the mass of the people of his time is to be sought in the charm that belonged to his versification; not infrequently careless, but almost always fresh, flowing, and effective. His variety, too, was remarkable. No metre of which the language was susceptible escaped him. The Italian octave stanzas are frequent; the *terzarima*, though more sparingly used, occurs often; and hardly a play is without one or more sonnets. All this was to please the more fashionable and cultivated among his audience, who had long been enamored of whatever was Italian; and though some of it was unhappy enough, like sonnets with echoes, it was all fluent and all successful."

FROM THE "ESTRELLA DE SEVILLA."

Sancho.—I kiss thy feet.

King.— Rise, Sancho! rise and know
I wrong thee much to let thee stoop so low.

Sancho.—My liege, confounded with thy grace I stand;
Unskilled in speech, no words can I command
To tell the thanks I feel.

King.— Why, what in me
To daunt thy noble spirit canst thou see?

Sancho.—Courage and majesty that strike with awe;
My sovereign lord; the fountain of the law;
In fine, God's image, which I come to obey,
Never so honored as I feel to-day.

King.—Much I applaud thy wisdom, much thy zeal;
And now, to try thy courage, will reveal
That which you covet so to learn—the cause
That thus my soldier to the presence draws.

Much it imports the safety of my reign
A man should die—in secret should be slain ;
This must some friend perform ; search Seville through,
None can I find so fit to trust as you.

Sancho.—Guilty he needs must be.

King.— He is.

Sancho.— Then why,

My sovereign liege, in secret should he die ?
If public law demands the culprit's head,
In public let the culprit's blood be shed.
Shall Justice's sword, which strikes in face of day
Stoop to dark deeds—a man in secret slay ?
The world will think who kills by means unknown
No guilt avenges, but implies his own.
If slight his fault, I dare for mercy pray.

King.—Sancho, attend ;—you came not here to-day
An advocate to plead a traitor's cause,
But to perform my will, to execute my laws,
To slay a man ; and why the culprit bleed
Matters not thee, it is thy monarch's deed ;
If base, thy monarch the dishonor bears.
But say—to draw against my life who dares,
Deserves he death ?

Sancho.— Oh, yes ! a thousand times.

King.—Then strike without remorse : these are the
wretch's crimes.

Sancho.—So let him die ; for sentence Ortiz pleads :
Were he my brother, by this arm he bleeds.

King.—Give me thy hand.

Sancho.— With that my heart I pledge.

King.—So, while he heeds not, shall thy rapier's
edge

Reach his proud heart.

Sancho.— My liege ! my sovereign lord !

Sancho's my name, I wear a soldier's sword.
Would you with treacherous acts and deeds of shame
Taint such a calling, tarnish such a name ?
Shall I—shall I to sink from open strife,
Like some base coward, point the assassin's knife ?
No ! face to face his foe must Ortiz meet,
Or in the crowded mart, or public street,
Defy and combat him in open light.

Curse the mean wretch who slays, but dares not fight
 Naught can excuse the vile assassin's blow ;
 Happy, compared with him, his murdered foe—
 With him who, living, lives but to proclaim,
 To all he meets, his cowardice and shame.

King.—E'en as thou wilt ; but in this paper read,
 Signed by the king, the warrant of the deed.
 Act as you may, my name shall set you free.

Sancho.—Does, then, my liege so meanly deem of me ?
 I know his power, which can the earth control,
 Know his unshaken faith and steadfast soul.
 Shall seals, shall parchments, then, to me afford
 A surer warrant than my sovereign's word ?
 To guard my actions, as to guide my hand,
 I ask no surety but my king's command.
 Perish such deeds ! [*Tears the paper.*] they serve but
 to record

Some doubt, some question of a monarch's word.
 What need of bonds ? By honor bound are we—
 I to avenge thy wrongs, and thou to rescue me.
 One price I ask—the maid I name for bride.

King.—Were she the richest and the best allied
 In Spain, I grant her.

Sancho.— So throughout the world,
 May oceans view thy conquering flag unfurled !

King.—Nor shall thy actions pass without a meed.
 This note informs thee, Ortiz, who must bleed,
 But, reading, be not startled at a name ;
 Great is his prowess ; Seville speaks his fame.

Sancho.—I'll put that prowess to the proof ere long

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
 Thou didst seek after me—that Thou didst wait,
 Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter there ?
 Oh, strange delusion, that I did not greet
 Thy blest approach ! and, oh, to heaven how lost,
 If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
 Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet !
 How oft my guardian angel gently cried,

"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O, how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied!
And when the morrow came, I answered still, "To-mor-
row."

—*Translation of* LONGFELLOW,

COUNTRY LIFE.

Let the vain courtier waste his days,
Lured by the charm that wealth displays,
The couch of dawn, the board of costly fare;
Be his to kiss the ungrateful hand
That waves the sceptre of command,
And rear full many a palace in the air:
Whilst I enjoy, all unconfined,
The glowing sun, the genial wind,
And tranquil hours, to rustic toil assigned;
And prize far more, in peace and health,
Contented indigence than joyless wealth.
Not mine in fortune's face to bend,
At Grandeur's altar to attend,
Reflect his smile, and tremble at his frown;
Not mine a fond, aspiring thought,
A wish, a sigh, a vision, fraught
With Fame's bright phantom, Glory's deathless crown!
Nectareous draughts and viands pure
Luxuriant nature will insure;
These the clear fount and fertile field
Still to the wearied shepherd yield;
And when repose and visions reign,
Then we are equals all, the monarch and the swain,





VERESTCHAGIN, ALEXANDER VASILYÉ-VITCH, a Russian narrative-writer and army officer, born about 1853, at Pèrtovka, in the province of Novgorod. He is a younger brother of the celebrated painter. His education was pursued at a German boarding-school at St. Petersburg, a provincial gymnasium, and a St. Petersburg military academy ; and he participated in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78 and the Trans-Caspian Tekke expedition of 1880-81. These wars, with his childhood and youth, he describes in *At Home and in War*, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood (1880). One of the extracts here given is especially interesting, as it brings into view the artist brother, Vassili V. Verestchagin, who has also published autobiographical sketches, and who, although accompanying the armies as an artist only, was more than once a hero in the strife.

THE FIRST VICTIM OF WAR.

The sun has just risen, not opposite Parapan, but on the left, toward Rustchuk, from behind the steep Turkish shore, and is reflected in the river like a spot of fire. The bluish summits of the mountains, illuminated by the rays of the sun, stand out sharply against the crimson heavens. The Danube is tranquil and superb. In places, fresh aggregations of moisture, like clouds, are slowly separating from the river, as though loath to part from it. The drops of dew upon the bushes on the shore and on the reeds are lighted by the sun's rays

into all the colors of the rainbow. Even on the tiny island yonder, almost in the middle of the Danube, the dew sparkles like diamonds. The opposite shore and portions of the river adjoining it, which are not yet illuminated, appear as one solid, dark expanse. All is calm and quiet, and no movement is visible anywhere. . . .

About mid-day, I am walking with some comrades along the shore, when we behold a row-boat approaching. Everyone on the bank at once hastens to learn the meaning of this. The boat comes nearer and nearer, and we can distinguish one of our naval officers, standing erect in the centre of it. Cossacks of the Ural, in their tall, shaggy caps, are seated at the oars. Their comrades, who have escorted Skobeleff, Sr., from Maly-Dizhos to Parapan, press to the shore, and await with impatience the arrival of the boat.

"Was all successful?" rings a shout from the shore.

"Gorshkoff is killed," comes back the faint reply.

The crowd grows silent for a moment. This is *the first man killed*, and they will see him in a moment more. Complete silence ensues. Only the rattle of the oars and the splashing of the water are audible. The boat makes the shore. The spectators hasten there to look. I stand behind on a hillock, where I can see well. Slowly his comrades lift his body.

"He was a fine fellow," says someone in the throng. As soon as the drooping head of the dead man became visible, bound with a blood-stained white handkerchief, it seemed exactly as though something had stung me; for a moment I realized the frightful reverse side of war. I beheld a healthy, powerful man struck down by a bullet, his pale face framed in a black beard, his strong hands hanging. I beheld standing around him his comrades, as strong and healthy as he had been; I glanced at their gloomy, swarthy faces; I heard the sighs, the remarks of the crowds which had assembled --in a word, I beheld those details of war which it is difficult to reproduce with the pen.

Those present involuntarily bared their heads. On all faces, a heavy, oppressive feeling was manifest. The Ural Cossacks laid their comrade on their shoul-

ALEXANDER VASILYĖVITCH VERESTCHAGIN

ders, and bore him to the tiny, yellowish church, which stood near by, on the very shore.

Wonderful fact ! I afterward took part in several great battles ; I saw hundreds of the slain, but this *first man killed*, whom I had beheld in the midst of peaceful surroundings, without cannon shots and volleys of musketry, produced upon me a crushing impression. In an instant, all those joyous dreams and the charms which I had fancied that I should perceive in war took their flight, and, before my eyes there flitted long the head of Gorshkoff, bound up in that white handkerchief, and with its pallid, deathly face.—*At Home and in War ; translation of* ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.

WOUNDED.

That same day, toward evening, Lewis hastily came to me, and said abruptly, as was his wont : " Go upstairs ; your brother is there ; he is wounded—don't be alarmed, there is no danger. Skrydloff is there, too," he added, as though to comfort me.

Hardly knowing what I did, I flew up to him and found, in a small chamber, two beds placed ; one empty, as my brother had jumped out of it, and was standing, clad only in his blood-stained shirt, in front of Skrydloff, eagerly explaining something to him. Skrydloff was lying stretched out motionless, and requesting my brother, in a calm voice, to lie down and not to get excited.

Skrydloff was wounded severely, even dangerous'y, by a musket-ball in both legs.

" Just imagine," says my brother, turning to me with unusual animation, " when we began to approach the steamer, they began to shower bullets on us ; in spite of this, we drew still nearer, and all that remained to do was to come in collision ; the boom with the torpedo was ready. Skrydloff shouts : ' Go ahead ! ' I hear, ' Yes, sir ! ' but they couldn't. Our guides from the batteries had been killed by the bullets. At that time they wounded me, Skrydloff, and several sailors besides."

" Where are you wounded ? " I inquired.

ALEXANDER VASILYĖVITCH VERESTCHAGIN

"Here, on the right thigh. At first I did not notice it, only I felt something warm; I touched it—it was a hole and my finger went in; I tried two, and two went in. I looked at my finger, and there was blood on it. But as we did not succeed in blowing them up, we retreated. Then their courage revived on the steamer, and they rattled down on us with everything that came to hand; cannons, rifles, pistols. They pierced the boat with shells. We baled out the water with our caps, with our hands."

"How did you save yourselves?"

"It was wonderful, wonderful!" he went on. "Now, judge for yourself; they saw this bit of a thing bearing down upon them, under full steam. At first the Turks could not understand the meaning of it; but when they did make out that it was a torpedo-boat, they were seized with terror; the captain and crew leaped on the rail in order to throw themselves into the water. And such a misfortune; all of a sudden!" Thus my brother related it, with feverish animation, and grieved sincerely. Although he looked cheerful, his too highly colored face showed that something was wrong with him. His wound had been dressed.

"Is your wound from side to side?" I asked.

"How could it be otherwise, brother? Some villain fired his pistol at me, almost point-blank. No, Nikolaï Ilarionovitch, judge for yourself, just imagine. . . ." and my brother turns again to Skrydloff.

"Calm down, Vasily Vasilitch; go to bed, you can't change things now," Skrydloff entreats him, and then, all of a sudden, he springs up in bed himself, and exclaims: "And what if they were suddenly to shell out the order of Vladimir for me! hey! That would be fine!"

"It can't be," shouts Vasily; "the George, most assuredly the George! You did your work! How are you to blame if the crew were killed?"

At that moment the doctor enters, advises them both to be quiet, and to go to sleep, and requests me to go away.

A few days later they were both taken to Bukharest. —*At Home and in War; translation of ISABEL F. HAPGOOD.*



VERHAEREN, EMILE, a Belgian poet and critic, born at St. Amand, near Antwerp, in 1855. His childhood was passed on the banks of the Scheldt, in the midst of the wide-spreading Flemish plains, a country of mist and flood, of dykes and marshes; and the impressions he received from those mysterious, monotonous surroundings are reproduced with great force in his poems. After some time spent at a college in Ghent, he became a student at the university of Louvain, where he founded and edited a journal, in which work he was assisted by Van Dyck, the singer. He also formed, about this time, a close friendship with Maeterlinck. In 1881 he was called to the bar at Brussels, but soon gave up his legal career to devote himself entirely to literature. In 1883 he published *Les Flamandes*, his first volume of poems, and shortly afterward became one of the editors of *L'Art Moderne*, to which review he was for ten years a constant contributor. In 1892 he founded, with the help of two friends, the section of art in the "House of the People" at Brussels. Here the best music is performed, and lectures are given upon literary and artistic subjects. In spite, however, of the work which all this entailed, and of the many interests created by his ardent appreciation of the

various branches of literature and art, Verhaeren continued to labor unceasingly at his own special work, and between 1886 and 1896 brought out successively eight small volumes of poems: *Les Moines*, *Les Soirs*, *Les Débauches*, *Les Flambeaux Noirs*, *Apparus dans mes Chemins*, *Les Campagnes Hallucinées*, *Les Villages Illusoires*, and *Les Villes Tentaculaires*. Verhaeren's *Les Campagnes Hallucinées*, *Les Villes Tentaculaires*, and a later work entitled *Les Aubes* constitute what is known as his "Trilogy," his longest and most ambitious effort, written throughout in a tragic and prophetic spirit. Verhaeren's diligence as a critic, and the sanity and generosity of his literary appreciations, are witnessed by his writings in the pages of *L'Art Moderne*, *La Jeune Belgique*, *La Wallonie*, *La Revue Indépendante*, *Les Écrits pour l'Art*, our own *Magazine of Art*, and many other periodicals.

"For my own part," says a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, "I prefer Verhaeren in his lighter moods. Yet even at his gayest there is a profound streak of melancholy running through everything that falls from his pen."

"In melodious rhythmical verse, nothing," it has been said, "surpasses Verhaeren's word-pictures of the elements, giving to each its peculiar quality of mournful beauty; whether he sings of the rain, '*la longue pluie avec ses ongles gris*,' or of '*le vent sauvage de Novembre*,' or of the infinite monotony of a heavy fall of snow." His finest poem in this strain is *Le Silence*, showing the boundless stretch of heather-grown plain over which hovers a silence that can be felt.

LE SILENCE.

Ever since ending of the summer weather,
When last the thunder and the lightning broke,
Shatt'ring themselves upon it at one stroke,
The Silence has not stirred there in the heather.

All round about stand steeples straight as stakes,
And each its bell between its fingers shakes ;
And round about, with their three-storied loads,
The teams prow down the roads ;
All round about where'er the pine-woods end,
The wheel creaks on along its ratty bed,
But not a sound is strong enough to rend
That space intense and dead.

Since summer, thunder-laden, last was heard,
The Silence has not stirred ;
And the broad heath-land, where the nights sink down,
Beyond the sand-hills brown,
Beyond the endless thickets closely set,
To the far borders of the far-away,
Prolongs It yet.

Even the winds disturb not as they go
The boughs of those long larches, bending low
Where the marsh-water lies,
In which Its vacant eyes
Gaze at themselves unceasing, stubbornly,
Only, sometimes, as on their way they move,
The noiseless shadows of the clouds above,
Or of some great bird's hov'ring flight on high,
Brush It in passing by.

Since the last bolt that scored the earth aslant,
Nothing has pierced the Silence dominant.

Of those who cross Its vast immensity,
Whether at twilight or at dawn it be,
There is not one but feels
The dread of the Unknown that It instils ;

An ample force supreme, It holds Its sway,
Uninterruptedly the same for aye.
Dark walls of blackest fir-trees bar from sight
The outlook toward the paths of hope and light ;
Great, pensive junipers
Affright from far the passing travellers ;
Long, narrow paths stretch their straight lines unbent,
Till they fork off in curves malevolent ;
And the sun, ever shifting, ceaseless lends
Fresh aspects to the mirage whither tends
Bewilderment.

Since the last bolt was forged amid the storm,
The polar Silence at the corners four
Of the wide heather-land has stirred no more.

Old shepherds, whom their hundred years have wor
To things all dislocate and out of gear,
And their old dogs, ragged, tired-out, and torn,
Oft watch It on the soundless lowlands near,
Or downs of gold beflecked with shadows' flight,
Sit down immensely there beside the night.
Then, at the curves and corners of the mere,

The waters creep with fear ;
The heather veils itself, grows wan and white ;
All the leaves listen upon all the bushes,
And the incendiary sunset hushes
Before Its face his cries of brandished light.
And in the hamlets that about It lie,
Beneath the thatches of their hovels small,
The terror dwells of feeling It is nigh,
And though It stirs not, dominating all.
Broken with dull despair and helplessness,
Beneath Its presence they crouch motionless,
As though upon the watch—and dread to see,
Through rifts of vapor, open suddenly
At evening, in the noon, the argent eyes
Of Its mute mysteries.

—*From Les Villages Illusoires ; translated by*
Miss Alma Strettel.



VERLAINE, PAUL, a French poet, born at Metz, March 30, 1844; died in Paris, January 8, 1896. His father, a captain in the engineers, removed with his family to Paris in 1851; and it was there that Paul spent the greater part of his life, varied by visits to England, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. His first volume of poems, *Poèmes Saturniens*, was published at the age of twenty-three; and was followed by *Fêtes Galantes* (1869); *La Bonne Chanson* (1870); *Romances sans Paroles* (1874); *Sagesse* (1881); *Jadis et Naguère* (1884); *Amour* (1888); *Parallèlement* (1889); *Dédicaces* (1890); *Bonheur* (1891); *Chansons pour Elle* (1891); *Liturgies Intimes* (1892); *Elégies* (1893); *Odes en son Honneur* (1893); *Dans les Limbes* (1894); *Epigrammes* (1894); and the following works in prose: *Les Poètes Maudits* (1884); *Louise Leclercq* (1885); *Mémoires d'un Veuf* (1886); *Mes Hôpitaux* (1891); *Mes Prisons* (1893); *Quinze Jours en Hollande* (1893), and *Confessions* (1895).

More than any other man of letters of his time, Verlaine was a sort of public figure, typifying, for all the world, the traditional vagabond character of the poet. As the whole of his work was personal, one long confession of the joys and sorrows, the sins and repentances, of his strange, troubled, intensely living life, it is perhaps natural that an undue attention should have been given,

not always quite sympathetically, to these private accidents of existence, about which he has himself said all that need be said.

"What really concerns us," says the London *Athenæum*, "is that Verlaine was a great poet, certainly the greatest French poet since Baudelaire, and with a subtlety and sincerity of genius which not even Baudelaire possessed. As a verse-writer he extended the bounds of the French language, he brought into it or out of it a 'lyrical cry' with which it had never thrilled. As a poet he expressed a wonderful personality, a personality as interesting as any of our time, with a directness, a poignant simplicity, equal to that of Villon. As an influence, he has controlled almost the whole poetic writing of the younger generation in his own country, and much of the poetic writing of the younger generation in other countries. To those who knew him intimately he left the memory of one of the most intrinsically fine, one of the most sensitively sympathetic, of temperaments, essentially the temperament of genius, the poetic temperament."

THE BLUE SKY IS SMILING.

The blue sky is smiling afar o'er the roof,
Smiling its tend'rest and best ;
A green tree is rearing above the same roof
Its swaying crest.

The belfry-bells up in the motionless sky
Softly and peacefully ring ;
The birds that go sailing athwart the same sky
Unceasing sing.

The murmur of bees everywhere fills the air—
 Honey-bees up from the street ;
 My God ! there is life everywhere in the air,
 Calm life and sweet.

Then what have you done, guilty man, that you weep ?
 What guilty thing have you done,
 That under the life-giving sun you can weep—
 The smiling sun ?

—*From Sagesse ; translated by J. W. BANTA, for*
 THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

And thou must love Me, child, the Saviour said :—
 Behold My bleeding heart ; My riven side ;
 My wounded feet, that Mary knelt, dim-eyed,
 To clasp ; Mine arms to thee outspread.

Thy sins I've borne : My cross with blood is red ;
 Sponge, nails, all, all, thy wand'ring heart shall guide
 To love where nought was known but selfish pride ;
 My blood shall be thy wine, My flesh thy bread.

I've loved thee, brother mine, e'en down to death ;
 My Father's child in spirit and in faith,
 For thee I've suffered, as the Scripture saith,
 Thine agony went out with my last breath ;
 Thy tears hung cold upon My clammy brow ;
 O tearful, trembling friend, rest with Me now.

—*From Sagesse ; translated by J. W. BANTA, for*
 THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.





VERNE, JULES, a popular French novelist, born at Nantes, February 8, 1828. He was educated in his native town, studied law in Paris, where he devoted much attention to dramatic literature. His comedy *Les Pailles Rompues* was performed at the Gymnase in 1850, and *Onze Tours de Liège* followed. His fame rests upon his scientific romances, which have a touch of extravagance in their treatment. His works, which are widely read, have been translated into English. Among them are *Five Weeks in a Balloon* (1870); *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1872); *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (1873); *Meridiana: the Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa* (1873); *From the Earth to the Moon Direct in Ninety-seven Hours Twenty Minutes, and a Trip Round It* (1873); *The Fur Country*; or *Seventy Degrees North Latitude* (1874); *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1874); *A Floating City* and *The Blockade Runners* (1874); *The English at the North Pole* (1874); *Dr. Ox's Experiment* (1874); *A Winter Amid the Ice* (1875); *The Mysterious Island* (1875); *The Survivors of the "Chancellor"* (1875); *Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar* (1876); *The Child of the Cavern* (1877); *Hector Servadac, or the Career of a Comet* (1877); *Dick Sands, the Boy Captain* (1878); *Le Rayon Vert* (1882); *Kéran-le-têta* (1883); *L'Étoile du Sud* (1884); *Le Pays*

de Diamants (1884); *Le Chemin de France* (1887); *Deux Ans de Vacances* (1888); *Famille Sans Nom* (1889); *César Cascabel* (1890); *Mathias Sautlorf* (1890); *Nord contre Sud* (1890); *The Purchase of the North Pole* (1890); *Claudius Bombamac* (1892); *Château des Carpathes* (1892).

"There have been many books before his time in which the interest has centred in some vast convulsion of nature, or in nature generally being put out of joint, but in those there has been no attempt made to reach the *vraisemblable*," says *Nature*; "indeed, in most cases there has not been sufficient knowledge on the part of the author to connect his catastrophe either with any law or the breaking of one. But with Jules Verne, for once grant the possibility of his chief incident, and all the surroundings are *secundum artem*. The time at which the projectile was to be shot out of the Columbiad toward the moon was correctly fixed on true astronomical grounds, and the boy who follows its flight will have a more concrete idea of and interest in what gravity is and does, than if he were to read half-a-dozen text-books in the ordinary way."

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

And now, how can I retrace the impression left by me upon that walk under the waters? Words are impotent to relate such wonders! Captain Nemo walked in front, his companions followed some steps behind. Conseil and I remained near each other, as if an exchange of words had been possible through our metallic cases. I no longer felt the weight of my clothing, or my shoes, of my reservoir of air, or of my thick hel-

met, in the midst of which my head rattled like an almond in his shell.

The light, which lit the soil thirty feet below the surface of the ocean, astonished me by its power. The solar rays shone through the watery mass easily and dissipated all color, and I clearly distinguished objects at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards. Beyond that the tints darkened into fine gradations of ultramarine, and faded into vague obscurity. Truly this water which surrounded me was but another air denser than the terrestrial atmosphere but almost as transparent. Above me was the calm surface of the sea. We were walking on fine, even sand, not wrinkled, as on a flat shore, which retains the impression of the billows. This dazzling carpet, really a reflector, repelled the rays of the sun with wonderful intensity, which accounted for the vibration which penetrated every atom of liquid. Shall I be believed when I say that, at the depth of thirty feet, I could see as if I was in broad daylight?

For a quarter of an hour I trod on this sand sown with the impalpable dust of shells. The hull of the *Nautilus*, resembling a long shoal, disappeared by degrees; but its lantern, when darkness should overtake us in the waters, would help to guide us on board by its distinct rays. Soon forms of objects outlined in the distance were discernible. I recognized magnificent rocks, hung with a tapestry of zoöphytes of the most beautiful kind, and I was at first struck by the peculiar effect of this medium.

It was then ten in the morning, the rays of the sun struck the surface of the waves at rather an oblique angle, and at the touch of their light, decomposed by refraction as through a prism, flowers, rocks, plants, shell, and polypi were shaded at the edges by the seven solar colors. It was marvellous, a feast for the eyes, this complication of colored tints, a perfect kaleidoscope of green, yellow, orange, violet, indigo, and blue; in one word, the whole palette of an enthusiastic colorist! Why could I not communicate to Conseil the lively sensations which were mounting to my brain, and rival him in expressions of admiration? For aught I knew, Captain Nemo and his companion might be able to ex-

change thoughts by means of signs previously agreed upon. So for want of better, I talked to myself ; I declaimed in the copper box which covered my head, thereby expending more air in vain words than was, perhaps, expedient.

Various kinds of isis, clusters of pure tuft-coral, prickly fungi, and anemones, formed a brilliant garden of flowers, enamelled with porplutæ, decked with their collarettes of blue tentacles, sea-star studding the sandy bottom, together with asterophytons like fine lace embroidered by the hands of naiads ; whose festoons were waved by the gentle undulations caused by our walk. It was a real grief to me to crush under my feet the brilliant specimens of mollusks which strewn the ground by thousands, of hammer-heads, donaciæ (veritable bounding shells), of staircases, and red helmet-shells, angel-wings, and many others produced by this inexhaustible ocean. But we were bound to walk, so we went on, whilst above our heads waved shoals of physalides, leaving their tentacles to float in their train, medusæ whose umbrellas of opal or rose-pink, scalloped with a band of blue, sheltered us from the rays of the sun and fiery pelagiæ which, in the darkness, would have strewn our path with phosphorescent light.

All these wonders I saw in the space of a quarter of a mile, scarcely stopping, and following Captain Nemo, who beckoned me on by signs. Soon the nature of the soil changed ; to the sandy plain succeeded an extent of slimy mud, which the Americans call "ooze," composed of equal parts of siliceous and calcareous shells. We then travelled over a plain of sea-weed of wild and luxuriant vegetation. This sward was of close texture, and soft to the feet, and rivalled the softest carpet woven by the hand of man. But whilst verdure was spread at our feet, it did not abandon our heads. A light net-work of marine plants, of that inexhaustible family of sea-weeds of which more than two thousand kinds are known, grew on the surface of the water. I saw long ribbons of fucus floating, some globular, others tuberous, laurenciæ and cladostephi of most delicate foliage, and some rhodomeniæ palmatæ, resembling the fan of a cactus. I noticed that the green plants kept

nearer the top of the sea whilst the red were at a greater depth, leaving to the black or brown hydrophytes the care of forming gardens and parterres in the remote beds of the ocean.

We had quitted the Nautilus about an hour and a half. It was near noon ; I knew by the perpendicularity of the sun's rays, which were no longer refracted. The magical colors disappeared by degrees, and the shades of emerald and sapphire were effaced. We walked with a regular step, which rang upon the ground with astonishing intensity ; the slightest noise was transmitted with a quickness to which the ear is unaccustomed on the earth ; indeed, water is a better conductor of sound than air, in the ratio of four to one. At this period the earth sloped downward ; the light took a uniform tint. We were at a depth of a hundred and five yards and twenty inches, undergoing a pressure of six atmospheres.

At this depth I could still see the rays of the sun, though feebly ; to their intense brilliancy had succeeded a reddish twilight, the lowest state between day and night ; and we could still see well enough.—*Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.*





VERPLANCK, GULIAN CROMMELIN, an American jurist and religious and political writer, born in New York, August 6, 1786; died at Fishkill Landing, on the Hudson, March 18, 1870. He was graduated at Columbia College in 1801, studied law, and after being admitted to the bar went to Europe, where he resided several years. Upon his return he entered political life, and was elected to the State Legislature. In 1822 he was appointed Professor of the Evidences of Christianity in the Episcopal Theological Seminary, New York; in 1824 he published a volume of *Essays on the Nature and Uses of the Various Evidences of Revealed Religion*, and the next year a legal work on *The Doctrine of Contracts*. In 1825 he was elected a member of Congress, retaining his seat for eight years, and especially distinguished himself by procuring the passage of a bill increasing the term of copyright from twenty-eight to forty-two years. In 1827, in conjunction with William Cullen Bryant and Robert C. Sands, he put forth *The Talisman*, an illustrated miscellany. From time to time he delivered discourses, of which a collection was published in 1833, under the title, *Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Arts, and Literature*. Later lectures are *The Right Moral Influence of Liberal Studies* (1833); *The Influence of Moral Causes upon Opinion, Science, and*

Literature (1834); *The American Scholar* (1836). In 1847 he completed an illustrated edition of *Shakespeare's Plays*, for which he furnished Prefaces and Notes.

JOHN JAY.

The name of John Jay is gloriously associated with that of Alexander Hamilton in the history of our liberties and our laws. John Jay had completed his academic education in Columbia College several years before the commencement of the Revolution. The beginning of the contest between Great Britain and the Colonies found him already established in legal reputation; and, young as he still was, singularly well fitted for his country's most arduous services, by a rare union of the dignity and gravity of mature age with youthful energy and zeal. At the age of thirty he drafted, and in effect himself framed, the first Constitution of the State of New York, under which we lived for forty-five years, which still forms the basis of our present State Government, and from which other States have since borrowed many of its most remarkable and original provisions. At that age, as soon as New York threw off her colonial character, he was appointed the first Chief Justice of the State.

Then followed a long, rapid, and splendid succession of high trusts and weighty duties, the results of which are recorded in the most interesting pages of our national history. It was the moral courage of Jay, at the head of the Supreme Court of his own State, that gave confidence and union to the people of New York. It was from his richly stored mind that proceeded, while representing this State in the Congress of the United States (over whose deliberations he for a time presided), many of those celebrated State papers whose grave eloquence commanded the admiration of Europe, and drew forth the eulogy of the master orators and statesmen of the time—of Chatham and Burke; whilst by the evidence which they gave to the wisdom and talent that guided the councils of America, they con-

tributed to her reputation and ultimate triumph as much as the most signal victories of her arms. As our Minister at Madrid and Paris his capacity penetrated, and his calm firmness defeated, the intricate wiles of the diplomatists and Cabinets of Europe until, in illustrious association with Franklin and John Adams, he settled and signed the definitive treaty of peace, recognizing and confirming our national independence. On his return home a not less illustrious association awaited him, in a not less illustrious cause—the establishment and defence of the present National Constitution, with Hamilton and Madison. The last Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the old Confederation, he was selected by Washington as the first Chief Justice of the United States under the new Constitution. His able negotiation and commercial treaty with Great Britain, and his six years' administration as Governor of this State, completed his public life.

After a long and uninterrupted series of the highest civil employments, in the most difficult times, he suddenly retired from their toils and dignities, in the full vigor of mind and body, at a time when the highest honors of the nation still courted his acceptance and at an age when, in most statesmen, the objects of ambition show as gorgeously, and its apparitions are as stirring as ever. He looked upon himself as having fully discharged his debt of service to his country; and, satisfied with the ample share of public honor which he had received, he retired with cheerful content, without ever once casting a reluctant eye toward the power or dignities he had left. For the last thirty years of his remaining life he was known to us only by the occasional appearance of his name, or the employment of his pen, in the service of piety or philanthropy. A halo of veneration seemed to encircle him, as one belonging to another world, though yet lingering amongst us. When, during the last year, the tidings of his death came to us, they were received through the nation with solemn awe, like that with which we read the mysterious passage of ancient Scripture—"And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him."—*Address at Columbia College, 1830.*

SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.

The right orthography of the great poet's name has been, for the last sixty years, as disputed and doubtful a question as any other of the many points which have perplexed and divided his editors and critics. Shakespeare, Shakespeare, Shakspeare, Schackspeere, Shaxspeare, Shakspear, Shakespear, Shakspere, Shaxpere, are among the variations, of more or less authority; besides one or two others, like Shaxbred, which are evidently blunders of a careless or ignorant scribe. More recent and minutely accurate researches seem to me to have proved, from the evidence of deeds, parish-registers, town-records, etc. (see the various extracts in Collier's *Life*), that the family name was Shakspere, with some varieties of spelling, such as might occur among illiterate persons in an uneducated age. The evidence that the poet himself considered this his family name (which before seemed most probable), has been, within a few years, confirmed by the discovery of his undoubted autograph in a copy of the first edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne, in folio—a book of his familiarity with which there are many traces in his later works, and which he has used in the way of direct imitation, and almost of transcription, in the *Tempest*, act II., scene I. I therefore fully agree with Sir Frederick Madden, in his tract on this point, and with Mr. Knight, in his Biography and Pictorial edition of Shakespeare, that the poet's legal and habitual signature was William Shakspere. Yet I, nevertheless, concur with Dr. Nares (Glossary), Mr. Collier, Mr. Dyce, and others, in retaining the old orthography Shakespeare, by which the poet was alone known as an author, in his own day and long after. The following reasons seem to me conclusive: Whether from the inconvenience of the Stratford mode of spelling the name not corresponding in London with its fixed pronunciation, or for some other reason, the poet, at an early period of his literary and dramatic career, adopted, for all public purposes, the orthography of Shakespeare. His name appears thus spelled in the first edition of his *Venus*

and Adonis (1593), where the dedication of the "first heir of his invention" to the Earl of Southampton is subscribed at full length, William Shakespeare. This very popular poem passed through at least six editions during the author's lifetime, between 1593 and 1606, and several more within a few years after his death, in all of which the same spelling is preserved. This was followed, in 1594, by his poem of *Lucrece*, where the same orthography is preserved, in the signature to the dedication to the same noble friend and patron. All the succeeding editions, of which there were at least four during the author's lifetime, retain the same orthography. Again, in his *Sonnets*, first printed in 1609, we have nearly the same orthography, it differing only in printing the name Shake-speare.

All the editions of Shakespeare's several poems differ from those of his plays published during his life in that typographical accuracy which denotes an author's own care, while the contemporary old quarto editions of his plays, published separately, commonly swarm with gross errors either of the printer or the copyist. Again, all those editions of his genuine plays, thus published during his life, as well as others falsely ascribed to him, concur in the same mode of spelling the name, it being given invariably either Shake-speare, or Shakespeare. His name appears thus in at least sixty title-pages of single plays, published by different printers, during his own life. Finally, in the folio collection of 1623, made by his friends Heminge and Condell, we find the same orthography, not only in the title and dedication, and list of performers, but in the verses prefixed by the poet's personal friends, Ben Jonson, Holland, Digges—the only variance being that the editors and Ben Jonson write Shakespeare, and Digges has the name Shake-speare. All the succeeding folios retain the same mode, and two at least of those were published while many of the poet's contemporaries still lived. Moreover, all the poet's literary contemporaries, who have left his name in print, give it in the same way—as Ben Jonson, several times; Drayton, Meares (in his oft-quoted list of Shakespeare's works written before 1598); Allot in his collection called the "English Parnassus"—with several others

So again, in the next generation, we find the same mode universally retained—as, for example, by Milton, by Davenant, who was certainly the poet's godson, and who seems to have been willing to pass for his illegitimate son; and by the painstaking Fuller. The last writer, in his notice of Shakespeare, in his *Worthies of England*, refers to "the warlike sound of his surname (whence some may conjecture him of military extraction), Hasti-vibrans, or Shakespeare."

The heraldic grant of armorial bearings confirmed to the poet, in his ancestor's right, bearing the crest of a falcon, supporting (or brandishing) a spear, etc., seems to be founded on the very same signification and pronunciation of the name. Thus Shakespeare remained the only name of their great dramatist known to the English public, from 1593, for almost two centuries after, until, in the last half of the last century, the authority of Malone and his fellow-commentators substituted, in popular use, Shakspeare—a version of the name which has the least support of any of the variations.

The result of the whole evidence on this point, which in regard to any other English author would hardly be worth examining, but which has its interest to thousands of Shakespeare's readers on both sides of the Atlantic, is simply this: The poet, for some reason, thought fit to adapt the spelling of his name to the popular mode of pronouncing it according to the pronunciation of London and his more cultivated readers; but this was done in his public, literary, and dramatic character only—while as a Warwickshire gentleman, and a burgher of Stratford-upon-Avon, he used his old family orthography in the form he thought most authentic.

Such variations in the spelling of surnames were not at all unusual in the poet's age, and before, and half a century after, of which many instances have fallen under my own casual observation. When half the business of life is transacted, as now, by cheques, notes, bills, receipts, and all those informal evidences of contract that the old law contemptuously designated as mere "parole contracts," although written, the identity of spelling, like a certain similarity of handwriting, becomes of absolute necessity for all persons who have any business of any kind. In

the older modes of life, where few transactions were valid without the attestation of a seal and witnesses, both law and usage were satisfied with the similarity of sounds (the *idem sonans* of the courts), and a man might vary his signature as he pleased. Thus the poet could see no objection to having, like his own Falstaff, one name for his family and townsfolk, and another for the public—Shakspeare for his domestic use and his concerns at Stratford-upon-Avon, and Shakespeare for the rest of England—we may add, though he did not, for posterity, and the whole world.

HAMLET'S MADNESS.

Hamlet, after the interview with his father's spirit, has announced to his friends his probable intent "to bear himself strange and odd," and put on an "antic disposition." But the poet speaks his own meaning through Hamlet's mouth, when he makes the prince assure his mother, "It is not madness." The madness is but simulated. Still, it is not "cool reason" that directs his conduct and governs his impulses. His weakness and his melancholy, the weariness of life, the intruding thoughts of suicide, the abrupt transitions, the towering passion, the wild or scornful levity, the infirmity of purpose—these are not feigned. They indicate crushed affections and blighted hopes. They show the sovereign reason—not overthrown by disease, not captive to any illusion, not paralyzed in its power of attention and coherent thought—but perplexed, darkened, distracted by natural and contending emotions from real causes. His mind is overwhelmed with the oppressive sense of supernatural horrors, of more horrible earthly wrongs, and terrible duties. Such causes would throw any mind from its propriety; but it is the sensitive, meditative, yet excitable and kind-hearted prince, quick in feeling, warm in affection, rich in thought, "full of large discourse, looking before and after," yet (perhaps on account of those very endowments), feeble in will and irresolute in act. He it is, who

"Hath a father killed, and mother stain'd,
Excitements of his reason and his blood."

Marked and peculiar as is his character, he is yet, in this, the personification of a general truth of human nature, exemplified a thousand times in the biography of eminent men. He shows the ordinary incompatibility of high perfection of the meditative mind, whether poetical or philosophical (and Hamlet is both), with the strong will, the prompt and steady determination that give energy and success in the active contests of life.

It is thus that, under extraordinary and terrible circumstances impelling him to action, Hamlet's energies are bent up to one great and engrossing object, and still he shrinks back from the execution of his resolves, and would willingly find refuge in the grave.

It may be said that, after all, this view of Hamlet's mental infirmity differs from the theory of his insanity only in words; that the unsettled mind, the morbid melancholy, the inconstancy of purpose, are but, in other language, the description of a species of madness. In one sense this may be true. Thin partitions divide the excitement of passion, the absorbing pursuit of trifles, the delusions of vanity, the malignity of revenge—in short, any of the follies or vices that “flesh is heir to”—from that stage of physical or mental disease, which in the law of every civilized people causes the sufferer to be regarded as “of unsound mind and memory,” incompetent to discharge the duties of society, and no longer to be trusted with its privileges. It was from the conviction of this truth that a distinguished and acute physician, of great eminence and experience in the treatment of insanity (Dr. Haslam), was led, in the course of a legal inquiry, in reply to the customary question, “Was Miss B—— of sound mind?” to astonish his professional audience by asserting that he had “never known any human being of sound mind.”

But the poet's distinction is the plain and ordinary one. It is that between the irregular, fevered action of an intellect excited, goaded, oppressed, and disturbed by natural thoughts and real causes too powerful for its control—and the same mind, after it has been affected by the change (modern science would say, by that physical change) which may deprive the sufferer of his power of coherent reasoning, or else inflict upon him

some self-formed delusion, influencing all his perceptions, opinions, and conduct. If, instead of the conventional reality of the ghostly interview, Hamlet had been painted as acting under the impulses of the self-raised phantoms of an overheated brain, that would be insanity in the customary sense, in which, as a morbid physical affection, it is to be distinguished from the fitful struggles of a wounded spirit—of a noble mind torn with terrible and warring thoughts.

This is the difference between Lear, in the agony of intolerable passion from real and adequate causes, and the Lear of the stormy heath, holding an imaginary court of justice upon Goneril and her sister.

Now as to this scene with Ophelia. How does it correspond with this understanding of the poet's intent?

Critics of the highest authority in taste and feeling have accounted for Hamlet's conduct solely upon the ground of the absorbing and overwhelming influence of the one paramount thought which renders hopeless and worthless all that formerly occupied his affections. The view is, in conception and feeling, worthy of the poet; but it is not directly supported by a single line in his text, while it overlooks the fact that he has taken pains to mark, as an incident of his plot, the unfortunate effect upon Hamlet's mind of Ophelia's too confiding obedience to her father's suspicious caution. The author could not mean that this scene should be regarded as a sudden and causeless outbreak of passion, unconnected with any prior interview with Ophelia. He has shown us that, immediately after the revelation of the murder, the suspicious policy of Polonius compels his daughter to "repel Hamlet's letters," and deny him access. This leads to that interview so touchingly described by Ophelia—of silent but piteous expostulation, of sorrow, suspicion, and unuttered reproach:

"With his other hand thus, o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it."

This silence, more eloquent than words, implies a conflict of mixed emotions, which the poet himself was content to suggest, without caring to analyze it in words.

Whatever these emotions were, they had no mixture of levity, anger, or indifference.

When the Prince again meets Ophelia it is with calm and solemn courtesy. She renews the recollection of her former refusal of his letters, by returning "the remembrances of his that she had longed to re-deliver." The reader knows that, in the gentle Ophelia, this is an act, not of her will, but of her yielding and helpless obedience. To her lover it must appear as a confirmation of her abrupt and seemingly causeless breaking off of all former ties at a moment when he most needed sympathy and kindness. This surely cannot be received with calmness. Does she, too, repel his confidence, and turn away from his altered fortunes and his broken spirit? The deep feelings that had before choked his utterance cannot but return. He wraps himself in his cloak of assumed madness. He gives vent to intense emotion in agitated and contradictory expressions ("I did love you once"—"I loved you not"), and in wild invective, not at Ophelia personally, but at her sex's frailties. In short, as elsewhere, where he fears to repose confidence, he masks, under his assumed "antic disposition," the deep and real "excitement of his reason and his blood."

This understanding of this famous scene seems to me required by the poet's marked intention to separate Ophelia from Hamlet's confidence, by Polonius compelling her—

"——To lock herself from his resort ;
Admit no messenger, receive no tokens."

All which would otherwise be a useless excrescence on the plot. It, besides, appears so natural in itself, that the only hesitation I have as to its correctness arises from respect to the differing opinions of some of those who have most revered and best understood Shakespeare's genius.—*From Shakespeare's Plays.*



VERY, JONES, an American poet and essayist, born in Salem, Mass., August 28, 1813; died there, May 8, 1880. Entering Harvard at the end of the sophomore year, he was graduated in 1836, and was a tutor in Greek, 1836-38, while studying divinity. In 1838 he retired to Salem. By many of his eminent contemporaries, such as Emerson, Bryant, Channing, and Dana, he was regarded as a rare phenomenon of originality and spirituality; and the recorded fragments of his conversations suggest a more unique individuality than his poems, which, however, are full of delicate grace and a most exalted soul-experience, comparable to that of Madame Guion, Catharine Adorna, or Edward Payson. He believed that his poems were written by a kind of Divine inspiration. The first edition was prepared by Emerson, *Essays and Poems*, 1839. William P. Andrews edited the poems, with a Memoir, 1883; and a complete edition, with biography, was published by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke in 1886.

"His essays entitled *Epic Poetry, Shakespeare, and Hamlet*," says R. W. Griswold, "are fine specimens of learned and sympathetic criticism; and his sonnets and other pieces of verse are chaste, simple, and poetical. They are religious, and some of them are mystical, but they will be recognized by the true poet as the overflowing of a brother's soul."

TO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN.

Why readeſt thou ? thou canſt not gain the life
 The ſpirit leads but by the ſpirit's toil :
 The labor of the body is not ſtrife
 Such as will give to thee the wine and oil ;
 To him who hath, to him my verſe ſhall give,
 And he the more from all he does ſhall gain ;
 The ſpirit's life he, too, ſhall learn to live,
 And ſhare on earth in hope the ſpirit's pain ;
 Be taught of God ; none elſe can teach thee aught ;
 He will thy ſteps forever lead aright ;
 The life is all that He His ſons has taught ;
 Obey within, and thou ſhalt ſee its light,
 And gather from its beams a brighter ray,
 To cheer thee on along thy doubtful way.

IN HIM WE LIVE.

Father ! I bleſs Thy name that I do live,
 And in each motion am made rich with Thee,
 That when a glance is all that I can give,
 It is a kingdom's wealth, if I but ſee ;
 This ſtately body cannot move, ſave I
 Will to its nobleneſs my little bring ;
 My voice its meaſured cadence will not try,
 Save I with every note conſent to ſing ;
 I cannot raiſe my hands to hurt or bleſs,
 But I with every action muſt conſpire
 To ſhow me there how little I poſſeſs,
 And yet that little more than I deſire ;
 May each new act my new allegiance prove,
 Till in Thy perfect love I ever live and move.

THE CLAY.

Thou ſhalt do what Thou wilt with Thine own hand,
 Thou form'ſt the ſpirit like the moulded clay ;
 For thoſe who love Thee keep Thy juſt command,
 And in Thine image grow as they obey ;

New tints and forms with every hour they take
 Whose life is fashioned by Thy Spirit's power,
 The crimson dawn is round them when they wake,
 And golden triumphs wait the evening hour;
 The queenly sceptred night their souls receives,
 And spreads their pillows 'neath her sable tent,
 Above them sleep their palm with poppy weaves,
 Sweet rest Thou hast to all who labor lent,
 That they may rise refreshed to light again
 And with Thee gather in the whitening grain.

THE PRESENCE.

I sit within my room, and joy to find
 That Thou, who always lov'st, art with me here,
 That I am never left by Thee behind,
 But by Thyself Thou keep'st me ever near.
 The fire burns brighter when with Thee I look,
 And seems a kinder servant sent to me;
 With gladder heart I read Thy holy book,
 Because Thou art the eyes with which I see.
 This aged chair, that table, watch, and door
 Around in ready service ever wait;
 Nor can I ask of Thee a menial more
 To fill the measure of my large estate,
 For Thou Thyself, with all a Father's care,
 Where'er I turn, art ever with me there.

THE SABBATIA.

The sweet-brier rose has not a form more fair
 Nor are its hues more beauteous than thine own,
 Sabbatia, flower most beautiful and rare!
 In lonely spots blooming unseen, unknown.
 So spiritual thy look, thy stem so light,
 Thou seemest not from the dark earth to grow;
 But to belong to heavenly regions bright,
 Where night comes not, nor blasts of winter blow
 To me thou art a pure, ideal flower,
 So delicate that mortal touch might mar;
 Not born, like other flowers, of sun and shower,
 But wandering from thy native home afar
 To lead our thoughts to some serener clime,
 Beyond the shadows and the storms of time.

THE LATTER RAIN.

The latter rain—it falls in anxious haste
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste
As if it would each root's lost strength repair ;
But not a blade grows green as in the spring ;
No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves ;
The robins only 'mid the harvests sing,
Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves ;
The rain falls still—the fruit all ripened drops,
It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell ;
The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops ;
Each bursting pod of talents used can tell ;
And all that once received the early rain
Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

Father ! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed ;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed
In finding Thee are all things round as found ;
In losing Thee are all things lost beside ;
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound ;
And to our eyes the vision is denied ;
We wander in the country far remote,
'Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell ;
Or on the records of past greatness dote,
And for a buried soul the living sell ;
While on our path bewildered falls the night
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call ;
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small.
The flower that on the lonely hillside grows
Expects me there when spring its bloom has given ;

And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows,
 And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven ;
 For he who with his Maker walks aright,
 Shall be their lord as Adam was before ;
 His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
 Each object wear the dress that then it wore ;
 And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
 Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

YOURSELF.

'Tis to yourself I speak ; you cannot know
 Him whom I call in speaking such a one,
 For you beneath the earth lie buried low,
 Which he alone as living walks upon ;
 You may at times have heard him speak to you,
 And often whispered, perchance, that you were he ;
 And I must ever wish that it were true,
 For then you could hold fellowship with me :
 But now you hear us talk as strangers, met
 Above the room wherein you lie abed ;
 A word perhaps loud spoken you may get,
 Or hear our feet when heavily they tread ;
 But he who speaks, or him who's spoken to,
 Must both remain as strangers still to you.

THE DEAD.

I see them—crowd on crowd they walk the earth,
 Dry, leafless trees no autumn wind laid bare ;
 And in their nakedness find cause for mirth,
 And all unclad would winter's rudeness dare ;
 No sap doth through their clattering branches flow,
 Whence springing leaves and blossoms bright appear ;
 Their hearts the living God have ceased to know
 Who gives the spring-time to th' expectant year.
 They mimic life, as if from Him to steal
 His glow of health to paint the livid cheek ;
 They borrow words for thoughts they cannot feel,
 That with a seeming heart their tongue may speak ;
 And in their show of life more dead they live
 Than those that to the earth with many tears they give.

THE SILENT.

There is a sighing in the wood,
A murmur in the beating wave,
The heart has never understood
To tell in words the thoughts they gave.

Yet oft it feels an answering tone,
When wandering on the lonely shore ;
And could the lips its voice make known,
'Twould sound as does the ocean's roar.

And oft beneath the wind-swept pine
Some chord is struck and strains to swell ;
Nor sounds nor language can define—
'Tis not for words or sounds to tell.

'Tis all unheard, that Silent Voice,
Whose goings forth, unknown to all,
Bid bending reed and bird rejoice,
And fill with music Nature's hall.

And in the speechless human heart
It speaks, where'er man's feet have trod ;
Beyond the lip's deceitful art,
To tell of Him, the Unseen God.





VIAU, THÉOPHILE DE, a French poet, born at Clairac, about sixteen miles northwest of Agen, in 1590; died at Chantilly in 1626. His grandfather had been secretary to the Queen of Navarre; and his father was an *avocat* at Bordeaux. His youth was passed in the little village of Boussères Sainte Radegonde, on the River Lot, amid scenes which he never tired of recalling in after years. He was educated by Scotch scholars; but on leaving school he fell into debaucheries, which, nearly ruined him. He went to Paris in 1610; but finding that preferment at Court was impossible for the son of a Huguenot, he withdrew in 1612 to the Netherlands, where he learned the use of snuff and the art of getting drunk by Dutch rule. Calvinist as Théophile was, he was nevertheless licentious, both in his conduct and in his writings. In 1619 he found it expedient to withdraw to England, where he attempted to get an introduction to James I.; but that Prince refused to see him. He drifted into infidelity; but seems to have found it convenient, in those changing times, to be now a Huguenot and now a Catholic, as occasion served. A licentious work, entitled *Le Parnasse Satirique*, which appeared in 1622, was generally understood to be the production of de Viau, and he was prosecuted for it, brought to Paris, and there kept in prison for two years, being finally banished. His health was

broken by his sufferings and anxieties in the prison, and by his earlier excesses; and at the age of thirty-six was brought to an end, "too early," says Walter Besant, "a life which, had it been prolonged, might have proved glorious." His works consist of odes, elegies, sonnets, tragedies, a dramatic dialogue on immortality entitled *Socrate Mourant* and apologies for himself.

Viau stands out a clear and well-defined individuality, one of those who are not mere *umbræ*, reflectors of other men's genius; but who dare to be independent, who occupy such a position that no history of French literature is complete without them. "He might," says *Temple Bar*, "had he survived, have become the only poet among a troop of versifiers."

LALAGE.

Roses and lilies, fair to view,
Canst in my garden see;
Brighter thy cheeks with either hue,
My own fair Lalage.

Evermore young, in yonder sky,
Shines Dian, heavenly fair;
Heaven's pure light on lover's eye,
Beams Lalage the rare.

Beautiful vision of the skies,
I wake to see but thee;
All the day long these ears, these eyes,
Know naught but Lalage.

Cupid, with fire and shaft and bow,
And Graces carved in white—
Everything 'minds me, high and low,
Of Lalage, my light.

—Translated by J. W. BANTA, for THE UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE.

THE COUNTRY.

Listen ! the birds with warbling faint
Lift morning hymns to yon red rays—
The only God they know—which paint
Fresh glory on their wings and ways.

The ploughshare plunges down the rows ;
The ploughman in the furrows deep
Strides after, rousing as he goes,
His lazy oxen, half-asleep.

Night flies away ; the murmurous day
Wakes all the voices of the light ;
And life and truth, for age and youth,
Drive off the fantasies of night.

Alidor, deep in happy sleep,
Kisses his Iris in a dream ;
And waking, seeks those burning cheeks,
Which still beside him blushing seem.

The blacksmith at his anvil stands—
See how the quick fire ruddy shows ;
Beneath the hammer in his hands,
The iron with a white heat glows.

Yon dying candles feebly burn,
The broad day makes their glimmer low ;
The great sun dazzles as we turn,
And catch his rays the casement through.

Up, Phillis sweet, the morning greet,
And in the dewy garden seek
The flowers spread with white and red,
To match the glory of thy cheek.

—*Translated by* WALTER BESANT.



VIAUD, LOUIS MARIE JULIEN, a French novelist; pen-name *Pierre Loti* (retained by him from an early nickname, given him for his modesty, and referring to a flower of Polynesia that hides itself); born at Rochefort, January 14, 1850, of an old Protestant family. He was educated at home and in the naval school at Brest, 1867; became midshipman in 1873, and lieutenant in 1881, and made many voyages in Oceanica and to Japan, Senegal, etc. Participating in the French war against Anam (south of China) in 1883, his truth-telling letters to *Figaro* led to his suspension from active service; he painted "too black" the conduct of the French soldiers in taking the forts of Hué. He is a wonderful painter in words, making a picture with every brief stroke; and the translator of some of his works, Clara Bell, has admirably rendered the delicacy of his touch, color, and sentiment. *From Lands of Exile* (1887) seems to be a transcript of fact and scene in the Tonquin cruise, the extract here given being perhaps largely imaginative. His other works are *Aziyadé* (1879, *Rarahu, a Polynesian Idyl* (1880), (reprinted under the title of *Marriage of Loti*); *The Romance of a Spahi* (Algerian soldier) (1881); *Flowers of Ennui*, *Pasquala Ivanovitch*, *Suleima* (1882); *My Brother Yves* (1883); *The Three Women of Kasbah* (1884); *The Iceland Fisherman*, *Madame Chrysanthé-*

mum (1887); *Japoneries of Autumn* (1889); *Au Maroc* (1890); *Le Roman d'un Enfant*, an autobiography (1890); *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort* (1891); *Fantôme d'Orient*, a sequel to *Aziyadé* (1892); *Mate-lot* (1893). Of the above works, *From Lands of Exile*, *Rarahu*, *The Iceland Fisherman*, and *Madame Chrysanthemum* have been published in English.

THE MARBLE MOUNTAIN OF ANAM.

The caverns are peopled with idols; the entrails of the rocks are haunted; spells are sleeping in these deep recesses. Every incarnation of Buddha is here—and other, older images, of which the Bonzes no longer know the meaning. The gods are of the size of life; some standing up resplendent with gold, their eyes staring and fierce; others crouched and asleep, with half-closed eyes and a sempiternal smile. Some dwell alone, unexpected and startling apparitions in dark corners; others—numerous company—sit in a circle under a marble canopy in the green, dim light of a cavern; their attitudes and faces make one's flesh creep; they seem to be holding council. And each one has a red silk cowl over his head—in some pulled low over the eyes to hide their faces, all but the smile: one has to lift it to see them.

The gilding and Chinese gaudiness of their costumes have preserved a sort of vividness that is still gorgeous; nevertheless they are very old; their silken hoods are all worm-eaten; they are a sort of wonderfully preserved mummies. The walls of the temple are of the primeval marble rock, hung with stalactites, and worn and grooved in every direction by the trickling water oozing from the hill above.

And lower down, quite at the bottom, in the nethermost caverns, dwell other gods who have lost every trace of color, whose names are forgotten, who have stalactites in their beards and masks of saltpetre. These are as old—as old as the world; they were living gods when our western lands were still frozen, virgin forests,

the home of the cave-bear and the giant elk. The inscriptions that surrounded them are not Chinese, they were traced by primeval man before any known era ; these bas-reliefs seem earlier than the dark ages of Angkor. They are antediluvian gods, surrounded by inscrutable things. The Bonzes still venerate them, and their cavern smells of incense.

The great and solemn mystery of this mountain lies in its having been sacred to the gods and full of worship ever since thinking beings have peopled the earth. Who were they who made those idols of the lowest caverns? . . . We came up from the subterranean regions, and when we reached the great gate once more I say to Lee-Loo: "Your great pagoda is very fine."

Lee-Loo smiles. "The great pagoda !—you have not seen it."

And then he turns to the left, up the ascending flight of steps. Marble steps, as before, carpeted with the pink periwinkle, overhung by lilies, drooping palms, and luxuriant rare ferns, the rocks close in on it more and more ; the pink creepers grow paler and the plants more slender in the cooler shade. Tawny ourangs are perched on every point of the spires that tower above us, watching with excited curiosity and moving like old men.

Another gateway in a new style rises before us, and we stop to look. It is not like the one we have left below ; it is differently strange. This one is very simple, and it is impossible to explain what there is of unknown and unseen in this very simplicity ; it is the quintessence of finality. The gateway strikes us at once as the gateway to *Beyond* ; and that *Beyond* is *Nirvana*, the peace of the eternal void. There is a decoration of vague scroll-work, shapes that twine and cling in mystical embrace without beginning or end—a painless, joyless eternity, the eternity of the Buddhist—simply annihilation and rest in extinction.

We pass this gateway, and the walls, closing in by degrees, at last meet over our heads. The ourangs have all vanished together, hurrying away as if they knew where we are going now and intend to go there, too, by a way known to them alone, and to be there before us.

Our steps ring on the marble blocks with sonorous echo peculiar to underground passages. We make our way under a low vault which penetrates the heart of the mountain in the blackness of darkness.

Total night—and then a strange light dawns before us which is not daylight : a green glimmer, as green as green fire.

“The pagoda !” says Lee-Loo.

A doorway of irregular shape, all fringed with stalactites, stands open before us, rising to about half the height of the great sanctuary within. It is the very heart of the mountain, a deep and lofty cavern with green marble walls. The distance is drowned, as it were, in a transparent twilight looking like sea-water ; and from above, through a shaft, down which the great monkeys are peeping at us, comes a dazzling beam of light of indescribable tint : it is as if we were walking into a huge emerald pierced by a moonbeam. And the shrines, the gods, the monsters in this subterranean haze, this mysterious and resplendent green halo of glory, have a vivid and supernatural splendor of hue.

Slowly we go down the steps of a stair guarded by four horrible idiots riding on nightmare creatures. Just facing us stand two little temples, all striped with sky-blue and pink ; their base is lost in shadow and they look like the enchanted dwellings of earth-gnomes. In a fissure in the rock a colossal god wearing a gold mitre squats smiling. And high above the shrines and images, the marble vault shuts it all in, like a stupendous and crushing curtain in a thousand green folds.

The guardian gods of the stairs glare at us with a leer in their great perfidious, greedy eyes, grinning from ear to ear with bogie laughter. They look as if they were shrinking closer to the wall to make way for us, holding in their steeds, which set their teeth like tigers. And far up, perched on the great dome round the opening through which the green rays fall, the ourangs are sitting, their legs and tails hanging over among the garlands of creepers, watching to see if we shall venture in.

Down we go—doubtfully, with involuntary slowness, under the influence of an unfamiliar and indescribable religious awe. As we reach the lowest step, there is a

subterranean chill ; we speak and rouse hollow echoes that transform our voices.

The floor of the cave is of very fine sand covered with the dung of bats, filling the air with a strange, musky smell ; it is dented all over with the print left by monkeys, like that of little hands. Here and there stand ancient marble vases, and altars for Buddhist rites.

Then there are numbers of what look like very long, very enormous, brown snakes hanging from the top of the vault down to the floor—or they may be cables, huge cables shining like bronze, stretched from top to bottom of this nave. They are roots of creepers, thousands of years old perhaps, larger than any known growth. The ourangs, growing bolder, seem to be about to descend by these to inspect us more closely, for they are the familiars of the sanctuary.

Presently we see a group of four Bonzes in violet robes who have followed us and are now standing on the top steps of the gap by which we came. They pause at the entrance of the underground passage in the sea-green twilight, looking tiny among the gods and monsters. And then, coming toward us, they slowly descend—down, down, into the greener radiance.

It was like a scene of another world, a ritual of admission of departed spirits into the Buddhist heaven....
From Lands of Exile; translation of CLARA BELL.





VICTORIA, ALEXANDRINA, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, born at Kensington Palace, May 24th, 1819; died at Osborne, England, January 22d, 1901. She was the only child of the late Duke of Kent, third son of George III., by Louisa Victoria, Princess of Saxe-Coburg, and sister of Leopold I., King of the Belgians. Her father died when she was only nine months old, and she was brought up under the care of her mother and of the Duchess of Northumberland, who superintended her education. She succeeded her uncle, William IV., June 20, 1837, and was crowned in Westminster Abbey, June 28, 1838. She married, February 10, 1840, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who died of gastric fever, December 14, 1861. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, died March 16th in the same year; and for many years thereafter the Queen lived in seclusion, though she regularly performed her official duties. On January 1, 1877, in accordance with an Act of Parliament, she was proclaimed Empress of India by the Viceroy at Delhi. On several occasions, prior to her marriage the Queen was subjected to annoyance at the hands of insane admirers; and several attempts have at different times been made upon her life. In 1869 she published *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*, an interesting account of the happy days spent at Balmoral

with her husband and family. In 1885 a second volume was issued, under the title *More Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*. The jubilee of her reign was celebrated with great splendor in 1887. During 1896 she entered upon the sixtieth year of her reign; and on September 23d of that year her reign had passed the longest limit previously attained by any English sovereign. The celebration of that event was reserved for the completion of the sixtieth year of her reign, in 1897.

"From a purely literary point of view," says the London *Athenæum*, "there is not much to say of the Queen's book. Its style is of the simplest, and it has the charm of naturalness which belongs to simplicity. The story is told without effort or affectation of any kind, and produces its effect entirely by the force of sincerity. Her Majesty is probably a sympathetic rather than an acute and dispassionate observer, and everything that she sees is seen through sentiment. That the sentiment itself is always pure and often elevated is a reason why these records of home-life in the royal circle will find a responsive echo. Otherwise the experiences recorded are not altogether such as would of themselves impart to this interesting work a distinctive character. It tells the story of the life of a Queen."

VISITING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Albert went out with Alfred for the day, and I walked out with the two girls and Lady Churchill, stopped at the shop and made some purchases for poor people and others; drove a little way, got out and walked up the

hill to Balnacroft, Mrs. P. Farquharson's, and she walked round with us to some of the cottages to show me where the poor people lived, and to tell them who I was. Before we went into any we met an old woman, who, Mrs. Farquharson said, was very poor, eighty-eight years old, and mother to the former distiller. I gave her a warm petticoat, and the tears rolled down her old cheeks, and she shook my hands, and prayed God to bless me : it was very touching.

I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old—quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her, also, a warm petticoat ; she said, " May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter ; and may the Lord be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm." She was quite surprised at Vicky's height ; great interest was taken in her. We went on to a cottage (formerly Jean Gordon's) to visit old Widow Symons, who is " past fourscore," with a nice, rosy face, but was bent quite double ; she was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings : " May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy ; may He ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it." To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, " May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye." She was very talkative ; and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that " she should be called any day," and so did Kitty Kear.

We went into three other cottages : to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door), who had an " unwell boy " ; then across a little burn to another old woman's ; and afterward peeped into Blair the fiddler's. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's mother), who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, " You're too kind to me, ye give me more every year, and I get older every year." After talking some time with her, she said, " I am happy to see ye looking so nice." She had tears in her eyes, and speaking of Vicky's going, said, " I'm very sorry, and I think

she is sorry hersel' ;" and, having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said : " I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm ; I always say just what I think, not what is fut " (fit). Dear old lady ! she is such a pleasant person.

Really, the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and so happy to see you taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying.—*From Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands.*

THE KIRK.

We went to kirk, as usual, at twelve o'clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman MacLeod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. MacLeod, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable ; so simple, and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night ; St. John, Chapter III. Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we *all* tried to please *self*, and live for *that*, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching ; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, " bless their children." It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for " the dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans." Everyone came back delighted : and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings ! The servants and the Highlanders—*all*—were equally delighted.—*From Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands.*





VIDAL, PETER, a Provençal troubadour, born at Toulouse about 1165; the date of his death is unknown. He was the son of a rich furrier, who was of a poetic turn. The career of Peter Vidal was so filled with fantastic adventures as to bring his sanity into serious doubt; indeed, he seems all his life to have been mad in everything but his poetry. He wandered as a vagrant from one Court to another—those of Alfonso II. of Aragon; Viscount Barral of Marseilles; Count Raymond VI. of Toulouse; the Marquis Boniface II. of Montferrat; King Emmerich of Hungary; and Count Richard of Poitiers, afterward King of England. At the Court of the Viscount Barral, he entered one morning the chamber of the Countess Adalasia, and awoke her with a kiss; and for this indiscretion he was obliged to leave. In 1190, having joined the crusade of King Richard, he married a Greek lady; and imagining that she was the daughter of the Greek Emperor at Constantinople, he assumed the arms of the Emperor himself, and had all the royal insignia borne before him. When the news of the capture of Byzantium was brought to him, he hurried to the Golden Horn in his usual headlong way, meaning to prefer his claims to the vacant throne. Whether it was during the voyage that he died, or directly after landing, cannot be ascertained.

"Nobody," says a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, "could write more brilliantly or act more absurdly than Vidal. In song he had few equals, in conduct he was the creature of impulse and the slave of inordinate vanity. So addicted was he to outrageous vaunting that it became customary to remark of every Parolles, 'He lies like Peter Vidal.' And yet he was so frank, so generous, so perfectly harmless, and intellectually so gifted, that he was a general favorite. He achieved renown with extraordinary rapidity."

A PRANDIAL IMPROVISATION.

I hate who gives a scanty feast ;
 The mind where envy rankles ;
 A brawling monk ; a smirking priest ;
 And the maid who shows her ankles.

The fool who dotes upon his wife ;
 The churl whose wine's diluted ;
 The pessimist, with joy at strife ;—
 May these three be well hooted !

Deep shame befall who wears a sword
 He never draws in fight ;
 And be the huckster's brat abhorred
 Who apes the airs of knight.

Let scorn be hers who weds her groom ;
 And his who weds his harlot ;
 And may the gibbet be the doom
 Of rogues that strut in scarlet.

—*Sung to the guitar at the Countess Adalasia's
 castle ; translated for the Cornhill Magazine.*

TO ADALASIA.

Thy breeze is blowing on my cheeks,
 O land of lyre and lance ;

In every gush to me it speaks
 Of Her I love, and France.
 'Twas there I sang, and won renown ;
 'Twas there my heart I gave
 Unto the dame whose cruel frown
 Me forth an exile drave.
 How pleasant every breeze that leaves
 The land of lyre and lance—
 How welcome every voice that weaves
 A Tale of Her and France.

Why, for the deed it bade me dare,
 Could not my love atone ?
 And wherefore does a form so fair
 So stern a spirit own ?
 Far better feel a Moslem blade,
 Than thus despairing pine ;
 So on my breast the cross I'll braid,
 And hie to Palestine.
 Seek, song, with this my last farewell,
 The land of lyre and lance ;
 Nor to my lady fail to tell,
 I die for Her and France.

—*Written upon joining the Crusade of Richard I.*

ADALASIA RECONCILED.

Visions of beauty round me throng—
 Each thought's a flower, each breath a song.
 With hope my every fibre glows,
 My very blood in music flows.
 Her mantle Joy has round me cast,
 My lady-love relents at last.

No grief has earth like that we prove
 When swept in wrath from those we love ;
 Nor does a bliss for mortals smile
 Like that when fond hearts reconcile.
 I feel the bliss ; I've felt the pain ;
 Nor shall I tempt the last again.

—*Written when the Countess "sent him a present of the kiss he stole."*



VIGNY, COUNT ALFRED VICTOR DE, a French poet and novelist, born at Loches, in Touraine, March 28, 1799; died in Paris, September 17, 1863. He was of a royalist family, and the principles inculcated into his youthful mind have been thus summed up: "Your grandfather was Seigneur of Tronchet, Moncharville, Émarville, Isy, Frêne, Ionville, Folleville, and Gravelle; your father fought with distinction in the Seven Years' War, at a time when the children of the gutter had not yet dared to possess military genius; your ancestors were favorites and friends of French Kings, notably that excellent sovereign, Charles the Ninth; your great-uncles were pages of the Grand Monarque. Your genealogy shows a long and distinguished roll of men in whom the State delighted. You belong, by both sides, to the very bluest blood of France; take care that your honor be not tarnished; honor is the religion of the *noblesse*." But when his school-fellows kicked him because he had a *de* to his name, "I felt myself," he says, "belonging to an accursed race, and became sombre and pensive." But after awhile he caught the prevailing warlike ardor, and his mother removed him from the school in Paris. A home education did not, however, wean him from his military aspirations, and at the age of sixteen he joined the regiment of musketeers

of Louis XVIII., and accompanied the King to Ghent during the Hundred Days. In 1823 he entered the line in order to be able to accompany the French expedition to Spain. His regiment, however, was detained in the Pyrenees, and the time he had hoped to give to action he spent in writing poetry. In 1826 he married Miss Lydia Bunbury, an Englishwoman of fortune, and two years later he retired from the army and devoted himself entirely to literature. Already, in 1815 and 1822, respectively, he had published two volumes of *Poèmes*, which were inspired by his classical and Biblical studies. His *Elloa, ou la Sœur des Anges*, appeared in 1824. It is the history of a fallen seraph. After he had definitely adopted literature as his pursuit in life he became one of the leaders of the Romantic movement, and his *Poèmes, Antiques et Modernes*, issued 1826 and 1837, were hailed as among the finest productions of the new school. In 1826 appeared his great historical romance entitled *Cinq-Mars*. The success of this romantic illustration of the times of Richelieu encouraged him to produce his *Stello, or the Blue-Devils* (1832), which defined the poet's position in society, and *Military Servitude and Greatness* (1835), the materials of which he derived from the history of the republic and the empire. As a dramatic writer he also achieved considerable success by his *Chatterton* (1835), an episode taken from *Stello*. He also wrote *La Maréchale d'Ancre*, and several other historical dramas. The question of the morality of scenic representations of suicide was mooted in the Chamber of Deputies in connection with

this play. He had previously adapted *Othello* and *Macbeth*. He was made a member of the French Academy in 1845. It was not until after Count de Vigny's death that his *Destinées : Poèmes Philosophiques*, were given to the world. An edition of his *Œuvres Complètes* appeared in 1883.

He spent his later years in retirement, "listening to himself," as Lamartine said of him, "and planning those works of his, full of originality and research, which cannot be classified, because they reveal a soul solitary, like his talent."

"The English public," says Walter Besant, "steadfastly refuses to read French poetry; but there is no reason why they should not read at least the prose literature of France which precedes what it is the fashion to call the school of the Second Empire. And in Alfred de Vigny they may safely look for the writings of one whose elevation of thought kept him pure; who, if his thought had been grovelling and debased, would yet have been deterred from showing it to the world by that principle of honor which, as he tells us, is the religion of the *noblesse*."

COME, MAIDEN, WITH ME O'ER THE WATERS.

Come, maiden, come with me to glide
All alone o'er the sea;
My lovely and portionless bride,
I only with thee.
My bark dances light on the waters,
Like a bird on the wing;
See—see its bright flag and its sail;
Think not that 'tis tiny and frail,
For I am its king.

Let the waters be stormy or still,
 We shall not sink beneath ;
 Let the winds rage around at their will,
 And threaten with death.
 The winds and the waves I defy,
 No longer, then, wait :
 No wall to imprison thee now :
 Not one to say nay to thy vow—
 None with us but Fate.

The land ?—it was made for the slave,
 And for toil, day and night ;
 But the sea, for the free and the brave
 Lies boundless and bright.
 Each wave has a secret of pleasure ;
 It whispers to me,
 “ Wilt be happy ? love ever, but only
 Fear not to be poor and be lonely—
 Dare, dare to be free ! ”
 —*From Poèmes ; translated by* WALTER BESANT

THE HORN.

I love, through the deep woods at close of day,
 To hear the horn sounding the stag at bay,
 Or hunter's farewell note, which echo wakes,
 And the north wind through all the forest takes.

How oft have I a midnight vigil kept,
 And smiled to hear it—yet, more often wept !
 It seemed the sound prophetic, which, of old,
 The coming death of paladins foretold.

The horses halt upon the mountain-brow,
 Foam-whitened ; 'neath their feet is Roncevaux,
 By day's last dying flame scarce colored o'er ;
 The far horizon shows the flying Moor.

“ Seest thou naught, Turpin, in the torrent-bed ? ”
 “ I see two knights ; one dying and one dead,
 Both crushed 'neath a black rock's vast fragment lie ;
 The strongest holds a horn of ivory

His soul's last breath twice called us to his aid !”
“God ! how the horn wails through the forest glade.”

LEGENDS OF OLD.

Ah ! sweet it is, when all the boughs are black
And the deep snow lies heavy on the ground,
The legends of past days to summon back
And bid old stories once again go round.

To listen, while without the poplar only
Lifts up long arms against a wintry sky,
And on the tree the snow-robed raven lonely
Stands balanced like the vane that hangs on high.

Ah ! sweet it is, old stories to recall,
The legends of that old world passed away :
While the white snow enwraps and covers all,
And trees hang out black branches to the day.
—*From Poèmes ; translated for Temple Bar.*





VILLARI, PASQUALE, an Italian educator and historian, born at Naples, October 3, 1827; was educated there under Basilo Piroti and de Sanctis. He studied law and began to practise that profession; but in 1847 he was imprisoned for his share in the revolution of that year. Upon his release he went to Florence, where, in very needy circumstances, he devoted himself to the study of history, supporting himself by giving private lessons. In 1859 he published his *Storia di Girolamo Savonarola*, and was immediately made Professor of History at the University of Pisa. His work on Savonarola—which has been translated into English by his wife—was followed by *La Civiltà Latina e Germanica* (1861); *Leggende che Illustrano la Divina Commedia* (1865), and many critical, educational, and poetical treatises. His political pamphlet *Di Chi è la Colpa*—"Whose is the Fault?"—stirred the nation to its very depths; and the same year, 1866, Villari was called to the chair of History at the Institute of Higher Studies in Florence. He became General Secretary of Public Instruction in 1869, Senator in 1884, and Minister of Public Instruction in 1891. His *Niccolò Machiavelli*—translated by his wife—was published in 1877; and in 1893 he issued his *Storia di Firenze*—"Florentine History"—which has been also rendered into English by his wife.

MACHIAVELLI IN EARLY LIFE.

Of middle height, slender figure, with sparkling eyes, dark hair, rather a small head, a slightly aquiline nose, a tightly closed mouth : all about him bore the impress of a very acute observer and thinker, but not that of one able to wield much influence over others. He could not easily rid himself of the sarcastic expression continually playing round his mouth and flashing from his eyes, which gave him the air of a cold and impassible calculator ; while nevertheless he was frequently ruled by his powerful imagination ; sometimes suddenly led away by it to an extent befitting the most fantastic of visionaries. He applied himself to the faithful service of the Republic, with all the ardor of an ancient Republican, inspired by reminiscences of Rome, pagan and republican. His leisure was devoted to reading, conversation, and the usual pleasures of life. Being of a cheerful temper, he was on good terms with his colleagues in the Chancery, and if intimate with his superior, Marcello Virgilio, was far more so with Biagio Buonaccorsi, who, although in an inferior position and but a mediocre scholar, was a worthy man and a firm friend. He it was who, when Machiavelli was at a distance, used to write him long and affectionate letters in a tone of real friendship, and from these we learn that the first secretary of the Ten was much given to gay living, and to various irregular love affairs, of which the two wrote to each other in a style that is far from edifying.—*From Niccolo Machiavelli ; translated by Linda Villari.*





VILLEMAIN, ABEL FRANÇOIS, a celebrated French critic, orator, and Minister of State, born in Paris, June 11, 1790; died there, May 8, 1870. He was educated at the Imperial Lyceum and was a pupil in rhetoric of Luce de Lancival. M. de Fontanes appointed him professor of rhetoric in the Lycée Charlemagne about 1810. In 1812 he gained a prize offered by the Institute for his *Éloge de Montaigne*, in which he displayed great power of generalization and an excellent gift of harmonious language. In 1814 he produced a *Discourse on the Advantages and Inconveniences of Criticism*, which was crowned by the French Academy. In 1816 he became Professor of French eloquence at the University of Paris, and wrote an *Éloge de Montesquieu*. He published *History of Cromwell* (1819); *Lectures on French Literature* (1828-38), which is considered his principal work; *Discours et Melanges Littéraires* (1823), and *Studies of Ancient and Foreign Literature* (1846). Blending in his lectures literary analysis, biography, spicy anecdotes, ingenious judgments in detail and profound generalities, he gave them the form of eloquent conversation, and acquired a high reputation as a professor and critic. He was admitted to the Academy in 1821. Under the new régime he became a Peer of France in 1832, President of the Royal Council of Public In-

struction in 1834, and Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy the same year. He was Minister of Public Instruction from May, 1839, to March, 1840, and held the same office in the Cabinet of Guizot from 1840 to 1844.

Villemain is generally recognized as one of the most accomplished writers of his time. His style is admirable and his works present a happy union of moderation with independence, while they preserve a due equilibrium between reason and imagination.

THE CHARACTERS OF "TELEMACHUS."

Without doubt Fénelon has participated in the faults of those that he imitated; and if the combats of *Telemachus* have the grandeur and the fire of the combats of the *Iliad*, Mentor sometimes speaks as long as one of Homer's heroes; and sometimes the details of a somewhat commonplace moral discussion remind us of the long interviews of the *Cyropedia*. Considering *Telemachus* as an inspiration of the Greek muses, it seems that the genius of Fénelon receives from them a force that to him was unnatural. The vehemence of Sophocles is completely preserved in the savage imprecations of Philoctetes. Love burns in the heart of Eucharis as in the verses of Theocritus. Although the beauties of antiquity seems to have been gleaned for the composition of *Telemachus*, there remains to the author some glory of invention, without taking account of what is creative in the imitation of foreign beauties, inimitable before and after Fénelon. Nothing is more beautiful than the arrangement of *Telemachus*, and we do not find less grandeur in the general idea than taste and skill in the union and contrast of episodes. The chaste and modest loves of Antiope, introduced at the end of the poem, correct, in a sublime manner, the transports of Calypso. The interest of passion is thus twice produced — once under the image of madness and again

under that of virtue. But, as *Telemachus* is especially a book of political ethics, what the author paints with most force is ambition, that malady of kings which brings death to peoples—ambition, great and generous in Sesostris, imprudent in Idomeneus ; tyrannical and calamitous in Pygmalion ; barbarous, hypocritical, and ingenious in Adrastus. This last character, superior to Virgil's Mezentius, is traced with a vigor of imagination that no historical truth could surpass. This invention of personages is not less rare than the general invention of a plan. The happiest character among these truthful portraits is that of young Telemachus. More developed, more active than the Telemachus of the *Odyssey*, he combines all that can surprise, attach, and instruct—in the age of passions he is under the guard of wisdom, which often allows him to fail, because faults are the education of men ; he has the pride of the throne, the transport of heroism, and the candor of early youth. His mixture of *hauteur* and naïveté, of force and submission, forms perhaps the most touching and the most amiable character invented by the epic muse ; and, doubtless, Rousseau, a great master in the art of painting and touching, felt this marvellous charm when he supposed that Telemachus would be, in the eyes of chastity and innocence, the ideal model worthy of a first love.





VILLON, FRANÇOIS, a French poet, born at Paris in 1431; died at St. Maixent about 1484. His real name was Montcorbier; he took the name Villon from a patron. He has been called the first poet of France—first as one who disregarded the artificial verse that reigned, and, from the depths of his personal experiences and humane sympathies, spoke out with a simple earnestness none the less true because interspersed with a cheerful though sometimes desperately ironical humor. His life was that of a poor profligate, at times criminal, vagabond, and his character may be gathered from the fact that he was long described as “the poet-thief” and “the literary house-breaker.” From certain lines in his verses, it is concluded that he was of poor parentage. He studied at the University of Paris; but in 1461 he was committed to prison at Melun, with five accomplices, for a crime the nature of which is not certainly known. Whatever it was, he tells us that he was tempted into it by his mistress, who afterward deserted him. After remaining in a dungeon and in chains during a whole summer, he was condemned to be hanged; but Louis XI., then newly come to the throne, commuted his sentence into exile, in consideration of his poetical abilities. “Villon is perhaps the only man,” says Carey, “whom the Muse has rescued from the gallows.” After his enlargement he was

reduced to such straits that he was forced to beg his bread. It is asserted by Rabelais that Villon was subsequently in favor with Edward V. of England. Besides his *Petit Testament*, written in 1456, and his *Grand Testament* (1461), composed during his imprisonment, his published writings consist of only a few ballads in the language d'Argot—a sort of slang used among knaves of that age, but now wholly unintelligible. His two "Testaments," which have been highly praised, are humorous pieces, in which a fancied disposal of property is made, with the view only of raising a laugh at the legatees—a species of drollery in which Villon has had many imitators. His poems were edited by Clement Marot, at the instance of Francis I., and several editions have been published since.

John Payne translated Villon's poems in 1878 and 1881, doing them into English verse, for the first time, in their original forms. Some verbal changes are made in Payne's translation, *e.g.*, retaining the French *heaulmière*, in the "Regrets of the beautiful *heaulmière*," which, referring to some kind of bonnet or cap of the time, is confusing when literally translated helm-maker, and makes a bad accent in the second line of the poem. Mr. Payne's old-fashioned title-page and quaint translations are in happy keeping with the ancient reliques. The best French edition complete is by M. Jannet (1867), but contains verses in jargon and the *Repues Franches*, which are not believed to be the work of Villon.

"We can hardly doubt," says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, "that, under different circum-

stances, had Villon's life been consecrated by successful love and the hope of those higher things to whose nobility he was so keenly though unpractically sensitive, he might have filled a worthier place in the history of his time and have furnished a more honorable career than that of the careless Bohemian, driven into crime, disgrace, and ruin, by the double influence of his own unchecked desires and the maddening wistfulness of an unrequited love. However, to quote the words of the greatest critic of the nineteenth century, 'We might perhaps have lost the poet whilst gaining the honest man; and good poets are still rarer than honest folk, although the latter can hardly be said to be too common.' "

It is while in prison, under sentence of death, that Villon composed the magnificent ballad in which he imagines himself and his companions hanging dead upon the gibbet of Montfaucon.

THE BALLAD OF THE HANGED.

Brothers, who still may live—our own lives spent—

We pray you harden not your hearts at sight
Of us poor sinners; so, in mercy bent,

Shall God's full pity on your souls alight.

Look up and see us dangling, three and four:

As for the flesh we loved so much of yore,

'Tis gone, devoured by birds, and rotted off;

We are but hanging bones, on gibbet dressed:

Let no man at our wretched guise make scoff:

But pray God all, that He may give us rest.

And if we call you brethren, do not show

Gesture disdainful—though 'tis true we died

By act of justice: think that men are so,

And all are not by wisdom justified.

Therefore let prayers from tender hearts begun
 Continue to the Blessed Virgin's Son ;
 Pray that His grace be not entirely lost.
 Dead are we : O that Christ may give His best ;
 Dead souls with living men are never crossed :
 Yet pray God all, that He may give us rest.

The rain that falls upon us washes all ;
 The sun that shines has blackened us and dried :
 Ravens and crows have plucked out eye and ball,
 Have picked at beard, and at our locks have tried.
 Never at any time do we sit down,
 But here and there by shifting breezes blown,
 We change, ne'er resting, at the wild wind's will,
 While birds are pecking cheek, and head, and breast.
 Brothers, let cruel mockery be still :
 And pray God all, that He may give us rest.

Prince JESUS, Thou who Lordship hast o'er all,
 Keep us from mastery and might of Hell ;
 Let us not lie accursed, but with Thy blest :
 And ye, O brothers, read our lesson well,
 And pray God all, that He may give us rest.

—*Translated by* WALTER BESANT.

BALLAD OF OLD-TIME LADIES.

Tell me where, in what land of shade,
 Hides fair Flora of Rome, and where
 Are Thaïs and Archipiade,
 Cousins german in beauty rare ?
 And Echo, more than mortal fair,
 That, when one calls by river-flow
 Or marish, answers out of air ?
But what has become of last year's snow ?

Where did the learn'd Heloïsa vade,
 For whose sake Abelard did not spare
 (Such dole for love on him was laid)
 Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear ?
 And where is the queen who willed whilere
 That Buridan, tied in a sack, should go

Floating down Seine from the turret-stair?
But what has become of last year's snow?

Blanche, too, the lily-white queen, that made
 Sweet music as if she a siren were;
 Broad-foot Bertha; and Joan the maid,
 The good Lorrainer, the English bare
 Captive to Rouen, and burned her there;
 Beatrix, Eremburge, Alys—lo!
 Where are they, virgin debonair?
But what has become of last year's snow?

Envoi.

Prince, you may question how they fare
 This week, or liefer this year, I trow:
 Still shall this burden the answer bear,
But what has become of last year's snow?

BALLAD OF THE OLD-TIME LORDS.

Where is Calixtus, third of the name,
 That died in the purple whiles ago,
 Four years since he to the tiar came?
 And the King of Aragon, Alfonso?
 The Duke of Bourbon, sweet of show,
 And the Duke Arthur of Brittain?
 And Charles the Seventh, the Good. Heigh ho!
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Likewise the King of Scots, whose shame
 Was the half of his face (or folks say so),
 Vermeil as amethyst held to the flame,
 From chin to forehead all of a glow?
 The King of Cyprus, of friend and foe
 Renowned; and the gentle King of Spain,
 Whose name, alas, I do not know?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Of many more might I ask the same,
 That are but dust that the breezes blow;
 But I desist, for none may claim
 To stand against Death, that lays all low.

Yet one more question before I go :
 Where is Lancelot, King of Behaine ?
 And where are his valiant ancestors now ?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine ?

Envoi.

Where is Du Guesclin, the Breton prow ?
 Where is the Dauphin of Auvergne lain ?
 Where is Alençon's good duke ? Lo !
But where is the doughty Charlemaine ?

REGRETS OF THE BEAUTIFUL HEAULMIÈRE.

Methought I heard the fair complain—
 The fair that erst was heaulmière—
 And wish herself a girl again.
 After this fashion did I hear :
 "Alack ! old age, felon and drear :
 Why hast so early laid me low ?
 What hinders but I slay me here,
 And so at one stroke end my woe ? . . .

"I did to many me deny
 (Therein I showed but little guile)
 For love of one right false and sly,
 Whom without stint I loved erewhile.
 On whomsoever I might smile,
 I loved *him* well, sorry or glad :
 But he to me was harsh and vile,
 And loved me but for what I had.

"Ill as he used me, and howe'er
 Unkind, I loved him none the less :
 Even had he made me fagots bear
 And bind, one kiss and one caress,
 And I forgot his wickedness.
 The rogue ! 'twas ever thus the same
 With him. It brought me scant liesse :
 And what is left me ? Sin and shame.

"Now is he dead this thirty year,
 And I'm grown old and worn and gray :

When I recall the days that were
And think of what I am to-day,
And when disrobed myself survey
And see my body shrunk to naught,
Withered and shrivelled—well-a-day !
For grief I am well-nigh distraught.

“Where is that clear and crystal brow ?
Those eyebrows arched and golden hair ?
And those clear eyes, where are they now,
Wherewith the wisest ravished were ?
The little nose so straight and fair ;
The tiny, tender, perfect ear ;
Where is the dimpled chin, and where
The pouting lips so red and clear ?” . . .

And so the litany goes round
Lamenting the good time gone by,
Amongst us crouched upon the ground,
Poor silly hags, all huddled by
A scanty fire of hemp-stalks dry,
Easy to light and soon gone out ;
(We that once held our heads so high)
So all take turn and turn about.

—*Translation of* JOHN PAYNE.





VINCENT, FRANK, an American traveller, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1848. After receiving his education at Yale, he travelled for eleven years, visiting all parts of the world. His valuable collection of Siamese and Cambodian antiquities he presented to the Metropolitan Museum of New York in 1884. Mr. Vincent is a member of many geographical and ethnological societies, and has received decorations from the Kings of Burma, Siam, and Cambodia. His works are *The Land of the White Elephant* (1874); *Through and Through the Tropics* (1876); *Two Months in Burma* (1877); *The Wonderful Ruins of Cambodia* (1878); *Norsk, Lapp, and Finn* (1881); *Around and About South America* (1888); *The Republics of South America* (1889); *In and Out of Central America* (1890), and *Actual Africa* (1895). With A. E. Lancaster he wrote *The Lady of Cawnpore* (1891).

THE SHOAY DAGON.

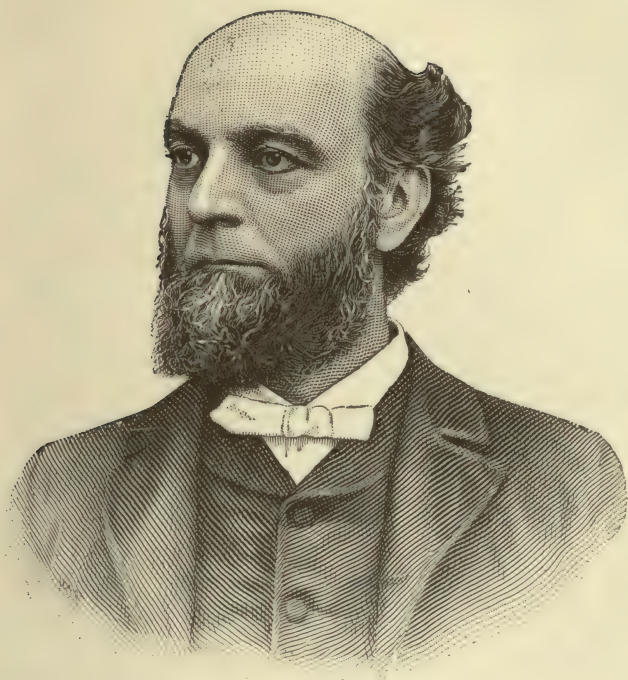
The most wonderful sight in Rangoon is the great *Shoay Dagon*, or Golden Pagoda—the largest edifice of the kind in Burma, and probably the largest in the world. The entrance, guarded by two huge griffins of brick and mortar, passes between long, narrow sheds, which are beautifully carved and gaudily painted in vermilion and gold, and covered with representations of Buddhist tortures reserved for the damned, and thence, mounting a very dilapidated staircase, the immense

stone terrace upon which the pagoda itself stands is reached. This terrace is nearly a thousand feet square, and the base of the structure, standing at its centre, is octagonal-shaped and fifteen hundred feet in circumference, while the entire height of the pagoda is three hundred feet. It is built of solid masonry and lime, covered with gold-leaf, and gradually tapers to a spire which terminates in a *tee* (umbrella), an open iron-work cap, twenty-six feet in height. The gold upon this pagoda is said to equal the weight of a former Burmese king, and the spire blazes so fiercely under a noonday's sun as to almost dazzle the beholder. At the base of the immense structure are broad stone steps and large griffins, and also some smaller pagodas of like design.

Within the enclosure of the pagoda are many temples, most of them containing huge images of Gaudama (the last Buddha), made of wood, brick and lime, marble and metal, and nearly all thickly gilded; some of the sitting figures are twelve feet, and some of the standing ones as much as eighteen feet in height. I noticed that all the faces wore a humorous, contented expression, one sensual, however, rather than intellectual. Some of their drapery was made of minute pieces of glass; especially were the fringes of robes thus ornamented. This gave them the appearance of coats of mail, and when different-colored glasses were used in a court-dress the effect was quite gay. Some of the idols were clothed in yellow garments—yellow being the ordained color of all priestly robes. On small tables in front of many of the images were placed candles, flowers, and little flags; some of these being used in the forms of worship, and some having been presented as offerings by religious devotees. Lofty poles were planted at short intervals around the pagoda. These were crowned with *tees*, and also at several feet from their tops were fixed rudely made game-cocks—the national emblem of the Burmese—and the remainder of the pole was hung with varicolored streamers. Burma is well known to be one of the strongholds of Buddhism. The *Shoay Dagon* Pagoda derives its peculiar sanctity from being the depository, according to Burmese tradition, of relics of the last four Buddhas.—*The Land of the White Elephant.*



VINCENT, JOHN HEYL, an American Methodist-Episcopal bishop, born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., in 1832. He was educated in Milton and Lewisburg, Pa., and was educated for the ministry in New Jersey. In 1855 he was ordained deacon, and in 1857 was transferred from the New Jersey into the Rock River Conference, serving as pastor in Galena, Chicago, and other western cities until 1865. In that year he founded the *Northwest Sunday-School Quarterly* and in 1866 *The Sunday-School Teacher*. From 1868 till 1884 he was secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-School Union and Tract Society. He has been editor of many Sunday-school publications of his denomination. In 1873 he organized a Sunday-school teachers' institute to prepare teachers for their work. This met at Chautauqua, N. Y., in 1874, and has since assembled yearly at that place. At the conference of 1888 he was elected bishop. Dr. Vincent received the degree of D.D. from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1870, and that of LL.D. from Washington and Jefferson in 1885. His publications include: *Little Footprints in Bible Lands* (1861); *The Chautauqua Movement* (1886); *The Home Book* (1886); *The Modern Sunday-School* (1887); *Better Not* (1887), and later for the Chautauqua Text-book series, *Bible Outlines*, *Biblical Explanation*, *Christian Evidences*, *English History*, *Greek History*, *Outlines of General History*.



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John H. Vincent.

COLLATERAL AIDS.

The Bible is an immense book. It is as wonderful for its richness and variety as for its magnitude. There is scarcely a branch of human knowledge upon which it does not shed some light. It is a book of diverse sciences albeit its central science is that of salvation. To this all the rest bow as the sheaves of Hebron and the stars of heaven bowed to Joseph.

In the unfolding of the plan of redemption which the Bible records we find a treasure of history, of biography, of geography, of ancient, peculiar, and almost forgotten usages, of philosophy, ethics, of theology—such as no other book in the world contains. Now if a man would be head-master of the school in which this great volume is the text-book, he must indeed give himself wholly to these things. He has no time for anything else. He must be literally *homo unius libri*.

The minister who becomes an enthusiastic pastor and teacher will find the pulpit a limited sphere and the Sabbath but a small portion of the time he needs for exposition, and for training his people in the contents of the Book. Prizing all the knowledge which God has there communicated, he seeks to awaken in his young people and among the old an intense delight in truth. He trains them in Bible history and biography, knowing how much is lost by not taking up its events in their due chronological order. He trains his people in Bible geography—for how can one adequately comprehend history without geography? Is not the Bible full of geography? And do not the lands of the Bible yet remain singularly unchanged in most of their features, as though God would preserve the land to complement and thus corroborate and illustrate the Book? The old customs—domestic, political, religious—how they are inwrought into the very texture of the divine poetry, prophecy, and precept! One cannot clearly interpret the Word unless he knows these customs. And does not the far East still hold them? Are they not glowing on granite and marble walls in Egypt? Do not the clay-books of Nineveh and Baby

ion perpetuate the knowledge of them? Our wholly consecrated pastor brings land and book, custom and book, picture and book, together. The one explains the other. The young people who cared little for the Bible at first have been led into the very heart of it by way of Egypt and Sinai and Syria and Nineveh. They looked eagerly at the "stones" he showed them, and lo! they found written on them the commandments of God.

The Bible is a book of doctrines. The Church Catechism is a systematic arrangement of these doctrines. They are these formulated. They are to be buried in the mind of childhood as the conduits and water-pipes are laid under a city. For a time they seem almost useless; hidden and forgotten. But lo! one day the gates in the reservoir are hoisted, and through the buried pipes rushes a stream of cold, refreshing, delightful, life-giving water. So our pastor believes in the "dry-formulas" of faith; but he teaches them in so pleasant a manner that they never seem dry to *his* scholars, and betimes, and before a long time, too, the streams of salvation flow through them.

The Church is also an *army*. The pastor knows this well, and all the week keeps his people drilling, and warring, and working. He raises up from among his little people a band of willing laborers and brave soldiers. He scatters tracts by their hands. He collects by their aid missionary money. He distributes Bibles, he visits the poor, the sick, and the imprisoned through his busy people.

Knowing that service rendered is all the more zealously and efficiently performed if it be *intelligent* service, he trains his people in missionary work. They know the missionary maps and the various fields of missionary labor, the peculiar difficulties to be overcome, the measure of success achieved already, the work remaining to be done.

He moreover trains his people in all kinds of Christian work, and makes them acquainted as far as possible with the history of eleemosynary institutions and brotherhoods the world over. The Church is itself a "college for Bible students and for Christian workers."—*The Church School.*



VIRGIL, PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO, greatest of Latin poets, and one of the first poets of the world. He was born on a farm on the banks of the Mincio, in the district of Andes, near Mantua, October 19, 70 B.C.; died at Brundisium, September 21, 19 B.C. Though his parents were of humble origin, they were able to give him a good education, and he was sent to school at Cremona. Soon after his sixteenth year he went to Milan, where he continued his studies until he went to Rome two years later. At Rome he studied rhetoric and philosophy under the best teachers of the time. His studies were probably interrupted by the civil war, for little is known of his life for the next few years. His father's farm, with other lands, was confiscated and given to the soldiers, and though, through the influence of friends and a personal appeal to the Emperor, he obtained the restitution of it, he never succeeded in getting possession of it. In 37 B.C. the *Eclogues*, a collection of ten pastorals modelled on those of Theocritus, were published and were at once received with favor. Soon after this he withdrew from Rome and went to Campania, residing at Naples or at his country-house near Nola. He spent the next seven years in the composition of the *Georgics*, or *Art of Husbandry*. This poem, which is in four books, and which is considered

his most original and finished work, appeared in 30 B.C. The rest of his life, eleven years, was spent on the *Æneid*, a work undertaken at the urgent request of the Emperor. During the years of its composition he travelled in Greece and occasionally visited Rome, but spent most of his time in retirement. In 19 B.C. he had completed the *Æneid*, and he left Italy for Athens, intending to spend three years in Greece and Asia, and devote this time to the revision of the work. At Athens he met Augustus and was persuaded by him to return to Italy. At Megara, he was taken ill, but continued his voyage, though he constantly grew worse, and died at Brundisium soon after landing. At his own request he was buried at Naples. In his last illness he requested to have the *Æneid* burned, but the Emperor would not permit this. From this fact it has been supposed that he was dissatisfied with the poem. Virgil is represented as tall and dark, of a delicate constitution, shy and reserved in his manners, sincere in character, and of a gentle disposition. He was never married.

ÆNEAS DOTH MANY GREAT DEEDS IN BATTLE.

No dull delay holds Turnus back ; but fiercely doth he
fall
With all his host, on them of Troy, and meets them on
the strand.
The war-horns sing. Æneas first breaks through the
field-folks' band,
Fair omen of the fight—and lays the Latin folk
alow.
Thero he slays, most huge of men, whose own heart bade
him go

Against Æneas : through the links of brass the sword
doth fare,
And through the kirtle's scaly gold, and wastes the side
laid bare.
Then Lichas smites he, ripped erewhile from out his
mother dead,
And hallowed, Phœbus, unto thee, because his baby
head
Had 'scaped the steel : nor far from thence he casteth
down to die
Hard Cissens, Gyas huge, who there beat down his com-
pany
With might of clubs ; naught then availed that Hercu-
lean gear,
Nor their stark hands, nor yet their sire Melampus,
though he were
Alcides' friend so long as he on earth wrought heavy
toil.
Lo, Pharo ! while a deedless word he flingeth 'mid the
broil,
The whirring of the javelin stays within his shouting
mouth.
Thou, Cydon, following lucklessly thy new delight, the
youth
Clytius, whose first of fallow down about his cheeks is
spread,
Art well-nigh felled by Dardan hand, and there hadst
thou lain dead,
At peace from all the many loves wherein thy life would
stray,
Had not thy brethren's serried band now thrust across
the way,
E'en Phorcus' seed : sevenfold of tale and sevenfold
spears they wield ;
But some thereof fly harmless back from helmside and
from shield ;
The rest kind Venus turned aside, that grazing past they
flew ;
But therewithal Æneas spake unto Achates true.

—*Æneid, Book X.*



VOGÜE, VICOMTE EUGÈNE MELCHIOR DE, a French critic and historian, born at Nice, February 25, 1848. After having served in the army during the Franco-Prussian war, he entered the office of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in 1871, and was attached to the embassy at Constantinople in 1873, to the French Mission in Egypt in 1875, and to the embassy at St. Petersburg in 1876. While at the Winter Palace he married, in 1878, the daughter of the Russian general, Annenkoff. He retired from the diplomatic service in 1881, and thereafter devoted himself to literature, writing much in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats*. He became a Commander of the Legion of Honor in 1879, and was elected a member of the French Academy in 1888. His works in book form include *Syrie, Palestine, Mont Athos, Voyage au Pays du Passé* (1876); *Histoires Orientales, Chez les Pharaons, Boulacq et Saqqarah* (1879); *Les Portraits du Siècle* (1883); *Le Fils de Pierre le Grand* (1884); *Mazeppa* (1884); *Un Changement du Règne* (1884); *Histoires d'Hiver* (1885); *Le Roman Russe* (1886); *Souvenirs et Visions* (1887); *Le Portrait du Louvre* (1888); *Remarques sur l'Exposition Centenaire* (1889); *Le Manteau de Joseph Olénine* (1890); *Heures d'Histoire* (1893).

Says Aline Gorren, speaking in the *Atlantic Monthly* of the moral revival in France: "The

birth of the so-called Neo-Christian movement in France is commonly dated from 1886, when M. Melchior de Vogüe published his *Roman Russe*. These studies in the 'religion of human suffering,' as it had been expounded by the Russian novelists, from Golgol to Tolstoï, and as it was now expounded to his own countrymen, with an ardent sympathy, by M. de Vogüe, are held among French men of letters to have marked a turning-point in the scepticism which had permeated France during the Second Empire, and in the fifteen years after 1870."

THE HYMN OF THE GERMANS.

(September 1, 1870.)

The bivouacs of the victors starred with their fires all the valley of the Moselle. From the fields where those hundred thousand men were encamped, and where we thought them heavy with sleep, exhausted by their victory, a mighty voice arose—one single voice issuing from those hundred thousand throats. It was Luther's choral. The majestic prayer seemed to fill the heavens; it spread over the horizon so far as there were German camp-fires and German men. We heard it far into the night. It thrilled us with its grandeur and beauty. Many of us were young then, and little matured in reflection, yet we recognized at that moment the power which had vanquished us: it was not the superior force of regiments, but that one soul, made up of so many souls, tempered in faith, national and divine, and firmly persuaded that its God marched by its side to victory.—*Translated by* ALINE GORREN.

POPE LEO XIII.

The visitor is admitted in his turn into a small salon draped with yellow silk; a crucifix hangs upon the wall; several chairs are ranged along the two sides

of the room ; at the back, beneath a canopy of crimson damask, a pale, white form is seated on a gilded chair. It is the embodiment of the spirit which animates all the spiritual governors spread over the planet ; which unceasingly follows them to each inquietude, to all the sufferings whose distant plaint reaches his ear. So slight, so frail ; like a soul draped in a white shroud ! And yet, as one approaches him, this incorporeal being, who appeared so feeble when seen standing at the services of the Sistine Chapel, assumes an extraordinary intensity of existence. All the life has centred in the hands grasping the arms of the chair, in the piercing eyes, in the warmth and strength of the voice. Seated and animated in conversation, Leo XIII. seems twenty years younger. He talks freely, easily ; he questions the speaker by word and look ; eager for details of the country under discussion, of its prominent men, of public opinion. The Pope does not linger over the puerilities of piety ; he introduces at once the serious problems of human existence, real and vital interests. Soon he grows animated in developing his favorite topics ; presenting them with a few sweeping sentences, clear, concise, acceptable to all. "We must go to the people, conquer the hearts of the people. We must seek the alliance of all honest folk, whatsoever their origin or opinion. We must not lose heart. We will triumph over prejudice, injustice, and error." It is impossible to forget the look, the gesture, the ring of the voice, with which he follows you, as you retire backward, your fingers already grasping the door-knob ; his hand extended with a sudden propelling of the whole body from the chair ; the inflection of those last words which linger in the ear of the visitor returning to his own land : "Courage ! Work ! Come back to see me again !" — *From an article in The Forum.*



VOISENON, CLAUDE-HENRI FUSÉE DE, a French wit, dramatist, and *littérateur*, born at Voisenon, near Melun, June 8, 1708; died there, November 22, 1775. Brought up to the ecclesiastical profession, he began with being grand-vicar to the see of Boulogne; but having fought a duel with an officer, and feeling himself in other respects little fitted for the clerical function, he limited himself to the abbacy of Jard, and became a man of the world and a writer for the stage. In the midst of his dissolute life he was haunted incessantly with religious scruples. His naturally weak constitution at last broke down under his libertine indulgences; and, apprehensive of death, he made a general confession, but his confessor refused him absolution. Upon promise of amendment of life, however, he was afterward absolved; and then began a strange contrast of ceremonial devotion with equally regular dissipation. He was elected a member of the Academy in 1762. His works consist of several romances, the best of which is *L'Histoire de la Felicité*; a number of comedies, notably *Mariages Assortis* and *La Coquette Fixée*, and some poems. His *Œuvres Complètes* were published by Madame de Turpin, in five large volumes; and Laharpe made from them an excellent selection in one small volume. Voisenon's letters to his friends give vivid descriptions of French life and manners in the eighteenth century.

TRAVELLING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

We passed through Tours yesterday, where Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul received all the honors due to the *gouvernante* of the province. We entered by the mall, which is planted with trees as beautiful as those of the Parisian boulevards. Here was found a mayor, who came to harangue the duchess. It happened that M. Sainfrais, during the harangue, had posted himself directly behind the speaker, so that every now and then his horse, which kept constantly tossing its head, as horses will do, would give him a little tap on the back—a circumstance which cut his phrases in half in the most ludicrous manner possible; because at every blow the orator would turn round to see what was the matter, after which he would gravely resume his discourse, while I was ready to burst with laughter the whole time.

Two leagues further on we had another rich scene. An ecclesiastic stopped the carriage and commenced a pompous harangue to M. Poisonnier, whom he kept calling "*Mon Prince.*" M. Poisonnier replied, that he was more than a prince, and that in fact the lives of all princes depended on him, for he was a physician.

"What!" exclaimed the priest, "are you not M. le Prince de Talmont?"

"He has been dead these two years," replied the Duchesse de Choiseul.

"But who, then, is in this carriage?"

"It is Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul," replied someone.

Forthwith, not a whit disconcerted, he commenced another harangue, in which he lauded to the skies the excellent education she had bestowed upon her son.

"But I have no son, monsieur," replied the duchess, quietly. "Ah! you have no son; I am very sorry for that;" and so saying, his reverence put his harangue in his pocket and walked off.—*From a letter to his friend Favart, June 8, 1761.*



VOLNEY, CONSTANTIN FRANÇOIS CHASSEBŒUF, a French historian and traveller, born at Craon, February 3, 1757; died at Paris, April 25, 1820. The family name was Chassebœuf, but his father gave him that of Boisgiras, which he himself changed to Volney, the only name by which he is known. Having inherited a moderate fortune, he studied medicine, history, and the Oriental languages at Paris, and when twenty-five years of age he went to Egypt and Syria, where he resided several years. Upon his return he was made Director-General of Agriculture and Commerce in Corsica. In 1789 he was elected to the States-General from his native province of Anjou. In 1793 he was imprisoned for several months as a Girondist, and after his release in 1794 was appointed Professor of History in the Normal School. In 1795 he went to the United States, where he remained three years. Upon his return, he was made a Senator, but declined the position of Minister of the Interior. He was made a Count by Napoleon in 1808, and was created a Peer of France by Louis XVIII. in 1814. The principal works of Volney are *Travels in Egypt and in Syria* (1778); *On the Chronology of Herodotus* (1781); *The Ruins, or Meditations on the Revolutions of Empires*, in which he first avowed those sceptical opinions with which his

CONSTANTIN FRANÇOIS CHASSEBŒUF VOLNEY

name is specially connected (1791); *Lessons of History* (1799); *View of the Climate and Soil of the United States of America* (1803); *New Researches in Ancient History* (1815); *The European Alphabet applied to Asiatic Languages* (1819).

THE MAMELUKES OF EGYPT.

The manners of the Mamelukes are such that although I shall strictly adhere to the truth, I am almost afraid I shall be suspected of prejudice and exaggeration. Born for the most part in the rites of the Greek Church, and circumcised the moment they are born, they are considered by the Turks themselves as renegades, void of faith and religion. Strangers to each other, they are not bound by those natural ties which unite the rest of mankind. Without parents, without children, the past has done nothing for them, and they do nothing for the future. Ignorant and superstitious from education, they become ferocious from the murders they commit, perfidious from frequent cabals, seditious from tumults, and base, deceitful, and corrupted by every species of debauchery.

Such are the men who at present (1785) govern and decide the fate of Egypt. A few lucky strokes of the sabre, a greater portion of cunning or audacity, have conferred on them this pre-eminence. But it is not to be imagined that in changing fortune these upstarts change their character. They have still the meanness of slaves, though advanced to the rank of monarchs. Sovereignty with them is not the difficult art of directing to one common object the various passions of a numerous society, but only the means of possessing more women, more toys, horses, and slaves, and satisfying all their caprices. The whole administration, internal and external, is conducted on this principle. It consists in managing the Court of Constantinople so as to elude the tribute or the menaces of the Sultan; and in purchasing a number of slaves, multiplying partisans, countermining plots, and destroying their secret enemies by the dagger or by poison. Ever tortured by the anx-

iety of suspicion, the chiefs live like the ancient tyrants of Syracuse. Murad and Ibrahim sleep continually in the midst of carbines and sabres. Nor have they any idea of police or public order. Their only employment is to procure money; and the method considered as the most simple is to seize it wherever it is to be found; to wrest it by violence from its possessor; and to impose arbitrary contributions every moment on the villages, and on the custom-house, which in its turn levies them again upon commerce.

We may easily judge that in such a country everything is analogous to so wretched a government. The greater part of the lands are in the hands of the Bey, the Mamelukes, and the professors of the law. The number of the other proprietors is extremely small, and their property is liable to a thousand impositions. Every moment some contribution is to be paid, or some damage repaired. There is no right of succession or inheritance for real property; everything returns to the government, from which everything must be repurchased. The peasants are hired laborers, to whom no more is left than barely suffices to sustain life.—*Travels in Egypt and Syria.*





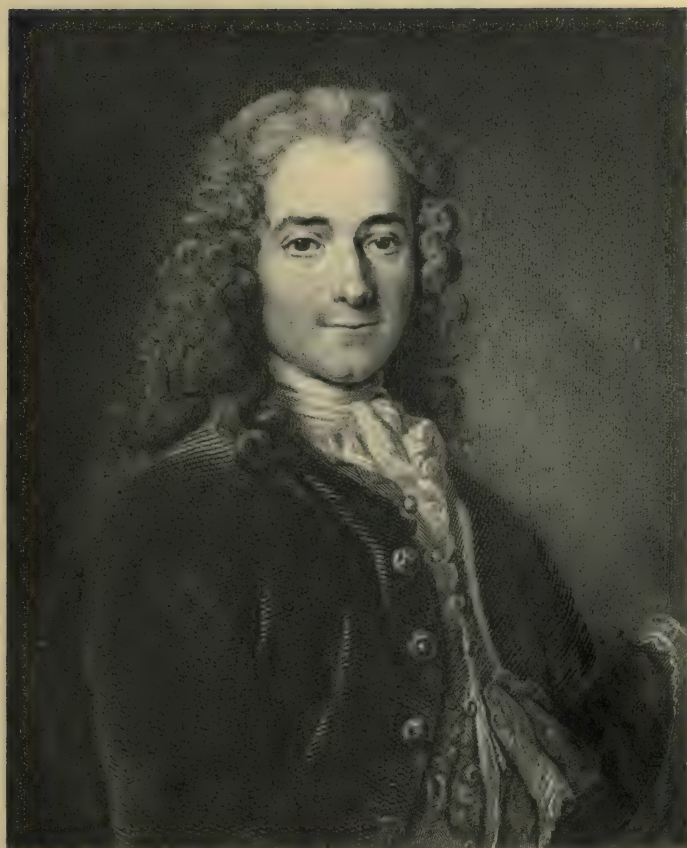
VOLTAIRE, FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET, DE, a celebrated French wit, historian, and general writer, born in Paris, November 21, 1694; died there, May 30, 1778. His father, who had been a notary at Chatenay, received the somewhat lucrative post of Paymaster of Fees to the Court of the Exchequer. The son was educated at the Jesuit College of Louis le Grand, and at seventeen was set by his father to the study of law, for which he showed little inclination. "I do not care for any career but that of a literary man," said the youth. "That," replied the father, "is the condition of a man who means to be useless to society, a charge to society, and to die of starvation." He was introduced into the gay, witty, and licentious society of Paris, and made himself famous by his biting satires. One of these, written at twenty-one, entitled *I Have Seen*, excited the anger of the Regent, the Duke of Orléans. "Monsieur Arouet," said the Duke to him, "I bet that I will make you see a thing you have never seen." Two days later the young man was shut up in the Bastile, where he remained eleven months, and wrote the first part of his epic poem, *The Henriade*. He describes his life in the Bastile in one of his cleverest poems. The Mare René apostrophized at the close is M. d'Argenson, the Chief of Police.





VOLTAIRE, FRANÇOIS MARIE ABOUET, DE, a celebrated French wit, historian, and general writer, born in Paris, November 21, 1694; died there, May 30, 1778. His father, who had been a secretary at Châteaufort, recommended the somewhat lucrative post of Paymaster in Flanders to the Court of the Rochefort. This post was obtained at the Jesuit College of Louis le Grand and at seventeen was set by his father to the study of law, but which he showed little inclination. "I have not yet seen any career but that of a literary one," said the youth. "That," **VOLTAIRE.** "is the result."

Photogravure—After the painting by Largilliere. Specially engraved for the Ridpath Library. He was introduced into the gay, witty, and dissipated society of Paris, and made himself famous by his biting satires. One of these, written at twenty-one, entitled *I Have Seen*, excited the anger of the Regent, the Duke of Orleans. "Monsieur Armand," said the Duke to him, "I bet that I will make you see a thing you have never seen." Two days later the young man was shut up in the Bastille, where he remained eleven months, and wrote the first part of his epic poem, *The Henriade*. He describes his life in the Bastille in one of his cleverest poems. The Marquis de Mirepoix, who was at the close of M. d'Argenson, the Chief of Police.



LIFE IN THE BASTILE.

I needs must go ; I jog along in style,
 With close-shut carriage, to the royal pile
 Built in our father's days, hard by St. Paul,
 By Charles the Fifth. Oh, brethren, good men all,
 In no such quarters may your lot be cast !

Up to my room I find my way at last.

A certain rascal with a smirking face
 Exalts the beauties of my new retreat
 So comfortable, so compact, so neat.

Says he, "While Phœbus runs his daily race

He never casts one ray within this place.

Look at these walls, some ten feet thick or so ;

You'll find it all the cooler here, you know."

Then bidding me admire the way they close

The triple doors and triple locks on those,

With gratings, bolts, and bars on every side,

"It's all for your security," he cried.

At stroke of noon some porridge is brought in ;

Such fare is not so delicate as thin.

I am not tempted by the splendid food,

But what they tell me is : "'Twill do you good ;

So eat in peace ; no one will hurry you."

Here in this doleful den I make ado,

Bastilled, imprisoned, cabined, cribbed, confined,

Nor sleeping, eating, drinking, to my mind ;

Betrayed by every one—my mistress, too !

O Mare René ! whom Censor Cato's ghost

Might have well chosen for his vacant post ;

O Mare René ! through whom 'tis brought about

That so much people murmur here below,

To your kind word my durance vile I owe ;

May the good God some fine day pay you out !

Soon after being released from the Bastile François Arouet took the name of Voltaire, from a small estate belonging to the family. "I have been too unfortunate," he wrote, "under my for

mer name; I mean to see whether this will suit me better." The tragedy *Œdipe*, which he had written in the Bastile, was produced, and met with great favor. The Regent Orléans made him a considerable present. "Monseigneur," said Voltaire, "I should consider it very kind if his Majesty would be pleased to provide henceforth for my board; but I beseech your highness to provide no more for my lodging." Voltaire soon produced the tragedies *Artémise* and *Marianne*, the comedy *L'Indiscret*, continued *The Henriade*, and put forth numerous small poems. He became a favorite even at Court, received a pension from the Queen, and made money by speculating in stocks. In 1726 he became involved in a dispute with a disreputable courtier, the Chevalier Rohan-Chabot, who caused him to be severely cudgelled. Voltaire challenged him to a duel. He procured the arrest of Voltaire and his confinement in the Bastile, whence he was released after a month on condition of leaving the country. He went to England, where he remained three years. Here he finished *The Henriade*, which was published in London, under royal patronage. He lived in that literary society in which Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift held sway. In 1729 he was permitted to return to France. Before three years had passed he published the commencement of his *History of Charles XII. of Sweden*; produced the tragedies of *Brutus*, *Eriphyle*, *The Death of Cæsar*, and *Zaire*, held to be the greatest of his dramas. But he soon fell into disfavor at Court and among the clergy by the publication of his *Lettres Philoso-*

phiques sur les Anglais, which was filled with satirical attacks upon the clergy and upon some of the dogmas of the Church. The Sorbonne directed the book to be burned, and the Parlément of Paris ordered the arrest of the author. Voltaire managed to escape arrest, and took refuge in one place and another; sometimes in a French province, sometimes in Switzerland, Holland, or Lorraine. He wrote numerous works during these years, notable among which are the tragedies of *Alzire*, *Mérope*, and *Mahomet*, and the series of essays on the *Philosophy of History*—the best of all his prose works. He made innumerable enemies in every quarter. The clergy were scandalized by his attacks upon religion; the Court—which grew more devout the more debauched it became—took sides with the Church. In 1746 he barely succeeded in his candidature for membership in the French Academy; in 1750 he offered himself for the Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Inscriptions, and was rejected by both. Other rebuffs were added, and he resolved to shake the dust of France from his feet.

Frederick the Great of Prussia had long urged Voltaire to take up his abode with him, offering him a residence in a royal palace, the gold key of a Chamberlain, the jewelled cross of a noble order, and a liberal pension. This last was especially acceptable to Voltaire, who had lost in stock-jobbing the considerable fortune which he had acquired by the same means. He went to Berlin in 1750—he being then approaching three-score. His residence there continued nearly four

years. It forms a curious episode in personal and literary biography, in which neither of the parties played a creditable part. How the King of Prussia and the King of Letters billed and cooed and quarrelled, how they mutually black-guarded each other, has been told in part by Macaulay in his paper on "Frederick the Great."

Voltaire lived a quarter of a century after this Prussian episode. He made another ample fortune by new stock-jobbing operations, and finally took up his residence at Ferney, on the lake of Geneva in Switzerland. Within these years were written most of his serious attacks upon religion; or, as he would phrase it, against religious superstitions. These years were also marked by many noble and benevolent actions which of themselves would entitle him a high place among philanthropists. He left Paris in 1750, and never saw it again until 1778. He arrived at Paris on February 10th. Never had a great writer received such an ovation as awaited him. He died on May 30th. His last appearance in public was at the representation of his own tragedy of *Irene*.

The following poems of Voltaire exhibit him at his best.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON, 1755.

Can we conceive a God beneficent,
 Upon His children's happiness intent,
 Yet on them sorrows sparing not to heap?
 What eye can penetrate designs so deep?
 Through the All-perfect how can ill befall,
 Yet how have other source, since He rules all?
 Still Evil's everywhere; confusion dense!
 Sad puzzle, still too hard for human sense!

A God came down to shed some calm around,
 Surveyed the earth, and left it as He found !
 His power to mend the sophist loud denies ;
 He wanted but the will, another cries.
 And while the disputants their views proclaim,
 Lisbon is perishing in gulfs of flame,
 And thirty towns with ashes strew the lea—
 From Tagus' ravaged borders to the sea.

Does God with evil scourge a guilty race ?
 Or does the Lord of Being and of Space,
 Unswayed by pity's touch or anger's force,
 Of his fixed will just watch the changeless course ?
 Does from Him Matter, rebel to its lord,
 Bear in itself the seeds of disaccord ?
 Maybe God proves us, and our sojourn here
 Is but a passage to the eternal sphere.
 Fleeting, though sharp, the griefs that on us press,
 And Death, in ending them, but comes to bless.
 Yet when we issue from His dreadful gate,
 Who may presume to claim a happier fate ?
 Tremble we must, howe'er the riddle's read ;
 And knowing nothing, we have all to dread.
 Nature is mute : we question her in vain,
 And feel that God alone can make all plain.
 None other can expound His mysteries,
 Console the feeble, and illumine the wise.
 Left guideless everywhere, no way is seen ;
 Man seeks in vain some reed on which to lean. . . .

What of all this can wisest minds explain ?
 Nothing : the Book of Fate must closed remain.
 "What am I ? whence have come, and whither go ?"
 Thus men still ask, and this can never know—
 Atoms tormented on this heap of earth,
 Whom Death devours, whom Fate finds stuff for mirth,
 Yet atoms that can think ; whose daring eyes,
 Guided by thought, have measured out the skies ;
 Depths of the infinite our spirits sound,
 But never pierce the veil that wraps us round.

This scene of pride and error and distress
 With wretches swarms, who prate of happiness,
 Waiting, they comfort seek ; none wish to quit
 This life, nor, quitting, would re-enter it.

Sometimes, while sighing our sad souls away,
 We find some joy that sheds a passing ray ;
 But pleasure, wandering shadow, rests not long,
 While griefs and failures come in endless throng.
 Mournful the past, the present veiled in gloom
 If life and thought be ended in the tomb.

“ One day all will be well ! ” our hope these see.

“ All now is well ! ”—behold a phantasy !

“ Humble in plaint, and patient to endure,
 I doubt not Providence, because obscure,”
 In strains less mournful did I erewhile raise,
 As Pleasure’s bard, the song of praise.

But time brings change : taught by my lengthening
 span,

Sharing the feebleness of feeble man,
 Amid the darkness seeking still for day,
 I only know to suffer and obey.

Once on a time a Caliph, nigh to death,
 To Heaven thus offered his expiring breath :

“ I bring, O sole King, almighty Lord !

All that thy boundless realm can e’er afford—
 Sins, Ignorance, and Efforts vain ! ”—

He might have added “ Hope ! ” to cheer the pain.

—*Translation of E. B. HAMLEY.*

SESOSTRIS.

Written in honor of Louis XVI.

Each man a Guiding Spirit has, they say,
 Whose province is to give him strength and light
 Throughout life’s dark and devious way ;

And though this Spirit may be hid from sight,
 He will his presence oftentimes betray.

And they who search have made ’midst old and curi-
 ous things

Will recollect that times existed when
 Good Genii lived and even talked with men,

And were kind friends especially to Kings.
 Near Memphis, and beneath the palms that waved

Long since above the banks made sweet and green
 By Nile’s old god, who kept them daily laved,

Young King Sesostris walked one quiet e'en
 Alone, in order naught might intervene
 To make his converse with his guide less free.
 "My friend," said he, "to be a King is much,
 And of my kingdom I would worthy be ;
 What shall I do?" The Angel, with a touch
 Said, "Come ! To yonder labyrinth be our way,
 And there to great Osiris homage pay ;
 Then thou shalt learn."

Anxious his Guide to please

The Prince obeys ; and in the court he sees
 Two deities of very different mien :
 The one a beauty of most dazzling sheen,
 In smiles all wreathed ; with Loves, and Graces hovering round,
 In deepest depths of dear delight all drowned.
 Three worshippers stood some way from her throne,
 Dry, pale, and trembling—naught but skin and bone.
 The King, astonished, bids his guide confess.
 "Who is this nymph of such rare loveliness ?
 And who these three of ugliness intense ?
 His Guide, in whispered words, replies : "My Prince,
 This beauty know you not, indeed ? Her fame
 Is great at Court ; there all for her evince
 Profoundest love ; and Pleasure is her name.
 These haggard three, who give you so much pain,
 March always close behind their Sovereign :
 Disgust, Fatigue, Repentance, you must call
 This trio—Pleasure's horrid offspring all."
 Pained by the sight, and by the story grieved,
 He turned, and then the other form perceived.
 "My friend, be pleased to let me know," said he,
 "Yon goddess' name, whom further off we see ;
 And who presents a much less tender mien,
 Although her air, so noble and serene,
 Delights me much. Close by her side appear
 A sceptre made of gold, a sword, a sphere,
 A balance, too, and in her hands she holds
 A scroll, the which she reads as she unfolds ;
 Of every ornament her breast seems free,
 Except a shield. A temple made of gold

Flies open at her voice ; and there I see
Upon its front—oh, wondrous to behold !—

These blazing words : ‘To Immortality !’
And may I enter there ?”

“Yes,” said the Guide ;
“But chiefly on yourself you must depend,
And obstacles encounter without end.

This goddess hath no facile, tender side
By which you may approach her grace to steal.

In Pleasure, though more charms may be descried,
The other will a truer love reveal ;
To please this being of immortal birth
Both mind and heart must be of sterling worth.

Her name is Wisdom ; and this brilliant fane,
Just shown to you, to glorious deeds she gives ;
And he who lives well, here forever lives ;

And here may you a dwelling-place obtain.
Then let your choice between the two be made ;
True service to them both cannot be paid.”

The Prince replied : “If mine, then, be the choice,
A single moment will I not defer.
I might in either of the twain rejoice.

The first a moment’s bliss could in me stir ;
The second, through me others’ bliss command.”—

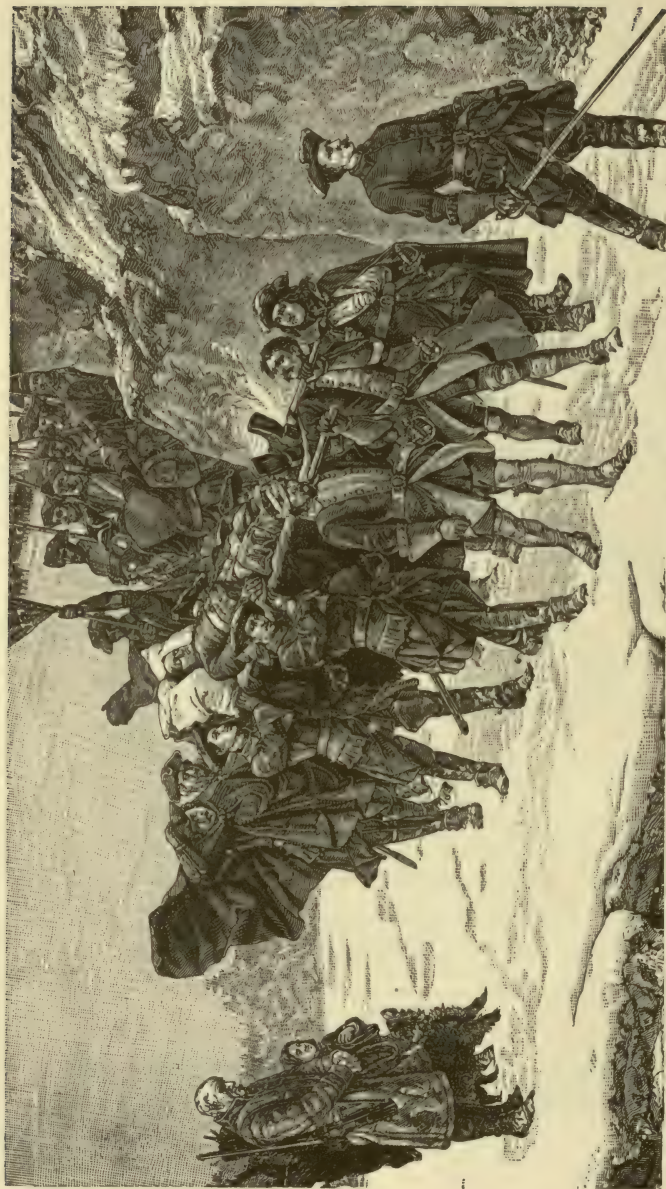
The first, then, greeting with a gracious word,
The Prince two kisses flung her from his hand,
And on the second all his love conferred.

—*Translation of F. W. RICORD.*

Voltaire’s theory of the aim and scope of history, as set forth in his *Philosophy of History*, is better than his execution of it, either before or afterward. His best work of this class—though by no means a masterpiece—is the *History of Charles XII. of Sweden*.

ON HISTORY.

My object has been the history of the human intellect, and not the detail of facts, nearly always distorted.



THE DEAD BODY OF CHARLES XII. CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF HIS BRAVE MEN FROM FREDERICKSHALL.

Painting by G. Cederstroem.

It was not intended, for instance, to inquire of what family the lord of Puiset, or the lord of Montlheri may be, who made war on the Kings of France ; but to trace the gradual advancement from the barbarous rusticity of those days to the polish of ours. . . .

There is no object in knowing in what year a prince unworthy of remembrance succeeded a barbarous ruler in a rude nation. The more important it is to know of the great actions of sovereigns who have rendered their people better and happier, the more we should ignore the herd of kings who only load the memory.—*The Philosophy of History.*

THE DEATH OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

In October, 1718, Charles departed a second time for the conquest of Norway. He hoped within six months to make himself master of that kingdom. He chose rather to go and conquer rocks amidst ice and snow in the depth of winter than to retake his beautiful provinces in Germany from the hands of his enemies. These he expected he should soon be able to recover in consequence of his alliance with the Czar of Russia ; and his vanity, moreover, was more flattered at ravishing a kingdom from his victorious enemy, the King of Poland.

At the mouth of the River Tistendall stands Frederickshall, a place of great strength and importance, and considered as the key of the kingdom. Charles formed the siege of this place in the month of December. The soldiers, benumbed with cold, could scarcely turn up the earth, which was so hardened by the frost that it was almost as difficult to pierce it as if they had been opening trenches in a rock ; yet the Swedes could not be disheartened while they saw at their head their king, who partook of all their fatigues. Charles had never before undergone so many hardships. His constitution, hardened by eighteen years of severe labors, was fortified to such a degree that he slept in the open field in Norway, in the midst of winter, without the least injury to his health. On the 11th of December he went at nine in the evening to visit the trenches ; and not finding the parallel so far advanced as he expected,

appeared very much displeased. M. Megret, a French engineer who conducted the siege, assured him that the place could be taken in eight days. "We shall see," said the king, and went on with the engineer to survey the works. He stopped at a place where a branch of the trenches formed an angle with the parallel. Kneeling on the inner talus, and resting his elbow on the parapet, he continued in that posture for some time, to view the men who were carrying on the trenches by starlight.

Almost half of the king's body was exposed to a battery of cannon, pointed directly against the angle where he was. There was no one near his person at this time but two Frenchmen, M. Siquier, his aide-de-camp, and the engineer Megret. The cannon fired upon them, but the king, being the least covered by the parapet, was the most exposed. At some distance behind them was Count Schwerin, who commanded in the trenches; Count Posse, a captain of the guards, and an aide-de-camp named Kulbert, were receiving orders from him.

Siquier and Megret saw the king the moment he fell, which he did upon the parapet, with a deep sigh. They immediately ran to him. He was already dead. A ball of half a pound weight had struck him on the right temple, and made a hole sufficient to receive three fingers at once; his head was reclined upon the parapet; his left eye beat in, and the right one entirely out of its socket. The instant of his wounding had been that of his death; but he had the force, whilst expiring in so sudden a manner, to place his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and he remained in that attitude. At the sight of this spectacle Megret, a man of peculiar and callous disposition, said nothing but these words: "There! the play is over; let us be off!" Siquier ran immediately to inform Count Schwerin. They all agreed to conceal the news from the soldiers, till they could acquaint the Prince of Hesse, the husband of Charles's sister, with the death of the king. They wrapped the body in a gray cloak; Siquier put his hat and wig on the king's head; and in this condition they carried Charles, under the name of one Captain Carlberg, through the midst of the troops, who saw their dead king pass them, without

ever dreaming that it was he. The Prince instantly gave orders that no one should go out of the camp ; and that all the passes to Sweden should be strictly guarded, that he might have time to take the necessary measures for placing the crown on his wife's head, and excluding the Duke of Holstein, who might lay claim to it.

Thus fell Charles XII., King of Sweden, at the age of thirty-six years and a half, after having experienced whatever is most brilliant in prosperity, and all that is most poignant in adversity, without having been enervated by the one, or having wavered in the other. He carried all the virtues of heroes to an excess at which they are as dangerous as their opposite vices. His resolution, hardened into obstinacy, occasioned his misfortunes in the Ukraine, and detained him five years in Turkey ; his liberality, degenerating into profusion, ruined Sweden ; his courage, extending even to rashness, was the cause of his death ; his justice sometimes extended to cruelty ; and during the last years of his reign the means he employed to support his authority differed little from tyranny.

His great qualities—any one of which would have been sufficient to have immortalized another prince—proved the misfortune of his country. He never was the aggressor ; yet in taking vengeance he was more implacable than prudent. He was the first man who ever acquired the title of conqueror without the least desire of enlarging his own dominions ; and whose only end in subduing kingdoms was to have the pleasure of giving them away. His passion for glory, for war, for revenge, prevented him from being a good politician : a quality without which the world had never before seen anyone a conqueror. Before a battle and after a victory, he was modest and humble ; and after a defeat firm and undaunted. Inflexible toward others as well as toward himself ; rating at nothing the fatigues of his subjects any more than his own ; rather an extraordinary than a great man ; and more worthy to be admired than imitated, his life ought to be a lesson to kings how much a pacific and happy government is preferable to so much glory.—*History of Charles XII.*



VONDEL, JOOST VAN DEN, a Dutch poet, born at Cologne, November 17, 1587; died at Amsterdam in 1679. His parents were Anabaptists, and removed to Amsterdam during his childhood. He was the most celebrated Dutch poet and dramatist of the seventeenth century. His works include metrical translations of the Psalms, of Virgil, of Ovid, and satires and tragedies. The most celebrated plays are *Gijsbrecht van Aemstel*, *Lucifer*, and *Palamedes*. The best edition of his works contains twenty-one volumes (Amsterdam, 1820).

In his *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Néerlandaise*, Gravenweert says: "In spite of the defects which criticism has pointed out in his numerous works, the name of Vondel is still honored in Holland, as that of Shakespeare in England, and all the efforts of every and of too severe criticism have served only to augment the brightness of a reputation which counts more than two centuries of glory."

CHORUS FROM "PALAMEDES."

The thinly sprinkled stars surrender
To early dawn their dying splendor;
The shades of night are dim and far,
And now before the morning-star
The heavenly legions disappear:
The constellation's charioteer

No longer in the darkness burns,
But backward his bright courser turns.
Now golden Titan, from the sea,
With azure steeds comes gloriously,
And shines o'er woods and dells and downs,
And soaring Ida's leafy crowns.
O sweetly welcome break of morn!
Thou dost with happiness adorn
The heart of him who cheerily,
Contentedly, unwearily,
Surveys whatever Nature gives,
What beauty in her presence lives
And wanders oft the banks alone
Of some sweet stream with murmuring song.

Oh, more than regal is his lot,
Who, in some blest, secluded spot,
Remote from crowding cares and fears,
His loved, his cherished dwelling rears!
For empty praises never pining,
His wishes to his cot confining,
And listening to each cheerful bird
Whose animating song is heard:
When morning dew, with Zephyr's sigh
Has wafted, on the roses lie,
Whose leaves beneath the pearl-drops bend:
When thousand rich perfumes ascend,
And thousand hues adorn the bowers,
And form a rainbow of sweet flowers,
Or bridal-robe for Iris made
From every bud in sun and shade.
Contented there to plant or set,
Or snare the birds with crafty net;
To grasp his bending rod, and wander
Beside the banks where waves meander,
And thence their fluttering tenants take;
Or, rising ere the sun's awake,
Prepare his steed, and scour the grounds,
And chase the hare with swift-paced hounds;
Or ride beneath the noontide rays,
Through peaceful glens and silent ways,
Which wind like Cretan labyrinth;
Or where the purple hyacinth

Is glowing on its bed ; or where
 The mead red-speckled daisies bear :
 Whilst maidens milk the grazing cow,
 And peasants toil beneath the plough,
 Or reap the crops beneath their feet,
 Or sow luxuriant flax or wheat.
 Here flourishes the waving corn,
 Encircled by the wounding thorn ;
 There glides a bark by meadows green ;
 And there the village smoke is seen ;
 And there a castle meets the view,
 Half-fading in the distance blue.

How hard, how wretched is his doom
 Whom sorrows follow to the tomb,
 And who, from morn till quiet eve,
 Distresses pain, and troubles grieve,
 And cares oppress ! for these await
 The slave, who, in a restless state,
 Would bid the form of concord flee,
 And call his object liberty :
 He finds his actions all pursued
 By envy or ingratitude.
 The robe is honoring, I confess ;
 The cushion has its stateliness ;—
 But, oh, they are a burden, too !
 And pains spring up, forever new,
 Beneath the roof which errors stain,
 And where the strife is—who shall reign ?

But he who lives in rural ease
 Avoids the cares that torture these :
 No golden chalices invite
 To quaff the deadly aconite ;
 Nor dreads he secret foes, who lurk
 Behind the throne with coward dirk,—
 Assassin friends—whose murderous blow
 Lays all the pride of greatness low.
 No fears his even life annoy,
 Nor feels he pride, nor finds he joy
 In popularity, that brings
 A fickle pleasure, and then—stings.
 He is not roused at night from bed,
 With weary eyes and giddy head ;

At morn, no long petitions vex him,
 Nor scrutinizing looks perplex him :
 He has no joy in others' cares ;
 He bears—and while he bears, forbears ;
 And from the world he oft retreats
 Where learning's gentle smile he meets.
 He heeds not priestcraft's ban or praise,
 But scorns the deep anathemas
 Which he, who in his blindness errs,
 Receives from these—*God's messengers !*
 —*Translation of* LONGFELLOW.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Who sits above heaven's heights sublime,
 Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
 Beyond eternity or time
 Or the vast round of viewless space :
 Who on himself alone depends,
 Immortal, glorious, but unseen,
 And in his mighty being blends
 What rolls around or flows within.
 Of all we know not, all we know,
 Prime source and origin, a sea
 Whose waters pour'd on earth below
 Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.
 His power, love, wisdom, first exalted
 And awaken'd from oblivion's birth
 Yon starry arch, yon palace vaulted,
 Yon heaven of heavens, to smile on earth.
 From this resplendent majesty
 We shade us, 'neath our sheltering wings,
 While awe-inspired and tremblingly
 We praise the glorious King of Kings,
 With sight and sense confused and dim.
 O name, describe the Lord of Lords !
 The seraphs' praise shall hallow him—
 Or is the theme too vast for words ?

RESPONSE.

'Tis God ! who pours the living glow
 Of light, creation's fountain-head :

Forgive the praise, too mean and low,
Or from the living or the dead !
No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken ;
No space can hold that awful Name ;
The aspiring spirit's wing is broken ;
Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same.
Language is dumb ; Imagination,
Knowledge, and Science helpless fall ;
They are irreverent profanation,
And Thou, O God ! art all in all.
How vain on such a thought to dwell !
Who knows Thee ? Thee, the All-unknown
Can angels be Thy oracle,
Who art, who art Thyself alone ?
None, none can trace Thy course sublime,
For none can catch a ray from Thee,
The splendor and the Source of Time,
The Eternal of Eternity !
The light of light outpour'd conveys
Salvation in its flight elysian,
Brighter than even Thy mercy's rays ;
But vainly would our feeble vision
Aspire to Thee. From day to day
Age steals on us, but meets Thee never .
Thy power is life's support and stay—
We praise Thee, sing Thee, Lord ! forever.
Holy ! holy ! holy ! Praise,
Praise be His in every land !
Safety in His presence stays,
Sacred is His high command.

—*Translation of* JOHN BOWRING.



VOSS, JOHANN HEINRICH, a German translator, poet, and archæologist, born in Sommersdorf, Mecklenburg, February 20, 1751; died at Heidelberg, March 29, 1826. He studied theology and philology at Göttingen, where he was one of the founders of the poetic brotherhood known as the Göttingen Hainbund. In 1778 he was appointed rector of the school at Otterndorf, and after occupying that position some four years he removed to Eutin, and occupied a similar office until failing health compelled his resignation. In 1802 he went to Jena and three years later to Heidelberg, where he spent the remainder of his life. Voss's literary fame rests chiefly upon his translations of classic poetry, particularly that of Homer: the *Odyssey* appeared in 1781 and the *Iliad* in 1793. He translated Virgil in 1799, Horace and Hesiod in 1806, Theocritus Bion and Moschus in 1808, Tibullus in 1810 and Aristophanes in 1821. With the assistance of his sons he translated Shakespeare in 1819-29. His principal original work is *Luise, and Other Poems* (1785), which was subsequently republished with many additions. In these poems he made a fairly successful attempt to apply the style and method of classical poetry to the expression of German thought and sentiment. In his *Mythologische Briefe* (1794), in which he attacked the ideas of Heyne, and in his *Antisymbolik*

(1824-26), written in opposition to Creuzer, he made important contributions to the study of mythology. *Sophronison* is a powerful argument in favor of free judgment in religion, and was inspired by the repudiation of Protestantism by his friend Friedrich von Stolberg.

"Voss was a man of a remarkably independent and vigorous character," says Professor Herbst, "and he achieved distinction in several kinds of activity. All his renderings of the works of ancient writers indicate not only sound scholarship, but a thorough mastery of the laws of German diction and rhythm."

THE SPINNER.

As I sat spinning at the door
A youth advanced along the road ;
His dark eye smiled at me, and o'er
His cheek a tint of crimson glowed :
I then looked up, in thought 'twas done,
And sat so bashfully and spun.

"Good morrow, gentle maid," he spoke,
Approaching with a timid grace ;
I trembled, and the thread it broke ;
My heart beat with a quicker pace.
Again the thread I fastened on,
And sat so bashfully and spun.

With soft caress he pressed my hand,
And swore none could with it compare ;
No ! not the fairest in the land,
So white and round, so soft and fair.
Though by this praise my heart was won,
I sat so bashfully and spun.

Upon my chair he leant his arm,
And praised the fineness of the thread—

His lips so near, so red and warm,
How tenderly "Sweet maid," they said !
Thus none e'er looked at me, not one ;
I sat so bashfully and spun.

Meanwhile his handsome countenance
Bent downward and approached my cheek,
My head encountered his by chance,
While bending the lost thread to seek.
He kissed me then, while I, undone,
Sat bashfully and spun and spun.

I turned to chide with earnest face,
But bolder still he then became,
He clasped me with a fond embrace,
And kissed my cheek, as red as flame.
Oh, tell me, sisters, tell me! how
Could I to spin continue now ?

—*Translated by* A. BASKERVILLE





WACE, ROBERT, an English ecclesiastic and poet, born on the island of Jersey about 1124; died at Caen, France, about 1174. His father was one of the barons who accompanied William of Normandy in his invasion of England, and seems to have received large possessions in the conquered country. He speaks of himself as a *clerclisant*, "reading clerk," and seems to have resided mainly in France, though sometimes in England, and near the close of his life was made Canon of Bayeux by Henry II., great-grandson of William the Conqueror. Wace wrote in Norman-French, his principal poem being *Le Roman de Brut*, "The Romance of Brutus," and *Le Roman de Rou*, "The Romance of Rollo," the first Duke of Normandy. The *Roman de Brut* is essentially a metrical translation of the Latin *History of Britain* by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in which the line of British kings is traced down from the legendary Brutus of Troy, grandson of Æneas, to Cadwallader, King of Wessex, who died A.D. 688.

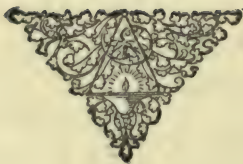
Wace's *Brut* was translated into Anglo-Saxon by Layamon, a nearly contemporary ecclesiastic of Worcestershire, who also made large additions, more than doubling the 15,000 lines of Wace's poem. This *Brut* of Layamon, from which the subjoined is taken, is of special philological interest as showing how the Anglo-Saxon language

was spoken in Middle England about the year 1200. The accompanying rendering into more modern English will serve the purpose of a glossary. Layamon thus speaks of himself and his master, Wace:

LAYAMON AND HIS PREFACE.

He nom tha Englisca boc	<i>He took the English book</i>
Tha makede Seint Beda ;	<i>That Saint Beda made ;</i>
An other he nom on Latin,	<i>Another he took in Latin,</i>
Tha makede Seinte Albin,	<i>That Saint Albin made,</i>
And the feire Austin,	<i>And the fair Austin,</i>
The fulluht broute hider in.	<i>That baptism brought hither in.</i>
Boc he mom the thridde,	<i>The third book he took,</i>
Leid ther amiddden,	<i>Laid there in midst</i>
Tha makede a Frenchis clerlc,	<i>That made a French clerk,</i>
Wace was ihoten,	<i>Wace was he hight,</i>
The wel couthe writen ;	<i>That well could write ;</i>
And he hoc gef thare æthelen	<i>And he it gave the noble</i>
Aelinor, the wes Henries quene,	<i>Eleanor that was Henry's queen,</i>
Thes heyes kinges.	<i>The high king's.</i>
Layamon leide theos boc,	<i>Layamon laid these books,</i>
And tha leaf wende.	<i>And the leaves turned,</i>
He heom leofliche bi-heold ;	<i>He them lovingly beheld ;</i>

Lithe him beo Drihten.	
Fetheren he nom mid fingren,	<i>Merciful to him be the Lord.</i>
And fiede on boe-felle,	<i>Feather he took with fingers,</i>
And tha sothe word	<i>And wrote on book-skin,</i>
Sette to-gathere	<i>And the sooth words</i>
And tha thre boc	<i>Set together</i>
Thrumde to ane.	<i>And the three books</i>
	<i>Compressed into one.</i>





WAGNER, WILHELM RICHARD, a German poet and composer, born at Leipsic, May 22, 1813; died at Venice, Italy, February 13, 1883. He was educated at the Dresden Kreuz-schule and at the Leipsic University. He studied music under Weinlig; and became chorus-master at the Würzburg Theatre in 1833, and conductor at Magdeburg in 1834. Here he produced his opera, *Das Liebesverbot*, founded on Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. In 1836 he married; and two years later he became music-director at Riga, Russia. He turned his attention to the composing of *Rienzi*, an opera in five acts, which, after having been refused in Paris, was brought out at Dresden in 1842. From 1842 to 1849 he was Conductor of the Royal Opera at Dresden. In 1843 *Der Fliegende Holländer* was composed and performed; and two years afterward he produced *Tannhäuser* at Dresden. These works constitute Wagner's early operas; and, being based upon the accepted forms, are held by many to be his best efforts. A taste for politics now brought him into disgrace, and he was exiled for complicity in the Dresden revolutionary movements. He fled to Zurich, where he produced *Lohengrin* in 1850. From 1855 to 1863 he conducted performances in Germany and Russia, and a series of concerts in London. In 1864 he won the ear of his famous patron,

Ludwig II. of Bavaria, and thereafter he wanted nothing that the extravagant wealth of the royal amateur could command. He now began *Der Ring des Nibelungen*; and the first two parts, *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*, were given at Munich in 1869 and 1870, respectively. This instalment of the great tetralogy, or opera in series, completed by the production of the third and fourth parts, *Siegfried* and the *Götterdämmerung*, at Bayreuth in 1876, was the fulfilment of much of what *Lohengrin* had only been the herald. Two other equally advanced works, *Tristan und Isolde* (1865) and *Die Meistersinger* (1868), had already, however, embodied the Wagnerian theory of the importance of dramatic truth as well as of musical beauty. *Parsifal*, his last great work, was produced in 1882. In 1870 Wagner married again, this time Cosima von Bülow, *née* Liszt, with whom he settled in 1872 at Bayreuth. Here he built the large opera-house in which, in 1876, in the presentation of the complete *Ring des Nibelungen*, his musical theories first found full expression. In 1876 he visited London to conduct a Wagner festival, and in 1883 he paid a visit to Italy, where he breathed his last. The list of his operas includes, besides the works already mentioned, *Die Hochzeit* (1833), an unpublished fragment, and *Die Feen* (1833). He also published numerous songs, and wrote many articles, libretti and the like, not contained in his collected writings, or cancelled. It is by no means only as a musician that Wagner will be remembered. His many prose writings, which have been collected in ten

volumes, show that he would have made his mark as a philosophical and polemical essayist, had not music itself supervened. He was always his own librettist, and the text of his musical works has a very considerable poetic value.

Der Fliegende Holländer is the second of Wagner's accepted operas; and marks the commencement of the second period of his work. It is the first work in which he permits his own personality to dominate subject and treatment, and in which he is enabled to carry out his theory of the necessity of joining dramatic action with poetry and music. In it he has frequent opportunity for the display of the highest poetic powers; and, as a recent critic has said, "combining grand and powerful descriptiveness with lyrical tenderness and grace, this opera wields a charm few care to resist. Its interest, as illustrative of Wagner's genius, belongs to the past; but as a work of art its value is abiding and may increase as the necessity for asserting the true principle upon which dramatic poetry and music are associated becomes more pressing." "With *The Flying Dutchman*," says Wagner, "I entered upon a new course by becoming the artistic interpreter of a subject which was given to me only in the simple, crude form of a popular tale. From this time I became, with regard to all my dramatic works, first of all a poet; and only in the ultimate completion of the poem my faculty as a musician was restored."

It was during a fearful storm, while on a voyage to London, that young Wagner, being driven toward the Norwegian coast, had caught the

legend of the "Flying Dutchman." "Here," he says, "amid the raging storms and conflicting waves, the gray Northern rocks and the curious life on board a ship, the ancient legendary figure of the Dutchman gained physiognomy and color." Except the idea, taken from Heine, of giving salvation to the Dutchman by means of a woman, Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer* tells the old story of the captain who, for his profanity, was doomed to beat against head-winds forever.

OVERTURE TO THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The Phantom Ship of the Flying Dutchman is driven on by the fury of the gale. It approaches the shore, and anchor is cast near the land, where the vessel's master hopes to find the promised release from the burden of his curse. We hear in the orchestra the compassionate and sorrowful strains of the saving promise, which interpret the idea of the promised deliverance, and fill the heart as with the pathos of prayer and lamentation. Gloomily, despairingly, the accursed Van der Decken listens to these strains. Weary of life, yearning for death, he paces the strand, while his exhausted crew silently furl the sails, and make the ship secure for its brief stay.

How often has the unfortunate captain neared the land, with his heart full of this same melancholy longing! How many times has he directed the prow of his vessel through storm and wave toward the dwellings of men, which, once in every seven years, he is permitted to visit! How often did he imagine that the end of his woes had come; but, alas! how often, cruelly deceived, was he again compelled to sail on his endless, hopeless voyage! To bring about his own destruction, he invokes against himself the flood and the storm. In vain he steers his ship into the yawning depths: in vain he drives it on to the breakers—the storm and the rocks harm him not. All the terrible dangers of the ocean at which he laughed in his earlier days of wild

and exuberant love of adventure and daring now mock him, and he is condemned to sail to all eternity on the ocean desert, searching for treasures which give him no joy, never finding that which can release him from his desolate existence.

Gayly, joyously, a vessel passes by: he hears the laughter and songs of the crew as they sail on toward their home. He alone cannot share their joy. In his furious career, as he rushes along on the wings of the storm, he terrifies the sailors, who flee from him, awe-stricken and aghast. From the depths of his fearful misery he cries out aloud for deliverance. A faithful Woman alone can free him from his accursed thralldom in the terrible desert of his gloomy existence. Where?—in what land?—lingers this deliverer? Where is the gentle heart that shall be touched with the vastness of his suffering? Where is she who shall not flee from him in terror and dismay, like the coward sailors who lift up the crucifix at his approach?

A bright light breaks in upon his night; like a lightning flash it gleams upon his tormented soul, but again it is suddenly extinguished. Once more it is revealed, and the poor wanderer keeps the guiding star in sight, and steers bravely through waves and storms toward it. That which attracts him so powerfully is the compassionate glance of a Woman, whose noble soul is filled with pity and divine compassion, and who has given her heart to him—a heart which has opened its infinite depths to the awful sorrow of the accursed one, and will sacrifice itself for his sake—will break in sorrow, and end, with its own existence, his sufferings. Before this heavenly appearance the accursed burden falls from the unhappy man as his ship goes to pieces. The abyss of ocean swallows the vessel; but, purified and free, he rises from the waves, led upward by the hand of his redemptress, and surrounded, as with a halo, by the dawning of an imperishable Love.—*From Der Fliegende Holländer.*

SENTA'S SONG.

Yohohoe! Yohohoe! Hohohoe!
Saw ye the ship on the raging deep—
Blood-red the canvas, black the mast?

On board unceasing watch doth keep
 The vessel's master, pale and ghast!
 Hui! How roars the wind! Yohohoe!
 Hui! How bends the mast! Yohohoe!
 Hui! Like an arrow she flies,
 Without aim, without goal, without rest!
 Yet can the weary man be released from the curse infernal,
 Finds he on earth a woman who'll pledge him her love
 eternal.

Ah, where canst thou, weary seaman, but find her?
 Oh, pray to Heaven that she,
 Unto death, faithful may be!

Once round the cape he wished to sail
 'Gainst 'trary winds and raging sea;
 He swore: "Though hell itself prevail,
 I'll sail on till eternity!"

Hui! This Satan heard! Yohohoe!
 Hui! Took him at his word! Yohohoe!
 Hui! And accursed he now sails,
 Through the sea without aim, without rest!
 But, that the weary man be freed from the curse infernal,
 Heaven send him an angel to win him glory eternal!
 Oh, couldst thou, weary seaman, but find her!
 Oh, pray that Heaven may soon,
 In pity, grant him this boon!

At anchor every seventh year,
 A wife to woo, he wanders round;
 He woo'd each seventh year, but ne'er
 A faithful woman hath he found!

Hui! The sails are set! Yohohoe!
 Hui! The anchor's weighed! Yohohoe!
 Hui! False the love! False the troth!
 "Where lingers still the Angel of Love from Heaven
 descended?"
 Oh, where is she who faithful will be till his sad life be
 ended?"

Thou shalt be free; yea, through my heart's devotion!
 Oh, that God's angel guidance gave him!
 Here he shall find my love to save him!

—From *Der Fliegende Holländer*; translated
 by JOHN P. JACKSON.



WAKEFIELD, NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY (PRIEST), an American poet, born at Royalton, Mass., in 1836; died at Winchendon, Mass., in 1870. Her maiden name was Priest, and in 1865 she was married to Lieutenant Arlington C. Wakefield. Her fame rests upon the popular poem, *Over the River*, published in the *Springfield Republican* in 1857. Her poems were published by her mother, Mrs. Francis D. Priest, with a Memoir by the Rev. Abijah P. Marvin (Boston, 1871).

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me—
Lov'd ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there,
The gate of the city we could not see,
Over the river—over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet,
Her brown curls wav'd in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie, I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark.
We felt it glide from the silver sands
And all of our sunshine grew strangely dark.

We know she is safe on the further side
 Where all the ransomed angels be ;
 Over the river—the mystic river—
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail.
 And lo ! they have pass'd from our yearning hearts,
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye,
 We may not sunder the veil apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day ;
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
 They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
 To the better shore of the spirit-land ;
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be
 When over the river—the peaceful river—
 The angel of death shall carry me.





WALFORD, LUCY BETHIA (COLQUHOUN), an English novelist, born in 1845. She began early to write, but it was not until after her marriage in 1869 that she published anything. In 1873 her first novel, *Mr. Smith, a Part of his Life*, was sent anonymously to Mr. John Blackwood, who published it immediately, and soon requested its author to write for *Blackwood's Magazine*. Her short stories, first published in the magazine, were subsequently issued collectively, under the title *Nan: a Summer Scene*. Most of her novels have first appeared serially in *Blackwood's*, *Good Words*, and other periodicals. Among them are *Pauline* (1877); *Cousins* (1879); *Troublesome Daughters* (1880); *Dick Netherby* (1881); *The Baby's Grandmother* (1885); *The History of a Week* (1885); *Without Blemish*, *The Bar-Sinister*, and *The New Man at Rossmere* (1886); *A Mere Child* (1888); *A Sage of Sixteen* (1889); *A Garden Party* (1890); *The Mischievous of Mornica* (1891); *Twelve English Authoresses* (1892); *The Match-maker* (1894).

"We never knew a case of a hero of whose life an equally small part was told," says the *Saturday Review*, of *Mr. Smith: A Part of his Life*. "There is not a little merit in the story. It is a pity, however, that there is so much vulgarity and villany to outbalance it. The villain is a very dull one, and, though the vulgar people are often drawn

with a good deal of cleverness, we get as heartily weary of them as we should were we to meet them in real life."

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A short, stout, gray man.

Mr. Smith.

The butcher was disappointed that he wasn't a family. All the time that house was building he had made up his mind that it was for a family. There was rooms in it as ought to have been family rooms. There was rooms as meant roast beef, and there was rooms as meant saddles of mutton and sweetbreads. In his mind's eye he had already provided the servants' hall with rounds, both fresh and salt; and treated the housekeeper to private and confidential kidneys. He had seen sick children ordered tender knuckles of veal, and growing ones strong soup. He had seen his own car at the back door every morning of the week.

After all, it was too provoking to come down to—Mr. Smith.

The butcher set the example, and the grocer and the baker were both ready enough to follow. They were sure they thought there was a family. Somebody had told them so. They couldn't rightly remember who, but they were sure it was somebody. It might have been Mr. Harrop or it might have been Mr. Jessamy.

Harrop was the innkeeper, and, with an innkeeper's independence, denied the imputation flat. He had never said a word of the sort. He had never mentioned such a thing as a family. Leastwise, it would be very queer if he had, seeing as how he had never thought it. He always knew Mr. Smith was Mr. Smith, a single gentleman with no encumbrances; but he must confess that, as to the gentleman himself, he had been led to expect that he was somehow or other different. Someone had told him—he couldn't rightly remember who at the moment—that he was a young, dashing spark, who took a deal of wine, and kept a many horses. Likewise, his informant had stated, he had a valet.

J. Jessamy, hairdresser and perfumer, 39 High Street,

corroborated the last statement. He didn't know about his being young, but he understood that he had been one as cared about his appearance. At the very first sight of Mr. Smith, with his thick iron-gray whiskers and clean-shaven lip, Jessamy threw down the box of sponges he was arranging, and exclaimed aloud, "A man can't make his bread off whiskers!"

Mrs. Hunt, the doctor's wife, from her window over the way, saw the sponges fall, and caught sight of Mr. Smith. In her private mind she was very much of the innkeeper's opinion. The doctor might wish for a family, but her desires took a different form. A Mr. Smith satisfied them very well, but he should have been another sort of Mr. Smith. A Mr. Smith of twenty or thirty, amiable, handsome, unmarried, was the Mr. Smith she had fondly hoped to welcome.

But this old gentleman? *No*. Neither Maria nor Clare would ever look at him, she was sure of that; girls were so foolish. Those silly Tolletons would laugh at him, as they did at everybody, and Maria and Clare would join in with them. Her face grew gloomy at the prospect, as she looked after Mr. Smith walking down the street.

Many pairs of eyes followed Mr. Smith walking down the street that day. He had arrived the previous night, and had not been seen before. The disappointment was universal. This Smith was not the man for them. That was the conclusion each one arrived at for the present. The future must take care of itself.

The short, stout, gray man entered the post-office, and inquired if there were any letters for him.

"What name, sir?"

"Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith got his letters, and then the postmaster came out to a lady who was sitting in her pony-carriage at the door.

"Beg pardon for keeping you, my lady, but had to get such a number for Mr. Smith."

"So that is Mr. Smith," thought she, taking her letters. "And very like a Mr. Smith, too."

It was but a glance; but the glance which enabled her to ascertain so much caused her to let slip a letter

from the budget, and it fell on the pavement. Mr. Smith, coming out at the moment, saw it fall. Slowly and somewhat stiffly, but still before the nimble groom could anticipate him, he stooped and picked it up; then slightly raising his hat, presented it, seal uppermost, to the lady in the carriage.

Lady Sauffrenden felt a faint sensation of surprise. There was nothing in the action, of course, but there was something in the manner of performing it which was not that of a vulgar man; and a vulgar man she had predetermined the new proprietor to be. She had to pass the house on the Hill every time she drove into the village, and when she heard that it was being built by a Mr. Smith, and that Mr. Smith himself was coming to live in it, she thought she knew exactly the sort of person he would be—a short, stout, gray man, and vulgar.

Then she saw him face to face, and he answered to the portrait precisely, except—no, not vulgar, odd.

After the affair of the letter she never called him vulgar.

Others saw the incident, but it caused no change in their opinions. It by no means altered Mrs. Hunt's, for instance. Mr. Smith looked none the younger when he stooped down, and his age was her only objection to him. The butcher recommenced his grumbling. What was a Mr. Smith to him? He didn't want no Mr. Smiths. Mr. Smith, indeed! Why, the very name Smith had a family sound. A Mrs. Smith, a young Smith, the Miss Smiths, Bobby Smith, Jack Smith, Joe Smith, the Smiths' baby, and the Smiths' governess seemed to him the only proper Smith connection.

Then the grocer and the baker recurred afresh to their ideal, a Mr. Smith of servants. Children they set little store by, except as they gave rise to servants. Harrop lamented anew the Mr. Smith of his imagination—a mixture of the stable and the cellar; and Jes-samy took up his sponges with a sigh, and strove to efface from his memory the lost anticipations of waxed mustachios and scented pocket-handkerchiefs.

Dr. Hunt met Mr. Smith, and but that his house of cards had long before this tumbled in the dust, it would

have done so on the spot. Here was the man whom he had been looking to as the embodiment of human ailments! The Mr. Smith of measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox; winter sore throats, and summer chills; a Mr. Smith of accidents, it might be; best of all, an increasing Mr. Smith. The family so ardently desired by the villagers he would have been proud to present to them.

There was the man, and where was such a prospect? Tough as leather and as unimpressible. He would neither prove a patient himself, nor take to him one who would. A place like that, too! Why the practice of that house on the Hill ought to have been a cool hundred a year in his pocket. Pish! . . .

One thing, however, told in favor of the new-comer. He was rich. He had not met their expectations in any other way, but he had not failed in this. He really and truly was rich. His fortune was there. It had not melted, as money usually does, when too curiously pried into. The amount, indeed, had been difficult to settle. At first it was thirty, but it had passed through the different gradations of twenty-five, and twenty, to ten thousand a year. His servants deposed to its being ten. Several of them had heard Mr. Smith say so.

Upon investigation, it proved to have been, not Mr. Smith who said so, but his lawyer. The lawyer's phrase was, "A man like you with ten thousand a year." And this, of course, as lawyer's evidence, was even more conclusive than if it had been given by their master himself. The money was therefore secure, and they must make what they could out of it. It, at least, had not cheated them. They bowed low to the fortune. Although it had been reported at thirty, it was held to have stood the test well, when proved to be ten.—*Mr. Smith.*



WALKER, JAMES BARR, an American clergyman and theologian, born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1805 ; died at Wheaton, Ill., March 6, 1887. He was a factory-hand, a store-boy, a printer in Pittsburg, a clerk of M. M. Noah, a New York editor ; a teacher in New Durham, N. J. ; a law-student in Ravenna, O., and, in 1831, a graduate of Western Reserve College. For a time he edited journals at Hudson and Cincinnati, O., and, in 1841, became a Presbyterian minister. He established an orphan asylum at Mansfield, O., acted as pastor at Sandusky, and was lecturer on the relations of science and religion, at Oberlin and the Chicago Theological Seminary. About 1843 he published *The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation*, which has been translated into five foreign languages. His other works are *God Revealed in Nature and Christ* (1855), opposing the development theory of that day ; *Philosophy of Scepticism and Ultraism* (1857) ; *Philosophy of the Divine Operation in the Redemption of Man* (1862) ; *Poems* (1862) ; *Living Questions of the Age* (1869) ; *Doctrine of the Holy Spirit* (1870).

CHRISTIAN FAITH TEMPERs IMAGINATION.

There are few exercises of the mind fraught with so much evil, and yet so little guarded, as that of an evil imagination. Many individuals spend much of their time in a labor of spirit which is vain and useless, and often very hurtful to the moral character of the soul.

The spirit is borne off upon the wings of an active imagination, and expatiates among ideal conceptions that are improbable, absurd, and sinful. Some people spend about as much time in day-dreams as they do in night-dreams. Imaginations of popularity, pleasure, or wealth employ the minds of worldly men; and perchance the Christian dreams of wealth, and magnificent plans of benevolence, or of schemes less pious in their character. It is difficult to convey a distinct idea of the evil under consideration, without supposing a case like the following :

One day, while a young man was employed silently about his usual pursuits, he imagined a train of circumstances by which he supposed himself to be put in possession of great wealth; and then he imagined that he would be the master of a splendid mansion, surrounded with grounds devoted to profit and amusement—he would keep horses and conveyances that would be perfect in all points, and servants that would want nothing in faithfulness or affection; he would be great in the eyes of men, and associate with the great among men, and render himself admired or honored by his generation. Thus his soul wandered, for hours, amid the ideal creations of his own fancy.

Now, much of men's time, when their attention might be employed by useful topics of thought, is thus spent in building "castles in the air." Some extraordinary circumstance is thought of by which they might be enriched, and then hours are wasted in foolishly imagining the manner in which they would expend their imaginary funds. Such excursions of the fancy may be said to be comparatively innocent, and they are so, compared with the more guilty exercises of a great portion of mankind. The mind of the politician and the partisan divine is employed in forming schemes of triumph over their opponents. The minds of the votaries of fashion, of both sexes, are employed in imagining displays and triumphs at home and abroad, and those of them who are vicious at heart, not having their attention engaged by any useful occupation, pollute their souls by cherishing imaginary scenes of folly and lewdness. And not only the worthless votaries of

the world, but likewise the followers of the holy Jesus, are sometimes led captive by an unsanctified imagination. Not that they indulge in the sinful reveries which characterize the unregenerate sons and daughters of time and sense; but their thoughts wander to unprofitable topics, and wander at times when they should be fixed on those truths which have a sanctifying efficacy upon the heart. In the solemn assemblies of public worship, many of those whose bodies are bowed and their eyes closed in token of reverence for God, are yet mocking their Maker by assuming the external semblance of worshippers, while their souls are away wandering amid a labyrinth of irrelevant and sinful thought.

It is not affirmed that the exercises of the imagination are necessarily evil. Imagination is one of the noblest attributes of the human spirit; and there is something in the fact that the soul has power to create, by its own combinations, scenes of rare beauty, and of perfect happiness, unsullied by the imperfections which pertain to earthly things, that indicates not only its nobility, but perhaps its future life. When the imagination is employed in painting the beauties of nature; or in collecting the beauties of sentiment and devotion, and in grouping them together by the sweet measures of poetry, its exercises have a benign influence upon the spirit. It is like presenting "apples of gold in pictures of silver" for the survey of the soul. The imagination may degrade and corrupt, or it may elevate and refine the feelings of the heart. The inquiry, then, is important. How may the exercises of the imagination be controlled and directed so that their influence upon the soul shall not be injurious, but ennobling and purifying? Would faith in Christ turn away the sympathies of the soul from those gifted but guilty minds,

" Whose poisoned song
Would blend the bounds of right and wrong,
And hold, with sweet but cursed art,
Their incantations o'er the heart,
Till every pulse of pure desire
Throbs with the glow of passion's fire,
And love, and reason's mind control,
Yield to the sinroom of the soul?"

When the conscience had become purified and quickened, it would be a check upon the erratic movements of the imagination ; and when the disposition was corrected it would be disinclined to every unholy exercise ; so that, in the believer, the disinclination of the will and the disapprobation of the conscience would be powerful aids in bringing into subjection the imaginative faculty. But, more than this, faith in Christ would have a direct influence in correcting the evils of the imagination. It is a law of mind that the subject which interests an individual most subordinates all other subjects to itself, or removes them from the mind and assumes their place. As in a group of persons, who might be socially conversing upon a variety of topics, if some venerable individual should enter and introduce an absorbing subject in which all felt interested, minor topics would be forgotten in the interest created by the master-subject, so when "Christ crucified" enters the presence-chamber of the believer's soul, the high moral powers of the mind bow around in obeisance, and every imagination folds her starry wings around her face, and bows before Immanuel. When the cross of Christ becomes the central subject of the soul, it has power to chasten the imagination, and subdue its waywardness by the sublime exhibition of the bleeding mercy in the atonement. The apostle perceived the efficacy of the cross in subduing vain reasoning and an evil imagination, and alludes to it in language possessing both strength and beauty, as "casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and [mark] bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

That these views are not idle speculations, but truthful realities, is affirmed by the experience of every Christian. When the imagination is wandering to unprofitable or forbidden subjects, all that is necessary in order to break the chain of evil suggestion, and introduce into the mind a profitable train of thought, is to turn the eye of the soul upon the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." By the presence of this delightful and sacred idea every unworthy and hurtful thought will be awed out of the mind. Thus does faith in the

blessed Jesus control and purify the imagination of believers.—*Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, Enlarged Edition.*

NEED OF AN OBJECTIVE REVELATION.

Without aiding himself by written language, man cannot ascend even to the first stages of civilization. . . . Man can receive moral culture only by the aid of signs of moral truth embodied in written language. Man may have by nature an intuition of the being of God, but he has no knowledge of the character of God. . . . Both faith and conscience look to God for authority; and until faith sees God in truth, conscience will not convict the soul of disobedience. Hence, in the moral culture of the soul, everything depends on the revealment of the truth. But this truth must come to the soul, not as human opinion, or as the utterances of philosophy, but as truth which faith and conscience may recognize as rendered obligatory upon man, but by the will and authority of God.—*Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, Enlarged Edition.*





WALLACE, ALFRED RUSSEL, an English naturalist and traveller, born at Usk, Monmouthshire, January 8, 1822. After education at the grammar school of Hertford, he became a land-surveyor and architect. In 1848, he travelled in the valley of the Amazon, and from 1854 to 1862, in the Malay Islands, where he independently originated the theory of natural selection. His paper *On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type* was read before the Linnæan Society, July 1, 1888, on which occasion was read Darwin's, to the same effect. Dr. Wallace, however, magnanimously yielded to Darwin the privilege of a first book on the subject. His books are *Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro* (1852); *Palm Trees of the Amazon, and their Uses* and *The Malay Archipelago* (1869); *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection* (1870); *On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism* (1875); *The Geographical Distribution of Animals* (1876); *Tropical Nature* (1878); *Island Life* (1880); *Land Nationalization* (1882); *Forty Years of Registration Statistics, Proving Vaccination to be Both Useless and Dangerous* and *Bad Times* (1885); *Darwinism* (1889), a book that sustains the extreme view of natural selection, and *Australia and New Zealand* (1893).

TROPICAL VEGETATION.

The primeval forests of the equatorial zone are grand and overwhelming by their vastness and by the display

of a force of development and vigor of growth rarely or never witnessed in temperate climates. Among their best distinguishing features are the variety of forms and species which everywhere meet and grow side by side, and the extent to which parasites, epiphytes, and creepers fill up every available station with peculiar modes of life. If the traveller notices a peculiar species and wishes to find more of it, he may often turn his eyes in vain in every direction. Trees of varied forms, dimensions, and colors are around him, but he rarely sees any one of them repeated. Time after time he goes toward a tree which looks like the one he seeks, but a closer examination proves it to be distinct. He may at length, perhaps, meet with a second specimen half a mile off, or may fail altogether, till on another occasion he stumbles on one by accident.

The absence of the gregarious or social habit so general in the forests of extra-tropical countries is probably dependent on the extreme equability and permanence of the climate. Atmospheric conditions are much more important to the growth of plants than any others. Their severest struggle for existence is against climate. As we approach toward regions of polar cold or desert aridity the variety of groups and species regularly diminishes; more and more are unable to sustain the extreme climatal conditions, till at last we find only a few specially organized forms which are able to maintain their existence. In the extreme north, pine or birch trees; in the desert, a few palms and prickly shrubs or aromatic herbs, alone survive. In the equable equatorial zone there is no such struggle against climate. Every form of vegetation has become alike adapted to its genial heat and ample moisture, which has probably changed little even throughout geological periods; and the never-ceasing struggle for existence between various species in the same area has resulted in a nice balance of organic forces, which gives the advantage now to one, now to another, species, and prevents any one type of vegetation from monopolizing territory to the exclusion of the rest. The same general causes have led to the filling up of every place in nature with some specially adapted form. Thus we find a forest of smaller trees

adapted to grow in the shade of greater trees. Thus we find every tree supporting numerous other forms of vegetation, and some so crowded with epiphytes of various kinds that their forks and horizontal branches are veritable gardens. Creeping-ferns and arums run up the smoothest trunks; an immense variety of climbers hang in tangled masses from the branches and mount over the highest tree-tops. Orchids, bromelias, arums, and ferns grow from every boss and crevice, and cover the falling and decaying trunks with a graceful drapery. Even these parasites have their own parasitical growth, their leaves often supporting an abundance of minute creeping mosses and hepaticæ. But the uniformity of climate which has led to this rich luxuriance and endless variety of vegetation is also the cause of a monotony that in time becomes oppressive.—*Tropical Nature, and Other Essays.*

ORCHIDS.

These interesting plants, so well known from the ardor with which they are cultivated on account of their beautiful and singular flowers, are pre-eminently tropical, and are probably more abundant in the mountains of the equatorial zone than in any other region. Here they are almost omnipresent in some of their countless forms. They grow on the stems, in the forks, or on the branches of trees; they abound on fallen trunks; they spread over rocks, or hang down the face of precipices; while some, like our northern species, grow on the ground among grass and herbage. Some trees whose bark is especially well adapted for their support are crowded with them, and these form natural orchid-gardens. Some orchids are particularly fond of the decaying leaf-stalks of palms or of tree-ferns. Some grow best over water, others must be elevated on lofty trees and well exposed to sun and air. The wonderful variety in the form, structure, and color of the flowers of orchids is well known; but even our finest collections give an inadequate idea of the numbers of these plants that exist in the tropics, because a large proportion of them have quite inconspicuous flowers and are not worth cultivation. More than thirty years ago the number of known

orchids was estimated by Dr. Lindley at 3,000 species, and it is not improbable that they now be nearly double. But whatever may be the numbers of the collected and described orchids, those that still remain to be discovered must be enormous. Unlike ferns, the species have a very limited range, and it would require the systematic work of a good botanical collector during several years to exhaust any productive district—say such an island as Java—of its orchids. It is not therefore at all improbable that this remarkable group may ultimately prove to be the most numerous in species of all the families of flowering plants.—*Tropical Nature, and Other Essays.*





WALLACE, HORACE BINNEY, an American lawyer and essayist, born at Philadelphia, Pa., February 26, 1817; died in Paris, December, 16, 1852. After graduation at Princeton in 1835, he studied medicine, chemistry, and law, but never adopted a profession. He spent his time in travelling and in study. Overwork produced insanity and he committed suicide.

He edited several law-books, and was the author of *Stanley, or the Recollections of a Man of the World* (1838); *Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe, with Other Papers* (1855); *Literary Criticism, and Other Papers* (1856). He aided Rufus W. Griswold in preparing *Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire* (2 vols., 1847).

Auguste Comte said of him: "In him heart, intellect, and character united in so rare a combination and harmony that, had he lived, he would have aided powerfully in advancing the difficult transition through which the nineteenth century has to pass."

"His early death occasioned profound regret," says John S. Hart, "for . . . his posthumous volumes, though fragmentary and incomplete, give on every page evidence of the very highest abilities as a literary and art critic."

"I doubt whether history displays," says Daniel Webster, "at thirty years of age, a loftier nature, or one more usefully or profoundly cultivated."

ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

There is nothing which strikes you as different from an ordinary mountain, until you are about half-way up, when the masses of lava, which lie about the roots of the volcano, black as death, come upon your view. From that point, the spectacle that expands below you on the other side, as you look away from the hill, is one to which all the resources of the earth show nothing superior. I consider it as one of the great views of the world. Beneath your feet rests the arching Bay of Naples, defined by Misenum on the right and Sorrento on the left. From Resina, toward Naples, and on through it to Posilippo, the entire circuit of the shore, which the Castel del' Novo divides beautifully into a double scollop, is one unbroken, glittering range of white buildings, presenting a grand and regular outline. At that extremity of the line rise the pyramidal masses of Ischia and Procida, and other headlands that guard the retiring beauties of the voluptuous Baïæ. Naples sparkled forth like a cluster of signet-gems set in hills, with a range of loftier heights behind it. The waters of the bay, near the circling beach—always blue—looked more deeply so from the elevation at which I stood ; while on the opposite side, toward Sorrento, the sun—itsself hidden from us by clouds—streamed down in blazing effulgence upon the water, and the isle of Capri loomed up in the middle of the gulf, like an irregular mass of bronze rising out of a sea of liquid gold. On the right, behind Naples and Portici, to the line of the distant mountains, extended a vast, hollow plain, in which lay a dozen white and closely built villages, scattered about, and, in the intermediate spaces, single houses, peeping out like stars on the approach of evening ; at the first glancing look you might see none, but afterward, at every point on which your eye might rest, a villa would seem to reveal itself to your scrutiny. Beyond the hills that etched a relieving background to the plain spread the dark, broad waters of the Mediterranean, in the Gulf of Gaeta. The air between the Bay of Naples and the



ASCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Drawing by H. Speier.

sky above it was one conflagration of azure light; upon the plain, at the side, lay a purple atmosphere, deep enough to color and illuminate the picture, not obscure it. It seemed as if I had come at last upon the very court, and home and dwelling-place of Aurora; and the snowy villages, which sparkled with brighter show amid a spectacle where all was brilliant, looked like garlands of white flowers, which the early hours had scattered beneath her forthgoing steps, and which still lay glittering on the ground. It was a treasury of the glories of earth and air.

The wind was blowing from us, and the circumstances were favorable for viewing the cavity. It was filled with a dense volume of white gas, which was whirling and rapidly ascending; but the breeze occasionally drove it to the opposite side and disclosed the depths of the frightful chasm. It descended a prodigious distance in the shape of an inverted truncated cone, and then terminated in a circular opening. The mysteries of the profound immensity beyond no human hand might see, no human heart conceive. We hurled some stones into the gulf, and listened till they struck below. The guide gravely assured me that ten minutes elapsed before the sound was heard; I found, by the watch, that the interval was, in reality, something over three-quarters of a minute—and that seems almost incredibly long. When the vapor, at intervals, so far thinned away that one could see across, as through a vista, the opposite side of the crater, viewed athwart the mist, seemed several miles distant, though, in fact, but a few hundred feet. The interior of the shelving crater was entirely covered over with a bed of knob-like blossoms of brilliant white, yellow, green, red, brown—the sulphurous flowers of Hell. It was like death—which has no similitudes in life. It was like a vision of the second death. As the sun gleamed at times through the white breath that swayed and twisted about the maw of the accursed monstrosity, there seemed to be an activity in the vaulted depth, but it was the activity of shadows in the concave of nothingness. It seemed the emblem of destruction, itself extinct.—*Art and Scenery in Europe.*



WALLACE, LEWIS, an American lawyer, soldier, and novelist, born at Brookville, Ind., April 10, 1827. After receiving a common-school education, he began the study of law; but on the breaking out of the Mexican war he volunteered in the army as lieutenant in an Indiana company. In 1848 he took up the practice of his profession in his native State, and was elected to the Legislature. Near the beginning of the civil war he became colonel of a volunteer regiment; was made a brigadier-general of volunteers in September, 1861, and major-general in March, 1862. He was mustered out of service in 1865; resumed the practice of law at Crawfordsville, Ind.; was made Governor of Utah in 1878; Minister to Turkey in 1881; and in 1885 resumed the practice of law at Crawfordsville. The works of General Wallace are *The Fair God*, a story of the conquest of Mexico (1873); *Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ* (1880); *The Boyhood of Christ* (1888); *Life of General Benjamin Harrison* (1888), and *The Prince of India* (1893).

"Two hundred thousand copies of *Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ*, have been distributed among pleased readers," says Professor Richardson, in his *American Literature*, "to whom its religious suggestions and its occasionally vivid pictures have been most welcome, though the construction and—to me at least—dull literary style are of the amateur rather than the true historical novelist"

His wife, SUSAN ARNOLD ELSTON, was born in Crawfordsville, Ind., in 1830. She has written largely in periodicals, and several of her volumes are made up from materials which had previously appeared in the shape of letters from various countries in which she has sojourned from time to time. Her principal works are: *The Storied Sea* (1884); *Ginevra, or the Old Oak Chest* (1884); *The Land of the Pueblos* (1888); *The Repose in Egypt* (1888).

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD !

"Let us stay here," said Ben-Hur to Balthasar ; " the Nazarite may come this way."

The people were too intent upon what they had heard, and too busy in discussion to notice the new-comers. When some hundreds had gone by, and it seemed the opportunity to so much as see the Nazarite was lost to the latter, up the river, and not far away, they beheld a person coming toward them of such singular appearance they forgot all else.

Outwardly the man was rude and uncouth, even savage. Over a thin, gaunt visage of the hue of brown parchment, over his shoulders and down his back below the middle, in witch-like locks, fell a covering of sun-scorched hair. His eyes were burning bright. All his right side was naked, and of the color of his face, and quite as meagre ; a shirt of the coarsest camel's-hair—coarse as Bedouin tent-cloth—clothed the rest of his person to the knees, being gathered at the waist by a broad girdle of untanned leather. His feet were bare. A scrip, also of untanned leather, was fastened to the girdle. He used a knotted staff to help him forward. His movement was quick, decided, and strangely watchful. Every little while he tossed the unruly hair from his eyes, and peered around as if searching for somebody.

The fair Egyptian surveyed the son of the desert with surprise, not to say disgust. Presently, raising

the curtain of the howdah, she spoke to Ben-Hur, who sat his horse near by :

"Is that the herald of thy King?"

"It is the Nazarite," he replied, without looking up.

In truth, he was himself more than disappointed. Despite his familiarity with the ascetic colonists of Engedi—their dress, their indifference to all worldly opinion, their constancy to vows which gave them over to every imaginable suffering of body, and separated them from others of their kind as absolutely as if they had not been born like them—and notwithstanding he had been notified on the way to look for a Nazarite whose simple description of himself was a Voice from the Wilderness—still Ben-Hur's dream of the King who was to be so great and do so much had colored all his thought of him, so that he never doubted to find in the forerunner some sign or token of the Royalty he was announcing. Gazing at the savage figure before him, the long train of courtiers whom he had been used to see in the thermæ and imperial corridors at Rome arose before him, forcing a comparison. Shocked, alarmed, he could only answer :

"It is the Nazarite."

With Balthasar it was very different. The ways of God, he knew, were not as men would have them. He had seen the Saviour a child in the manger, and was prepared by his faith for the rude and simple in connection with the Divine reappearance. He was not expecting a King.

In this time of such interest to the new-comers, and in which they were so differently moved, another man had been sitting by himself on a stone by the edge of the river, thinking yet, probably, of the sermon he had been hearing. Now, however, he arose and walked slowly up from the shore, in a course to take him across the line the Nazarite was pursuing, and bring him near the camel.

And the two—the preacher and the stranger—kept on till they came, the former within twenty yards of the animal, the latter within ten feet. Then the preacher stopped, and flung the hair from his eyes, looked at the stranger, threw his hands up as a signal to all the people

in sight ; and they also stopped, each in the pose of a listener ; and when the hush was perfect, slowly the staff in the Nazarite's right hand came down, pointed at the stranger. All those who before were but listeners became watchers also.

At the same instant, under the same impulse, Balthasar and Ben-Hur fixed their gaze upon the man pointed out ; and both took the same impression, only in a different degree. He was moving slowly toward them in a clear space a little to their front—a form slightly above the average in stature, and slender, even delicate. His action was calm and deliberate, like that habitual to men much given to serious thought upon grave subjects ; and it well became his costume, which was an under-garment full-sleeved and reaching to the ankles, and an outer robe called the *talith* ; on his left arm he carried the usual handkerchief for the head, the red fillet swinging, loose, down his side. Except the fillet and a narrow border of blue at the lower edge of the *talith*, his attire was of linen, yellowed with dust and road-stains. Possibly the exception should be extended to the tassels, which were blue and white, as prescribed by law for rabbis.

These points of appearance, however, the three beholders observed briefly, and rather as accessories to the head and face of the man, which—especially the latter—were the real source of the spell they caught in common with all who stood looking at him.

The head was open to the cloudless light, except as it was draped with hair long and slightly waved, and parted in the middle, and auburn in tint, with a tendency to reddish golden where most strongly touched by the sun. Under a broad, low forehead, under black, well-arched brows, beamed eyes dark-blue and large, and softened to exceeding tenderness by lashes of the great length sometimes seen on children, but seldom if ever, on men. As to the other features, it would have been difficult to decide whether they were Greek or Jewish. The delicacy of the nostrils and mouth was unusual to the latter type ; and when it was taken into account with the gentleness of the eyes, the pallor of the complexion, the fine texture of the hair, and the softness of

the beard, which fell in waves over his throat to his breast, never a soldier but would have laughed at him in encounter, never a woman who would not have confided in him at sight, never a child that would not, with quick instinct, have given him its hand and whole artless trust; nor might anyone have said that he was not beautiful.

The features, it should further be said, were ruled by a certain expression which, as the viewer chose, might with equal correctness have been called the effect of intelligence, love, pity, or sorrow; though in better speech, it was a blending of them all: a look easy to fancy as a mark of a sinless soul doomed to the sight and understanding of the utter sinfulness of those among whom it was passing; yet withal no one would have observed the face with a thought of weakness in the man; so, at least, would not they who know that the qualities mentioned—love, sorrow, pity—are the results of consciousness of strength to bear suffering oftener than strength to do. Such has been the might of martyrs and devotees, and the myriads written down in saintly calendars. And such indeed was the air of this one.

Slowly he drew near—nearer the three.

Now Ben-Hur, mounted and spear in hand, was an object to claim the glance of a king; yet the eyes of the man approaching were all the time raised above him, and not to the loveliness of Iras, but to Balthasar—the old and unserviceable.

The hush was profound. Presently the Nazarite, still pointing with his staff, cried, in a loud voice:

“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!”

The many standing still, arrested by the action of the speaker, and listening for what might follow, were struck with awe by words so strange and past their understanding. Upon Balthasar they were overpowering. He was there to see once more the Redeemer of men. The faith which had brought him the singular privileges of the time long gone abode yet in his heart; and if now it gave to him a power of vision above that of his fellows—a power to see and to know Him for

whom he was looking—better than calling the power a miracle, let it be thought of as a faculty of a soul not yet entirely released from the divine relations to which it had been formerly admitted, or as the fitting reward of a life in that age so without examples of holiness—a life itself a miracle. The ideal of his faith was before him, perfect in face, form, dress, action, age; and he was in its view, and the view was recognition. Ah! now if something should happen to identify the stranger beyond all doubt!

And that was what did happen. Exactly at the fitting moment—as if to assure the trembling Egyptian—the Nazarite repeated the outcry:

“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!”

Balthasar fell upon his knees. For him there was no need of explanation; and as if the Nazarite knew it, he turned to those more immediately about him, staring in wonder, and continued:

“This is He of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me; for He was before me. And I knew Him not: but that He should be manifest to Israel, therefore am I come baptizing with water. I saw the spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him. And I knew Him not: but He that sent me to baptize with water said unto me, upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining upon him, the same is He that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw and bare record, that this—” he paused, his staff still pointing to the stranger in the white garments, as if to give a more absolute certainty both to his words and to the conclusions intended—“I bare record that *this* is the Son of God!”

“It is He! it is He!” Balthasar cried, with upraised tearful eyes. Next moment he sank down insensible.

In this time, it should be remembered, Ben-Hur was studying the face of the stranger, though with an interest entirely different. He was not insensible to its purity of feature, and its thoughtfulness, tenderness, humility, and holiness; but just then there was room in his mind for but one thought—Who is this man?

And what? Messiah or King? Never was apparition more unroyal. Nay, looking at that calm, benignant countenance, the very idea of war and conquest and lust of dominion smote him like a profanation. He said, as if he were speaking to his own heart, "This man has not come to rebuild the throne of Solomon; he has neither the nature nor the genius of Herod; king he may be, but not of another and greater than Rome."

It should be understood now that this was not a conclusion with Ben-Hur, but an impression merely; and while it was forming—while yet he gazed at the wonderful countenance—his memory began to throe and struggle: "Surely," he said to himself, "I have seen the man; but where and when?" That the look, so calm and peaceful, so loving, had somewhere in a past time beamed upon him, as at that moment it was beaming upon Balthasar, became an assurance. Faintly at first—at last a clear light, a burst of sunshine—the scene by the well of Nazareth, what time the Roman was dragging him to the galleys, returned, and all his being was thrilled. Those hands had helped him when he was perishing. The face was one of the pictures he had carried in his mind ever since. In the effusion of feeling excited, the explanation of the preacher was lost by him—all but the last words—words so marvellous that the world yet rings with them: "This is the Son of God!"

Ben-Hur leaped from his horse to render homage to his benefactor; but Iras cried to him, "Help, son of Hur! help, or my father will die!"

He stopped, looked back, then hurried to his assistance. She gave him the cap; and leaving the slave to bring the camel to its knees, he ran to the river for water. The stranger was gone when he came back.

At last Balthasar was restored to consciousness. Stretching forth his hands, he asked, feebly, "Where is He?"

"Who?" asked Iras.

An intense interest shone upon the good man's face, as if a last wish had been gratified, and he answered:

"He—the Redeemer—the Son of God, whom I have seen again."

"Believest thou so?" Iras asked in a low voice of Ben-Hur.

"The time is full of wonders; let us wait," was all he said. . . .

And next day, while the three were listening to him, the Nazarite broke off in mid-speech, saying reverently:

"Behold the Lamb of God!"

Looking to where he pointed, they beheld the stranger again. As Ben-Hur surveyed the slender figure, and holy, beautiful countenance compassionate to sadness, a new idea broke upon him:

"Balthasar is right—so is Simonides. May not the Redeemer be a King also?" and he asked one at his side:

"Who is the man walking yonder?"

The other laughed mockingly, and replied: "He is the son of a carpenter over in Nazareth."—*Ben-Hur*.

SHOPPING IN DAMASCUS.

Cairo has been termed "the heart of the Orient;" but since the changes there by Ismail Pacha, and the advent of the locomotive, Damascus is the best place for the coloring of Haroun Al-Raschid. The wealth of Damascus is immense, and there are hundreds of khans for merchandise, built round a large covered court, where kneeling and groaning camels deposit their loads. Two galleries run round this space into which open store-rooms, hardly larger than presses. The merchants, who sit cross-legged in front of the meagre shops, and wait for customers, are dignified and reserved as patriarchs. One might suppose in the small stock of goods there is hardly enough profit to make both ends meet, even with Oriental frugality. Yet these silent, grave shopmen, seemingly so poor, are worth their millions, and could you visit them you would see palaces which make real the visions of Aladdin. The houses of the city are alike; plastered with yellow stucco, a dead wall to the street, giving a dreary and forbidding aspect. Enter the carved doorway into the court with tessellated pavement—a mosaic of bright marbles, where fountains laugh and sing to overhang-

ing vines and blossoms, and the peculiar figs which made the Roman epicure rejoice that ever he was born. One such house was built of Italian marbles, brought from the coast on mules. It had balconies despoiled from Saracenic carvings of Egypt, and was hung with shawls of Hindostan.

But this does not interest the stranger like the bazaars—shadowy, arched, and picturesque. When you become used to dim lights and the gay confusion of colors, discordant voices of men and animals, you will be delighted with them. Not in a week or a month can you explore the recesses where are gathered quaint rarities, new and old, exquisitely finished, dazzling the sight. Uninviting and evil-smelling though they be, here are heaped the spoils of the East. Amber from the Baltic Sea, coral from the Caspian, shell and gold work from Cairo, filigree carvings in ivory and jade from China, coffee-cups of native work crusted with precious gems, chains and suits of armor inlaid with jewels. There are spices from Arabia Felix, ointments from Moab, and alabaster boxes from the country of its name; and such amulets of opal, iridescent and glimmering, talismans of moonstone, and turquoises of the mines of the Pharaohs, warranted to keep off the evil eye; wonderful caskets hinting of inestimable treasures, and ivory chests, delicate as frost-work.

In the dark, crowded chambers of the Turk are rugs soft as down, changeable as feathers of tropic birds, with tints toned completely as hues of the rainbow; scarfs stained with sea-purple, barred and brocaded with gold; vari-colored stuffs which always harmonize. No magenta-reds and sunflower-yellows in the Damascus bazaars; they would strike the eye as sharp discords pain the ear attuned to music.

Then there is the Kaan-stand, where only the holy volume may lie—the uncreated, the eternal word, subsisting on the essence of Deity, and inscribed with a pencil of light on the table of His everlasting decrees. The consecrated stands are shaped like the letter X, and are made of cedar and mother-of-pearl. Hanging overhead, in dust and gloom, are ostrich-eggs, quaintly ornamented, and ringed with hoops of gold and gems.

to be suspended in sacred places—symbols of the resurrection. There are the skins of the spotted leopard, of the black-maned lion from the reedy coverts along the banks of the Euphrates, and superb tiger-robcs from the Ganges, to be thrown on divans, or consecrated as prayer-carpcrs. How can I tell of the Indian-work of screens and cabinets ; of fans, and of ancient arms, the mere mention of which stirs the ghosts of dead and gone Crusaders and Paladins ? Here are wonderful peacocks, with enamelled breasts, and jewels for the argus-eyes of the sweeping tail ; coffee-services of brass and silver set with diamonds, in trays arabesque—old Moorish work ; nargiles, with long ropes for smoking through water ; amber-mouthed chibouks—every conceivable shape of pipe ; meerschau and ambergis, rose-oil and musk ; shawls, silks, table-covers, fabrics of soft wool, furs, and leather-work pliant as silk.

The experienced and enthusiastic shopper goes mad with delight in Damascus. And after the slow day's bargaining comes the pure, sensuous enjoyment of cooling breeze from the snowy mountain-tops, the pomp of sunsets, the glow of starry skies, and the chirp of insect-life in restful unison. All is poetry, picture : appeals to memory and imagination such as are never found in the raw newness of western cities without a history.—*The Repose in Egypt*, by SUSAN WALLACE.

THE PUEBLOS AND THEIR COUNTRY.

The least observant traveller through the country of the Pueblos must notice that it has changed for the worse since the "Great Houses" were built. They stand on the rim of the Colorado Desert, and if we accept the theory of the geologists that this is the dry bed of an inland sea, the climate must once have been very unlike what it is now—waterless ten months of the year, and at summer noon as hot and as stifling as the air of a lime-kiln. Scientists unite in saying that the rainfall west of the Rio Grande is much less than formerly. The present streams are shrunken threads of those which once flowed in their channels when forests were more abundant. Northern Arizona has hills

whose bases are covered with dead cedar-trees, immense belts untouched by fire, proving that the conditions friendly to the growth of vegetation are restricted to narrowing limits. Spots that have been productive are barren; springs gushed from the ground which at present is dry and parched; and an agricultural people has lived where now no living being could maintain existence. Everything indicates that this region was formerly better watered. Many rivers of years ago are now rivers of sand; and the Gila, at its best, after gathering the confluent streams, San Pedro and Salado, is not so large in volume as an Indiana creek.

Ethnologists try to prove that the town-builders came from the extreme north—perhaps even from Kamtchatka—and that the adobe houses and Montezuma-worship were of indigenous growth, founded by the monarch who bears the proudest name in Indian history. There are no Pueblos north of the 37th parallel, and the decline of the race began long before the Spanish invasion. It will be remembered that the Casas Grandes was a roofless crumbling ruin more than three hundred years ago. The Pueblos must have been a mighty nation in the prime of their strength; and legends of their ancient glory, before they passed under the hated Spanish yoke, are cherished among the different tribes. Reduced as they were in numbers and power, their battle was a long and gallant struggle. They were finally brought into subjection even to the Moquis, who lived perched in tiny houses on scarred, seamed cliffs of volcanic rock, where Nature's fires are burned out, in a barren country, arid and inhospitable, absolutely worthless to white men.

Never was life so lonely and cheerless as in the desolate hovels of the Moquis. Their land is not a tender solitude, but a forbidding desolation of escarped cliffs, overlooking wastes of sand, where the winds wage war on the small shrubs and venturesome grasses, leaving to the drought such as they cannot uproot. A few scrubby trees, spotting the edge of the plain as if they had looked across the waterless waste, and crouched in fear, furnish a little brushwood for the fires of the Moquis, who are fighting out the battle for existence that

is hardly worth the struggle. Fixed habitation anywhere implies some sort of civilization. The flinty hills are terraced, and by careful irrigation they manage to raise corn enough to keep body and soul together. The seven villages within a circuit of ten miles have been isolated from the rest of the world through centuries, yet they have so little intercourse with each other that their tribal languages, everywhere subject to swift mutations, are entirely unlike.

Diminutive, low-set men, wrapped in blankets, passively sitting on the bare, seared rocks in the sun, are the ghastly proprietors of a reservation once the scene of busy activities. They number only 1,600 souls—shreds of tribes almost exhausted, surrounded by dilapidated cities unquestionably of great antiquity. The sad heirship of fallen greatness is written in the emptiness of their barren estates. Fragments of pottery are profusely scattered about; and deeply-worn footpaths leading from village to village, down the river-bank and winding up the plain, mark the ancient thoroughfares, which are now slightly trodden or utterly deserted.—*The Land of the Pueblos*, by SUSAN WALLACE.





WALLACE, WILLIAM ROSS, an American poet, born at Lexington, Ky., in 1819; died in New York City, May 5, 1881. He was educated at Bloomington and South Hanover College, Ind., studied law at Lexington, and in 1841 removed to New York, where he practised his profession. He engaged in literary work and published a poem, *Perdita*, in the *Union Magazine*, which was favorably criticised. His works are *Alban*, a poetical romance (1848), and *Meditations in America, and Other Poems* (1851). His most popular poems are *The Sword of Bunker Hill*, a national hymn (1861); *Keep Step with the Music of the Union* (1861), and *The Liberty Bell* (1862).

"His poems," says William Cullen Bryant, "are marked by a splendor of imagination and an affluence of poetic diction which show him the born poet."

"He stands in the front rank of modern poets," says Edgar Allan Poe.

The two foregoing comments are quoted in Coggeshall's *Poets and Poetry of the West*, upon what authority we cannot say. It is hardly to be questioned that Mr. Wallace did not fulfil the promise of his earlier years.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

A sound like a sound of thunder rolled,
And the heart of a nation stirred—

For the bell of Freedom, at midnight tolled,
Through a mighty land was heard.
And the chime still rung
From its iron tongue
Steadily swaying to and fro ;
And to some it came
Like a breath of flame—
And to some a sound of woe.

Above the dark mountain, above the blue wave,
It was heard by the fettered and heard by the brave—
It was heard in the cottage and heard in the hall—
And its chime gave a glorious summons to all.
The sabre was sharpened—the time-rusted blade
Of the Bond started out in the pioneer's glade
Like a herald of wrath ; and the host was arrayed !
Along the dark mountain, along the blue wave
Swept the ranks of the Bond—swept the ranks of the
Brave ;
And a shout as of waters went up to the dome,
When a star-blazing banner unfurled,
Like the wing of some Seraph flashed out from his
home,
Uttered freedom and hope to the world.

O'er the hill-top and tide its magnificent fold,
With a terrible glitter of azure and gold,
In the storm, in the sunshine, and darkness unrolled.
It blazed in the valley—it blazed on the mast—
It leaped with its eagle abroad on the blast ;
And the eyes of whole nations were turned to its light ;
And the heart of the multitude soon
Was swayed by its stars, as they shone through the night
Like an ocean when swayed by the moon.

Again through the midnight that Bell thunders out,
And banners and torches are hurried about :
A shout as of waters ! a long-uttered cry !
How it leaps, how it leaps from the earth to the sky !
From the sky to the earth, from the earth to the sea,
Hear a chorus reëchoed, **THE PEOPLE ARE FREE !**
That old Bell is still seen by the Patriot's eye.

And he blesses it ever when journeying by ;
Long years have passed o'er it, and yet every soul
Will thrill in the night to its wonderful roll—
For it speaks in its belfry, when kissed by the blast,
Like a glory-breathed tone, from the mystical Past.
Long years shall roll o'er it, and yet every chime
Shall unceasingly tell of an era sublime,
More splendid, more dear than the rest of all time.
Oh, yes ! if the flame on our altars should pale
Let its voice but be heard, and the Freeman shall
start
To rekindle the fire, while he sees, on the gale,
All the Stars and the Stripes of the Flag of his heart !





WALLER, EDMUND, an English poet, born at Coleshill, Warwickshire, March 3, 1605; died at Beaconsfield, October 21, 1687. He inherited wealth, and was related to the patriot Hampden and to Cromwell. At eighteen years of age he entered Parliament. On the death of his wife, he unsuccessfully courted Lady Dorothea Sidney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and addressed her in poems as Sacharissa. Prominent as a popular leader, he was nevertheless detected in a Royalist plot, imprisoned, and heavily fined. On his release, he lived in France, but returned and was reconciled to Cromwell, whom he exalted in verse, and, after the Restoration, execrated. At eighty years of age he was still in Parliament, under James II. His poems, published in 1645 and 1690, are some of them sweet and simple, but are chiefly remarkable for their polish, and as introducing a French style of rhymed pentameter couplets (the "heroic"), which was perfected by Dryden and Pope, but became a universal fashion of tedious see-sawing, down to this century. It has been exquisitely revived, however, in some of the poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The fourth selection is an example of this measure, from Waller.

THE BUD.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
(463)

This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose ;
I plucked it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still, as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music, too,
When Flavia it aspires to move ?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades ?

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er :
So calm are we when passions are no more :
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has
made :
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

FROM "HIS MAJESTY'S ESCAPE AT ST. ANDREWS."

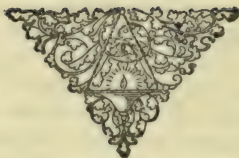
While to his harp divine Arion sings
The love and conquests of our Albion kings,
Of the fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young ;
He rent the crown from vanquished Henry's head,
Raised the white rose, and trampled on the red,
Till love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquered side—
Neglected Warwick, whose bold hand, like fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our state,
Woos for his Master, and with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,
The Lady Bona, whom just anger burns ;
And foreign war with civil rage returns,
Ah ! spare your sword, where beauty is to blame,
Love gave the affront, and must repair the same,
When France shall boast of her, whose conquering
eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize,
Have power to alter the decrees of fate,
And change again the counsels of our state.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer .
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round !





WALPOLE, HORACE, Earl of Orford, an English literary critic and wit, born at Houghton, in Norfolk, October 5, 1717; died at Strawberry Hill, March 2, 1797. He was the son of Sir Robert Walpole, who is called the foremost Englishman of his time. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and travelled with the poet Gray. Returning, he entered Parliament, and continued to be a member of it twenty-seven years. He built a nondescript edifice at Twickenham, naming it Strawberry Hill, and filled it with costly works of art and literature. His fame rests on his letters, descriptive of people and events of his time, and numbering nearly three thousand. The first collection of these, by Cunningham (1857-59), filled nine large octavos. Scott and Byron pronounced the letters incomparable. Besides these, he was author of *Ædes Walpolianæ* (1774), describing his father's pictures; *The Castle of Otranto*, an extravagant romance; *Anecdotes of Painting*, *Catalogue of Engravers*, *Catalogue of Noble and Royal Authors*, *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.*, *Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and George II.*, and memoirs and journals relating to the reigns of the second and the third Georges. At Strawberry Hill he established a printing press. His death occurred in his eightieth year. The prejudice against him of Macaulay

and some other English reviewers, seems to have been mostly a political inheritance, now of little account.

“Walpole was a man of singularly acute penetration,” says Professor Shaw, “of sparkling epigrammatic style, but of a mind devoid of enthusiasm and elevation. Rather a French courtier in taste and habits than an English nobleman, he retired early from political life, veiling a certain consciousness of political incapacity under an effeminate and affected contempt for a Parliamentary career, and shut himself up in his little, fantastic Gothic castle of Strawberry Hill, to collect armor, medals, manuscripts, and painted glass, and to chronicle, with malicious assiduity, in his vast and brilliant correspondence, the absurdities, follies, and weaknesses of his day. *The Castle of Otranto* is a short tale, written with great rapidity and without preparation, in which the first successful attempt was made to take the Feudal Age as the period, and the passion of mysterious, superstitious terror as the prime mover, of an interesting fiction. The supernatural machinery consists of a gigantic armed figure dimly seen at midnight in the gloomy halls and huge staircases of his feudal abode—of a colossal helmet which finds its way into the court-yard, filling everybody with dread and consternation—of a picture which descends from its frame to upbraid a wicked oppressor—of a vast apparition at the end—and a liberal allowance of secret panels, subterranean passages, breathless pursuit, and escape. The manners are totally absurd and unnatural the

heroine being one of those inconsistent portraits in which the sentimental languor of the eighteenth century is superadded to the female character of the Middle Ages—in short, one of those incongruous contradictions which we meet in all the romantic fictions before Scott.”

THE BURIAL OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

Do you know I had the curiosity to go to the burying t’other night? I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince’s chamber, hung with purple and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of footguards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horseguards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute-guns—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaroscuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying masses for the repose of the defunct; yet, one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeoman of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the

immense weight of the coffin ; the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers ; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read ; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The really serious part was the figure of the Duke of Northumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark-brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant ; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours ; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he himself must so soon descend ; think how unpleasant a situation ! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle ; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold ; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle, standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. (1760, November 13.)

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE MARRIED TO GEORGE III.

ARLINGTON STREET, *September 10, 1761.*

When we least expected the Queen, she came, after being ten days at sea, but without sickness for above half an hour. She was gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsichord, and left the door of her cabin open. They made the coast of Suffolk last Saturday, and on Monday morning she landed at Harwich ; so prosperously has Lord Anson executed his commission. She lay that night at your old friend Lord Abercorn's, at

Witham, in Essex ; and, if she judged by her host, must have thought that she was coming to reign in the realm of taciturnity. She arrived at St. James's at a quarter after three on Tuesday the 8th. When she first saw the palace she turned pale ; the Duchess of Hamilton smiled. " My dear Duchess," said the Princess, "*you* may laugh ; you have been married twice ; but it is no joke to me." Is this a bad proof of her sense ? On the journey they wanted her to curl her toupet. " No, indeed," said she, " I think it looks as well as those of the ladies who have been sent for me ; if the King would have me wear a periwig, I will ; otherwise I shall let myself alone." The Duke of York gave her his hand at the garden-gate ; her lips trembled, but she jumped out with spirit. In the garden the King met her : she would have fallen at his feet ; he prevented and embraced her, and led her into the apartments, where she was received by the Princess of Wales and Lady Augusta. These three Princesses only dined with the King. At ten the procession went to the chapel, preceded by unmarried daughters of peers and peeresses in plenty. The new Princess was led by the Duke of York and Prince William ; the Archbishop married them ; the King talked to her the whole time with great good-humor, and the Duke of Cumberland gave her away. She is not tall nor a beauty ; pale and very thin ; but looks sensible, and is genteel. Her hair is darkish and fine ; her forehead low, her nose very well, except the nostrils spreading too wide ; her mouth has the same fault, but her teeth are good. She talks a good deal, and French tolerably ; possesses herself, is frank, but with great respect to the King. After the ceremony, the whole company came into the drawing-room for about ten minutes, but nobody was presented that night. The Queen was in white and silver ; an endless mantle of violet-colored velvet, lined with ermine, and attempted to be fastened on her shoulders by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes half-way down her waist. On her head was a beautiful little tiara of diamonds ; a diamond necklace, and a stomacher of diamonds worth three score thousand pounds, which she is to wear at the Coronation, too.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

The Cabinet have determined on a civil war. . . . There is food for meditation! Will the French you converse with be civil and keep their countenances? Pray remember it is not decent to be dancing at Paris, when there is civil war in your own country. You would be like the country squire, who passed by with his hounds when the battle of Edgehill began. (1775, January 22.)

I forgot to tell you that the town of Birmingham has petitioned the Parliament to enforce the American Acts, that is, make war; for they have a manufacture of swords and muskets. (1775, January 27.)

The war with our Colonies, which is now declared, is a proof how much influence jargon has on human affairs. A war on our own trade is *popular*! Both Houses are as eager for it as they were for conquering the Indies—which acquits them a little of rapine, when they are as glad of what will impoverish them as of what they fancied was to enrich them. (1775, February.)

You will not be surprised that I am what I always was, a zealot for liberty in every part of the globe, and consequently that I most heartily wish success to the Americans. They have hitherto not made *one* blunder; and the Administration have made a thousand, besides two capital ones, of first provoking, and then uniting the Colonies. The latter seem to have as good heads as hearts, as we want both. (1775, September 7.)—*Letters.*

LETTER TO SIR HORACE MANN

ARLINGTON STREET March 17, 1757.

Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villany, murder, and a hero! His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind, his whole behavior was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said, "Which of us is tallest?" He replied, "Why this ceremony? I know

what it means ; let the man come and measure me for my coffin." He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are ; came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death ; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus ? Can that man want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners ?

This scene is over ! what will be the next is matter of great uncertainty. The new Ministers are well weary of their situation ; without credit at court, without influence in the House of Commons, undermined everywhere, I believe they are too sensible not to desire to be delivered of their burden, which those who increase yet dread to take on themselves. Mr. Pitt's health is as bad as his situation ; confidence between the other factions almost impossible ; yet I believe their impatience will prevail over their distrust. The nation expects a change every day, and being a nation, I believe, desires it ; and being the English nation, will condemn it the moment it is made. These are the politics of the week : the diversions are balls, and the two Princes frequent them ; but the eldest nephew [afterward George III.] remains shut up in a room, where, as desirous as they are of keeping him, I believe he is now and then incommode. The Duke of Richmond has made two balls on his approaching wedding with Lady Mary Bruce (Mr. Conway's daughter-in-law) : it is the perfectest match in the world ; youth, beauty, riches, alliances, and all the blood of all the kings from Robert Bruce to Charles II. They are the prettiest couple in England, except the father-in-law and mother.

As I write so often to you, you must be content with shorter letters, which, however, are always as long as I can make them. *This* summer will not contract our correspondence. Adieu ! my dear Sir.



WALTON, IZAAK, an English biographer and miscellaneous writer, known as the "father of angling," born at Stafford, August 9, 1593; died at Winchester, December 15, 1683. He went to London at an early age, where he entered into the business of "sempster," or linen-draper, which he carried on in a "little shop seven feet and a half long, and five feet wide." At fifty he retired with a competency, and passed the remaining forty years of his life in easy quiet. Tradesman in a moderate way as he was, he moved in intellectual society. At about forty he married Anne Ken, a woman of remarkable prudence, and of primitive piety, the daughter of a London barrister and sister of Thomas Ken, the hymnist, afterward Bishop of Bath and Wells; and their daughter became the wife of Dr. Hawkins, Prebendary of Winchester, at whose house Walton died at the age of ninety. His principal works are *Life of Dr. Donne* (1640); *Life of Sir Henry Wotton* (1651); *The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation* (1655); *Life of Richard Hooker* (1662); *Life of George Herbert* (1670); *Life of Bishop Sanderson* (1678), and two letters on *The Distempers of the Times* (1680).

"These biographies are unlike anything else in literature," says Professor Shaw; "they are written with such a tender and simple grace, with

such an unaffected fervor of personal attachment and simple piety, that they will ever be regarded as masterpieces. But Walton's great work is *The Complete Angler*, a treatise on his favorite art of fishing, in which the precepts for the sport are combined with such inimitable descriptions of English river scenery, such charming dialogues, and so prevailing a tone of gratitude for God's goodness, that the book is absolutely *unique* in literature. The passion of the English for all kinds of field-sports and out-of-door amusements is closely connected with sensibility to the loveliness of rural nature; and the calm home-scenes of our national scenery are reflected with a loving truth in Walton's descriptions of those quiet rivers and daisied meadows which the good old man haunted, rod in hand. The treatise, with a quaint gravity that adds to its charm, is thrown into a series of dialogues, first between Piscator, Venator, and Auceps, each of whom in turn proclaims the superiority of his favorite sport, and afterward between Piscator and Venator, the latter of whom is converted by the angler, and becomes his disciple. Mixed up with technical precepts, now become a little obsolete, are an infinite number of descriptions of angling-days, together with dialogues breathing the sweetest sympathy with natural beauty and a pious philosophy that make Walton one of the most eloquent teachers of virtue and religion. The expressions are as pure and sweet and graceful as the sentiment; and the occasional occurrence of a little touch of old-fashioned, innocent pedantry only adds to the inde-

finable fascination of the work, breaking up its monotony like a ripple upon the sunny surface of a stream. No other literature possesses a book similar to *The Complete Angler*, the popularity of which seems likely to last as long as the language."

The greater part in the conversation is borne by Piscator, although the others have not a few pleasant things to say about their respective crafts, as the subjoined, by Auceps:

ENGLISH BIRDS OF SONG.

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself, and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then, mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity. How do the blackbird and the throssel, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful Spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to. Nay, the smaller birds do the like in their particular seasons; as, namely, the laverock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind, both alive and dead. But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little, instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear—as I have very often—the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say: "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest to bad men such music upon earth!"—*The Complete Angler*.

To Izaak Walton angling is the chief end of man. "It is," says he. "something like poetry—

men must be born to it." Our Saviour nowhere rebukes anglers for their occupation, "for He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are." He loves the fish which he catches, and even the live bait by means of which they are caught; though the frogs so used might have failed to appreciate his benevolence.

TREATING THE BAIT-FROG.

And thus use your frog that he may continue long alive: put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how. I say, put your hook—I mean the arming-wire—through his mouth and out at his gills; and with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming-wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the arming-wire; and in so doing, use him as though you loved him; that is, harm him as little as possible, that he may live the longer.—*The Complete Angler*.

Piscator, who has succeeded in convincing Venator of the superiority of angling, brings his converse with him to a close by a long moral discourse which thus concludes:

THANKFULNESS FOR THE BLESSINGS OF LIFE.

Let not the blessings we daily receive from God make us not to value or not to praise Him because they be common. Let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. I have been told that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the

first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his first glory, either at the rising or the setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this and many other like blessings we may enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and I fear more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross and our short walk thither will put a period to my long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labor to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shown you that riches, without meekness and thankfulness, do not make man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many cares and fears. And therefore my advice is that you endeavor to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said by Caussin: “He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.” Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy—and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. And as for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not; but note that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and if you have competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings—one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest Scholar!”

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I in these flowery meads would be,
 These crystal streams should solace me ;
 To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
 I, with my angle, would rejoice,
 Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
 Court his chaste mate to acts of love ;

Or, on that bank, feel the west-wind
 Breathe health and plenty ; please my mind,
 To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
 And then washed off by April showers ;
 Here, hear my kenna sing a song :
 There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest ;
 Here, give my weary spirits rest,
 And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
 Earth, or what poor mortals love.
 Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
 Of princes' courts, I ~~would~~ rejoice ;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
 Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;
 There sit by him, and eat my meat ;
 There see the sun both rise and set ;
 There bid good-morning to next day ;
 There meditate my time away ;
 And angle on ; and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave





WALWORTH, CLARENCE ALPHONSUS, an American poet and Paulist priest, born in Plattsburg, N. Y., May 30, 1820. A son of Reuben Hyde Walworth, an American jurist, last of the Chancellors of the State of New York, he was educated at Union College, and studied law at Canandaigua and Albany. He was admitted to the bar in 1841, but after a year's practice in Rochester he renounced the law for theology. He studied for three years at the Episcopal General Theological Seminary in New York, but, becoming a Roman Catholic, he went to Belgium, and studied with the Redemptorists. He continued his theological studies at Wittemberg, and was ordained there. After several years of priestly duty in England, he returned to the United States in 1850, to travel at large for fifteen years, engaged in missionary work. He is one of the founders of the Order of Paulists in the United States. In 1864, his health failing, he returned to his home at Saratoga, and later he was made rector of St. Mary's parish, Albany. Father Walworth belongs to "a family full of literary people." His own works include *The Gentle Skeptic* (1860), on the inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures; *The Doctrine of Hell* (1874), a discussion with William H. Burr; and *Andiatorocté, or the Eve of Lady Day on Lake George, and Other Poems, Hymns, and Meditations in Verse* (1888).

Silas Wright Holcomb, in a contribution to the *Catholic World*, says: "Of Father Walworth it may be said, as Coleridge said of George Herbert, he 'is a true poet, but a poet *sui generis*, the merits of whose poems will never be felt without a sympathy with the mind and character of the man. To appreciate, it is not enough that the reader possesses a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetic sensibility, unless he be likewise a *Christian*, and both a devout and a *devotional* Christian; for religion is the element in which he lives, and the region in which he moves. Yet he does not confine his fancy, for he is nature's lover, devoted to her grandeur and her simplicity, finding tones in her breathings which speak to his soul, and give him abundant opportunity to listen to what seems the living work of God. As he soliloquizes beneath his ancestral pines, he bespeaks their fancies and voices all their varying moods. To my mind, however, he is most delightful in his meditative moods; when the world and its belongings are excluded, and he communes with his innermost thought."

NIGHT-WATCHING.

The clock strikes Nine. I sink to rest
 Upon a soft and bolstered bed :
 JESU, what pillow held Thy head,
 What couch Thy breast ?

The clock strikes Ten. With sleepless eye
 I stare into a spaceless gloom :
 Come hither, wandering soul ; stay home—
 Voices are nigh.

Eleven. Peace, needless monitor !
Oh ! when the heart looks through her tears,
To gaze upon the eternal years,
What is an hour ?

'Tis Midnight. No : 'tis holy noon,
Love and sweet duty make the day ;
Night rules, with these two suns away—
Night and no moon.

Another hour ! and yet no sleep ;
The darkness glows with solemn light.
How full of language is the Night,
And life how deep !

Already Two o'clock ! well, well ;
Myself and I have met at last
After long absence, and the Past
Has much to tell.

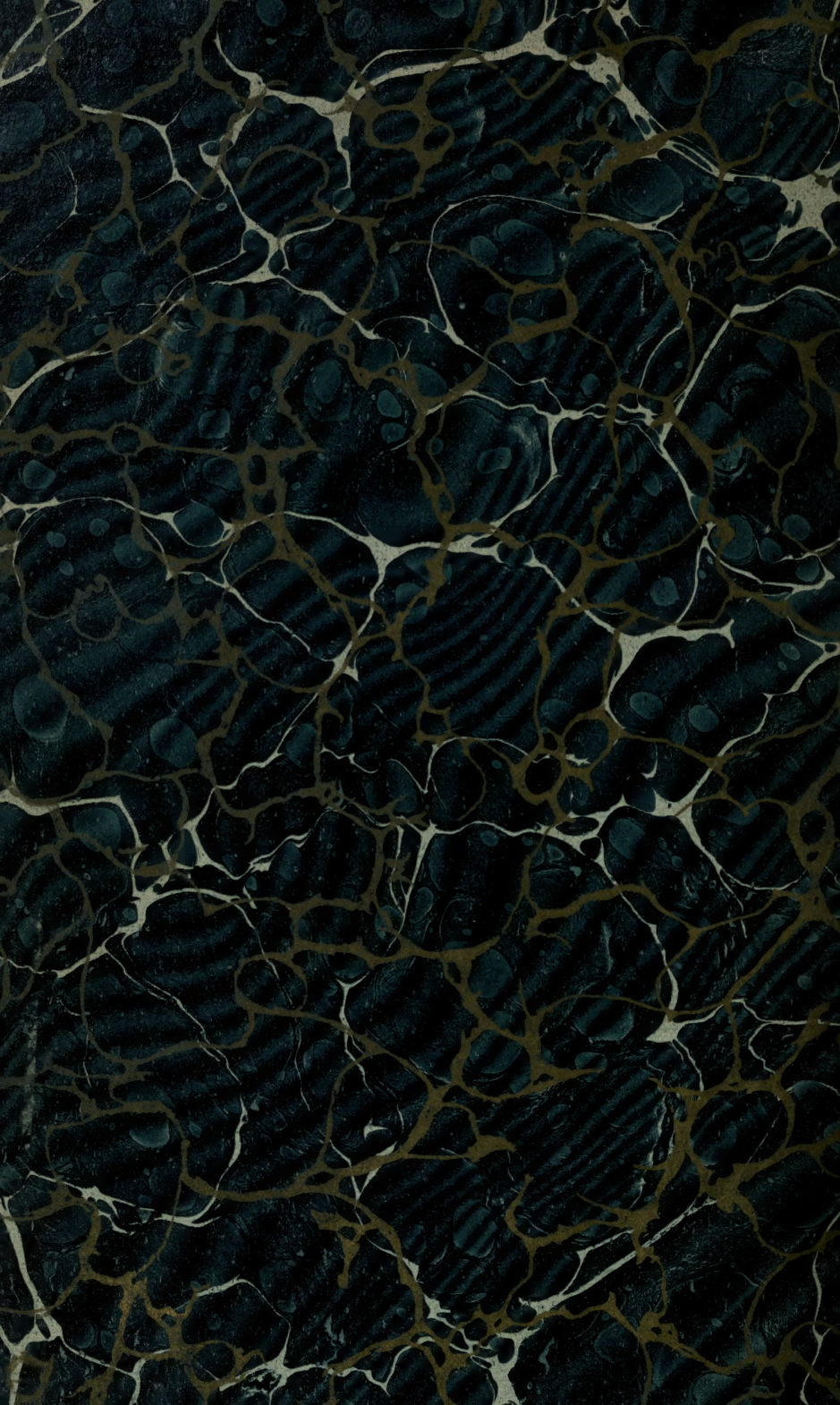
Ring out ! ring out ! my watch I keep.
O Night, I feel thy sacred power—
How crowded is each holy hour,
Borrowed from sleep !

One, Two, Three, Four ! Ye speak to ears
That hear, but heed not how ye roll ;
The hours that measure for the soul
Are spaced by tears.

Strikes Five. Night's solemn shroud of crape
Begins to fill with threads of gray,
And, stealing on those threads away,
My joys escape.

Oh, stay with me ! I fear the light,
With all its sins and gay unrest.
Sweeter the calm and conscious breast
Of holy night.

—*From Andiatorocté.*



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